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OF

SAVAGE LIFE.

BY

JAMES GREENWOOD,

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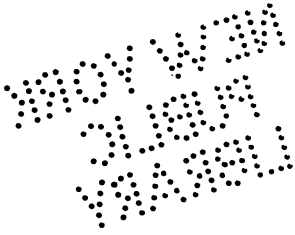

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FROM DESIGNS BY HARDEN S. MELVILLE.

ENGRAVED BY H. NEWSOM WOODS.

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CURIOSITIES

OF

SAVAGE LIFE.

INTRODUCTORY.

THE young English gentleman of modern times, whose mind, by culture and example, has become properly balanced, whose talents are wrought to their finest, whose sense of honour is extreme, and whose pride of ancestry is beyond speech—whose organs of sight and sound and taste are educated to exquisite fineness—whose claims, in short, to be considered a perfectly civilized being are indisputable—could scarcely, if he tried, succeed in realizing, for his contemplation and instruction, a perfect Savage: a wild uncultivated barbarian, whose mind would be a desert but for rank unwholesome weeds which are indigenous to the soil, and which are watered by his superstitious tears, and kept green by precious memories of those renowned men his father and grandfather, a being whose sympathies are bounded by the skin that covers him; whose carcase is often an evil to the eye and ever unpleasant to the nose; who has, for manly trust and hope, the sorry substitute of suspicion and quaking fear; and whose mistrust of life is only exceeded by his mistrust of death, which he dreads like fire.

As already observed, he—the modern young English gentleman—could not realize such a picture if he tried; but, unless I am much mistaken, he does *not* try. Without risking an expression of his opinion on the subject, he has settled to his private satisfaction that the forest-haunting, clothes-eschewing, arrow-poisoning, man-devouring, *bonâ fide* Savage, is

a thing of the past. He may not have returned to the Great Spirit for good and all more than a century ago—possibly not more than fifty years—certainly, however, before the invention of the telegraph and the penny daily newspapers, and the sixpenny post to New Zealand and the Guinea coast. You have but to step round the corner to the grocer's shop, which is likewise a post-office, to see stuck in the window beside the bill that announces that Billy Smith has strayed from Squabbles Court, and that five shillings shall be the reward for his recovery, another placard that tells you that the Postmaster-General will carry no more letters to Borneo (the ancient stronghold of the savage Dayak of the land and of the sea) under ninepence; and that correspondence with the Sandwich Islands (peopled by cannibals one time o'day) must be pre-paid. Can the painted and feathered red or copper-coloured man, with his war-whoop and his flint hatchet, tread the same path with the peaceful postman? Is the impress of the savage's naked toes to be found on the face of the same land that bears the footprint of a functionary whose head-quarters are within a stone's cast of Saint Paul's?

Curious as it may seem, dear young English gentleman, it is true. Savage life is still vigorous. When you rose from your snowy bed this morning, tens, nay, hundreds of thousands of men, women, and children, more or less in the condition of the savage above described, rose from couches of grass, and rushes and reeds, and bamboo withes, and from nest-like hammocks slung among the upper branches of lofty trees, and from rat-like burrows in the earth; the last-mentioned dirty practice finding favour among the Bushmen of Southern Africa, and the last-mentioned but one among the Guaraons, a most singular people inhabiting the shores of the South American river Orinoco, and of whom many curious matters will be by and by related. While we this very morning were profiting by the wholesome bath and its appurtenances, the brush and towel, whole nations were oiling and daubing their swart skins, and painting their ugly faces green, or scarlet, or light blue, or—as was the case with some of the American Indians and the Friendly Islanders—all these colours at once and a few others, according to the prevailing fashion. While we exercised the sanitary tooth-brush, savage molars and incisors were being dyed jet black, the file in a few instances being brought into operation that the said masticators might preserve their needle-like sharpness; a few ivory or fish-bone spikes stuck through the ears, and through the nose, and among the appalling shocks of wool, with a

few iron or copper rings attached to the wrists and ancles, and a something for decency sake slouched about the loins, completing the toilet.

While we sat down at our well-ordered breakfast tables, legions of our savage brethren were devouring the flesh of the elephant, and the shark, and the ponderous manatee, and the nimble monkey, together with insects that fly and insects that creep, and grubs that live at the roots of the weeds. Nay, the dark truth must be spoken, in certain of the earth's gloomy places *man flesh* was this morning bought and cooked and eaten; and, inasmuch as it is considered by these monsters proper and toothsome diet, will probably be cooked and eaten many a morning yet to come. True, the repulsive custom is now eradicated, or nearly, from among many whilom thorough-going cannibals, as with the Figians and the New Zealanders, but in certain parts of Africa it is common enough. The Fan tribe of Equatorial Africans may be mentioned as an example. The last European traveller who traversed their country, on approaching a Fan town, met an old lady with well filed teeth returning from "market," and carrying a joint of "man" with as little concern as a butcher's boy would carry a shoulder of mutton. However, I will say no more about cannibalism at present. Goodness knows, there will be more than enough to say about the abominable business before this volume is many chapters old.

But, alas! there is little to be gained by putting off the evil day. Were savage life like civilized, did it have its sunny as well as its gloomy side, one might hover about the pleasant bits, and at a merry grindstone whet one's pen for terrible encounters to follow; but in the life of a savage, from his birth to his burial, there is nothing to regard with real gladness: plenty that is odd and grotesque and provocative of laughter, but nothing abidingly funny, or that does not crumble to ashes beneath the weight of reflection.

The plan I propose to adopt in this volume is to take Savage life from its beginning to its ending; to peep into the savage baby's cradle in whatever part of the world it is to be found, to take an interest in his boyhood, and to mark his behaviour at that interesting period; to look over his shoulder while he is at his lessons; to watch him at his games, and make inventory of his toys. As he grows to be "a proper tall young man," it is my intention to accompany him on his sweethearting excursions, to listen to his love songs and to the soft things he whispers into La Belle Sauvage's be-ringed or be-skewered ear. In whatever way the

question is popped, the reader may depend on being informed of it. After the courting comes the wedding, and whether it takes place among the dirt-eating Ottomacs on the vast Orinoco, or among the pampas-dwelling Peuenches, or the dwarfs of Tierra del Fuego, or the giants of Patagonia, or the man-eating Figees, or the Apingi in Gorilla land, or the terrible Andamaners who reside by the Bay of Bengal, and who wear no other covering but a coat of mud, and are much belied if they are not arrant cannibals, I will be present a faithful reporter. I hope, too, to be a wedding guest for once at least in the dominions of his terrible majesty of Dahomey, whose subjects have no higher ambition than unlimited rum and a human skull-cup to quaff it from.

Savage domestic life will naturally claim a long chapter. The barbarous "pot," not less than the civilized, must be kept "boiling," and how this is effected will, doubtless, in all cases be interesting, even though now and then it be shocking. I promise the sensitive reader, however, that in this latter case he shall have timely warning, so that he may make a skip, and not find himself struggling unaware in a dish scarcely dainty enough to be "set before the Queen." We will look in at dinner time, making note of the mid-day spread, and of the way in which it is devoured. Certain savages are sociable fellows enough, and give select little dinner parties, at which it will certainly be worth while to be present. A little music and dancing, too, is not uncommon; neither is a great deal of drinking, and the utterance of toasts and sentiments, and the telling of stories, and the singing of sentimental and comic songs. Tobacco, as a rule, is extensively patronised at these festivities, and is consumed in all sorts of odd ways, as may be instanced in the case of the Malagasey, who delights in a mouthful of snuff, and of the Bechuana of Southern Africa, who pulls at his rank pipe and swallows the smoke till he reels and tumbles to the ground insensible, and is pummelled to life again by his companions, who in turn undergo the same ceremony.

Wherever it may be found, we will peep into the hovel of the sick savage, be he suffering from toothache merely, or prostrate with sickness that surely ends in death, and see how the poor wretch is plagued by the "Witch-doctor," with his "charms" and "gree-grees," and the "Medicine-man" with his incantations and his snake's-teeth, and his mysterious roots, and his monkey-liver powder; we shall learn how he "takes the devil" out of a fever-stricken man, whose head is throbbing with pain, by *sitting* all day at his side and banging with a stick against a brazen pot.

The "Medicine-man" and the "Witch-doctor" will likewise be presented in another and even more important aspect than that of torturing sick folks till the devil (the savage name for corporeal suffering) is glad to shift his quarters. Among many tribes the "Witch-doctor" is the sole dispenser of such rude and barbarous laws as may be recognized, and against the decision of this high judge the king himself dare not open his mouth. The witch-doctor's instruments of justice are very simple, and his verdicts speedy; indeed, protracted litigation is not easy where the accused has to prove his innocence by some such test as drinking a draught of deadly poison and remaining alive and well, or lifting a red hot ring and showing that his fingers remain unburned.

Savage warfare demands a chapter, and in this will be included a description of the savage's war tools and how they are made. It will be necessary to traverse an extensive field to perfect this section of the work. There is the Bushman with his marvellous boomerang and his small and contemptible-looking but terrible bow and poisoned arrows; the Ovambo and Damara "assagie," the knives and spears and brain-hatchet of the cannibal Fan, the tomahawk of the Sacs, and Foxes, and Blackfeet, and other tribes of North American Indians; the 'bolas' of the Patagonian, the darts and war-clubs of the Figians, and many others. We will take part—the part of observers—in a New Zealand war dance, and listen to the speeches of the mighty chiefs ere they lead their braves to battle; we will learn what a Figian battle-field is like, and how a Figian warrior comports himself. Should the cannibal Fans of Equatorial Africa pick a quarrel with the equally cannibal Osheba it may be worth while to note the precious business, and see how closely the old proverb, "What is one man's *meat* is another man's poison," applies to it. Whether I shall be able to brace my pen to a description of the scalping forays of the savage red men of the west, or of still more hideous ceremonies observed on the Phillipine Islands, remains to be seen.

As to the religious rites, ceremonies, and superstitions, observed among savage nations, they are almost as countless as they are curious, and I foresee a formidable difficulty as regards selection. I will honestly give you one page out of *five* from my rough note book. A bewitched street—Fetisch and idol houses—A peep into a heathen temple—An idol bought by a European traveller—The carpenter of Sangatana and his Fetisch—The science of rain-making—A palaver with a rain-maker—A rain-maker in trouble—Various recipes for "bringing down" rain—Poison tests

among the Malagaseys—Ditto among the Mbenga—Interview with a New Zealand god—The queer African ceremonies of "Roondah" and "Bongo"—A wizard accused and executed—The mysteries of Tapu—In Damara land—In Figi—In New Zealand—Tricks of Namagno witches—Cannibal charms and devil-banishers—The dream of "Little Raven"—A witch entertainment on the Mosquito shore—Some particulars of Figian witchery—A Polynesian disease-maker—The three gods of the Samoans Their mythological traditions—The terrible witch Sukia of the Sambo nation.

I must confess that having jotted down the above, contained on one page of a note book, it looks after all nothing very tremendous, but multiplied by five it cuts a much more respectable figure. Besides, the reader may not be aware of the amount of interest comprised in one of the above-mentioned items. For instance, take the institution of "Tapu." Volumes treble the size of this have been written on subjects infinitely less important and curious. Whole nations are ruled by it. By it, pleasure and pain is meted out to them; in an instant its mysterious working revolutionizes entire colonies of trembling savages; it makes the threshold of a man's house impassable to him; deprives him for a time of the power of his limbs, of his favourite dishes, of the services of his wife or his sons and daughters. Yet, so far from being regarded as a hardship, the institution of Tapu wherever it is met, is regarded with religious awe, and its mandates rigorously observed.

Having accompanied the savage through the chief events of his life, we will not desert him at his death, at least not until the grave covers him. On a previous page I observed that in no stage of his existence does the savage appear so as entirely to please us, his civilized brethren. I don't know that this was ever observed to have a depressing effect on the savage mind, nor, in my humble opinion, should it do so. Whatever our notions may be to the contrary, the savage never yet had reason to regard civilization as a particularly lovely thing. Its embrace of its heathen brother is so prodigiously hearty as to be equivalent to throttling, and so an end to him and his hovels and muck-holes, and ridiculous wigwams, and broad room for the cotton-hoe and the sugar mill. That is *our* business. A better one, no doubt—or at least in a mercantile sense—than stuffing the belly with dates and cocoa nuts and wild rice, hunting birds and little beasts, and bringing them down with fish-bone needles blown through reeds, and bedding in holes in rocks, on green bough

beds like bears and tigers in their lairs. The former way is better than the latter without doubt; but it must be allowed that the latter "business" has been in vogue considerably longer than the former, and is at least, on that account, respectable. If you, moreover, take an individual following each "business" it is certainly no more pleasant to toil in a rice field or a sugar mill, than to pick your cocoa-nut as you want it, and during the heat of the afternoon to retire to the shade of a tree or a rock, and there knocking up a comfortable sofa of grass and leaves, snooze contentedly.

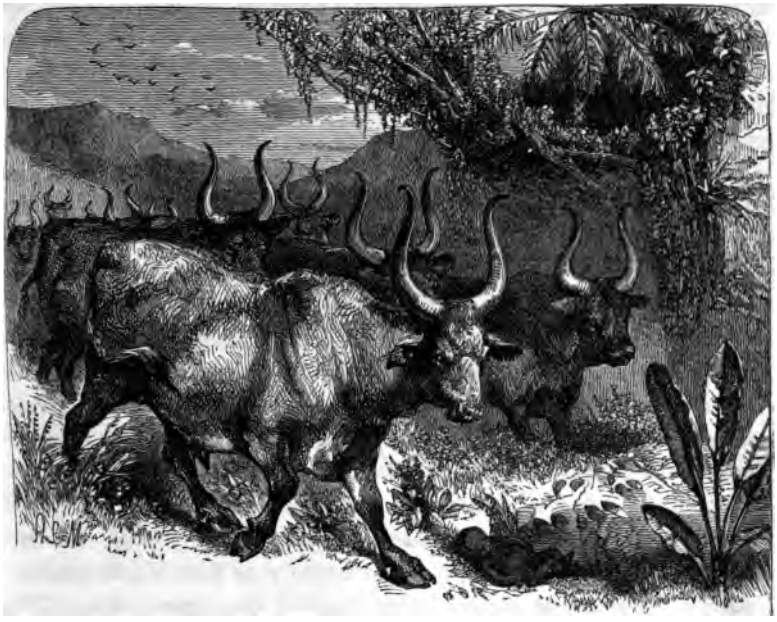
To return, however, to the point from which the above digression sprung. The assertion that from first to last there is nothing pleasing in savage life, was, on second thoughts, too sweeping: although in many cases the demise of a savage from his earthly pilgrimage is marked by his friends with merely fashionable mourning,—much the same way indeed as such matters are conducted amongst us enlightened and civilized folks, —there are several happy exceptions. Amongst other instances that might be—in their proper place they will be—quoted, what can be more touchingly simple than the behaviour of an Ojibbeway mother towards her dead baby? Being unable to walk, the poor soul, in her ignorance, believes that her darling will never find its way to paradise; therefore when baby is buried, its mother collects the bits of rags in which it was wrapped when alive, and rolls them together with its playthings, and a little lock of its hair, into a baby-shaped bundle. Naming it the "doll of sorrow," the mother bears the bundle about with her wherever she may be going, or whatever she may be doing, for an entire year, or till such a time that, had baby lived, it would have been able to walk without support. By this means she hopes to forward her child towards paradise; and I for one, though sorry to give countenance to a heathenish custom, would be very sorry to say that her unwearying affection goes for nought.

But there are very many terrible contrasts to the pretty pictures of which that from Ojibbeway has been tendered as an example. As a rule, so great is the fear of death among barbarous people, that the breath is scarcely out of a sick man before his friends race off with him to some convenient hole, throw him in, and as speedily race back again. Many a time it has happened that the undertakers have scarcely returned and fortified the door of the hut, ere it has been assailed by the supposed defunct, roused from his trance, and indignantly demanding why he is

kept knocking. Almost every savage nation on the face of the earth has its peculiar sepulchral rites. Some of these rites are curiously simple, as in the case of the Mandan Indian, who builds for his deceased friend a scaffolding of tall poles with a roof of willow withes, and thereon lays him, coffined in the hide of a newly-slain buffalo, the heavy folds of which conceal, besides the body, a generous supply of tobacco and a pipe, to ease the tedium of the soul's long journey to Spirit-land; other rites there are, gloomy and appalling to contemplate, as in the case of the rich man of Figi, whose grave must be *paved* with *grass* that he may lie easy; said grass being so many of his wives and servants, deliberately strangled for the occasion.

From this imperfect sketch, the reader may perhaps be able to judge the sort of matter he is invited to peruse. It may appear an undignified thing for an author to treat his book as though it were a cheese,—so sampling it, and putting forth crumbs and little tastes of it that folks may discuss its flavour and take the entire Stilton or leave it; but against this objection I would set the important fact that the said Stilton is not the churning of *my* brain,—of no one brain, in fact, but of fifty at least. For its shape and its mixing and its salting, I am responsible; but the materials of which it is composed are furnished by many brave, honest, and diligent men, who, from time to time, have explored the earth's far-away nooks and corners, recording the marvellous things they have heard and seen.

And now, with the reader's permission, we will go back to the little savage in his cradle.



PART I.

SAVAGE BIRTH AND BOYHOOD.

CHAPTER I.

The Malagasey oracle Sikiddy—Wholesale infanticide in Figi—Birth of a Samoan—A stone cap for baby—How to make a flat-head—Abominable Chinook customs—The Sioux baby and its mother—A savage lullaby—The baby soul's journey to Paradise—Fate of twins in Equatorial Africa—Story of the spotted Cree baby—Ceremony of Midewi-gamig—Grand charge of "medicine bags"—The altar of boughs—The mystery of the shells—A New Zealand christening—Sneezing assent to a name—In the name of the prophet—Measles.

IF I were requested to pronounce on the moral condition of any newly discovered nation of savages, I should first of all enquire concerning the care and management of their infant population. If I found that even by their parents, the helpless little things were regarded with about as much solicitude as is usually manifested among us towards puppies and kittens; if it appeared that births were regarded as misfortunes, or at least as unavoidable penalties, and that *death* in the cradle was a matter

of indifference, I should be inclined to pronounce that the people of that nation were better left alone in it, and that to enlighten their minds would possibly be but to whet their vices, making them keener than before. But if I merely found my infant population a grubby and disagreeable one, naked but for a coating of oil and turmeric, or red brick earth, with the head flattened or elongated by artificial means according to the fashion of the country, or minus a little toe, or with a finger or so clipped off and offered a sacrifice to some goggle-eyed wooden monster, harboured in some neighbouring temple, and whose ugly semblance in miniature the mutilated infant wore about its neck; if I found all this and no worse, I should not despair of one day converting such a nation to be as proper a one as ever trod the stiff-hedged paths of civilization; for I could not but consider that however ugly were the ways of such a people, however revolting their customs appeared in our eyes, they were guided to an observance of the same by a love tainted only by misdirection, and that the anxiety evinced by the savage mother for the welfare of her little one, was of just as pure and unselfish a character as that which actuated your mother or mine, dear reader, when we were placed in the hands of the parson and sprinkled with water that we might become Christians.

I am happy to say that neglect of their babies by savage mothers is rare, and that in thousands of cases they are—as babies—just as well off as the most polished specimens of human infant nature, produced in the most civilized regions, and in a condition to crow as contentedly and to kick as lustily. Foremost among the gloomy exceptions to this happy rule must be instanced Madagascar. There, as recorded by one of the most recent and conscientious of travellers — Ida Pfeiffer — as far as her observations extended, affection between parents and children is a thing altogether unknown. This would seem impossible, and but for one corroborative circumstance the reader might be excused if he reserved to himself the privilege of doubting the correctness of Mrs. Pfeiffer's judgment.

The corroborative circumstance is this. The Malagaseys have a sort of divinity of all work (and who by the by is not unfrequently treated with much the same contumely as certain "maids" of that ilk) called Sikiddy. He is not a graven image of stone or wood, but simply a dozen or so of pebbles and hard little beans. When a Malagasey is born, its father takes Sikiddy in the hollow of his hand and goes through much the same

ceremony as do school-boys when engaged in the game of "odd or even" with cherry stones, for the purpose of ascertaining whether the new-born baby *will be lucky*. If a certain number of these pebbles and beans roll in a certain direction, then father Malagasey congratulates his wife, for their child will be lucky, but if Sikiddy should declare that no luck is in store for the little stranger, then its parents conclude that it will be a mere waste of trouble, and a flying in the face of Sikiddy to burden themselves with the poor little creature any longer. Still, cold-blooded murder is an awkward thing, and—well, after all, Sikiddy might be mistaken, or worse still, vindictive; therefore another test shall be adopted. The baby shall be carried to a certain path through which great droves of bullocks pass on their way to the feeding ground. In this path baby shall be laid, and if the heavy hoofs of the bullocks indorse Sikiddy's opinion that the child is "unlucky," of course it is no affair of the parents. Surely so troublesome a little wretch as a newly-born baby can have nothing to complain of after two such profound authorities have been consulted and have declared against him!

Among the Figians again, the merest whim or fit of anger or caprice is sufficient excuse for a mother either to murder her child or to send for a professional murderess who will undertake the job for a small remuneration. So at least, says the Rev. Thomas Williams, who for many years resided among the Figians, and had daily opportunity of observing their habits and customs. "The extent of infanticide in some parts of this island reaches to nearer two-thirds than half. Abominable as it is it is reduced to a system, the professors of which are to be found in every village. I know of no case after the child is one or two days old; and all destroyed after birth are females, because they are useless in war, or as some say, because they give so much trouble. But that the former is the prevailing opinion appears from such questions as these put to persons who may plead for the little one's life: 'Why live? Will she wield a club? will she poise a spear?' When a professed murderess is not near, the mother does not hesitate to kill her own child. With two fingers she compresses its nostrils, while with the thumb she keeps the jaw up close; a few convulsive struggles follow, and the cruel hand of the mother releases her child to dig a grave in which to lay it. . . . . The Figians are made up of contradictions. They often adopt orphans, for whom they display far more love than for their own offspring. I should hesitate to give the following illustration were I not well

acquainted with the parties concerned. Tokanana was slain in the last Mbua war in 1844, leaving a son and infant daughter, who were thrown on the care of their friends, the mother having been strangled and buried with her husband. The orphans were taken to the house of Tokanana's eldest brother, who provided wet nurses for the babe. He became, however, dissatisfied with this arrangement; and as his wife was just then confined, he arranged with her to murder her own child that the adopted one might take its place and receive her care."

One of the first lessons taught the Figian born baby is to strike its mother, a neglect of which would beget a fear lest the child should grow up a coward. Several proofs of this, says Mr. Williams, I witnessed at Somoromo; mothers leading their children to kick and tread upon the dead bodies of their enemies. The violent passions of revenge and anger are fostered in the native children, so that when offended they give full vent to their fury. Visiting on the same island a family who were mourning the recent slaughter of six of their friends, one of the first objects I saw was a good *malo*—a man's dress,—much torn, by which sat a child of about four years old, cutting and chopping it with a large butcher's knife, while his own hand was covered with blood which flowed from the stump where shortly before his little finger had been cut off, as a token of affection for his deceased father. The *malo* had been stripped from one of the party who had attacked the friends of the child.

Let the above taste of terrible Figi suffice for the present, while we skip over to Samoa, another of the islands of the Pacific, and see how the newly-born Samoan baby fares. The hut is peaceful enough now, but three days ago, and just before baby was born, there was a pretty bustle. Mamma Savage was very ill, and Papa Savage was in a terrible pucker. A dozen times in the course of the morning you might have seen him bowed to the dust before his household god, and earnestly entreating it: "Oh, Moso! be propitious; let this my child be preserved alive! Be compassionate to us; save my child, and we will do anything you wish as our redemption price." If the god appeared heedless of his prayer, he would turn to that of his wife, which stood in another corner of the house, and beseech it to the same effect. Nor would he, when the trouble was passed, shirk any promise he had made. If it were a mat, or even a canoe, as soon as possible it would be procured and handed to the priest, who, of course (!) punctually delivered it to Moso. Now, however, as before ob-

served, peace reigns in the hut; Mamma lies on her couch of mats, with her head supported by a *wooden* bolster (a piece of bamboo about three inches in diameter, and standing on four short legs), and nurse is there engaged in the strange occupation of chewing cocoa-nut, and afterwards straining it through a shred of rag. But where is baby? Guided by its mother's eyes you discover lying by the wall three smooth flat stones, arranged something like the brick-bat trap contrived by European juveniles for the snaring of birds, and beyond this your astonished eyes are greeted by the sight of a naked little black body and a pair of chubby legs, quite hearty and promising and much more lively than one might expect of legs belonging to a head hidden under a heap of stones.

It is, however, not a case of infanticide; the stones form but the customary cap worn for a season by the Samoan baby, and to the end that its head may be of a "good shape." It may suit some folks very well to be content with just whatever shaped cranium nature may please to assign them, but the Samoan is not so easily pleased. His notion of a perfect head is one that is flat from the forehead to the crown, and straight from the chin to the temples. Such heads are not commonly produced by nature, but that is no bar to the realization of the Samoan's desire; therefore, as soon as a child is born, it is at once laid flat on its back, and the top and sides of its head are walled in with flat stones, heavy enough to impede the natural development of the skull.

This lying apart from the mother necessitates the adoption of some other mode than the natural one of feeding, and so we come at the mystery of the nurse and the cocoa-nut chewing. The Rev. G. Turner, who resided for nineteen years among this strange people, observes, "for the first three days the infant was fed with the juice of the chewed kernel of the cocoa-nut, expressed through a piece of native cloth, and dropped into the mouth. . . . . On the third day a woman of the sacred craft was sent for to examine the mother's milk. A little was put into a cup with water and two heated stones, and then examined. If it had the slightest curdled appearance, she pronounced it bitter and poisonous. This process she repeated two or three times a-day for several days, until it was drawn off free from coagulation, and then she pronounced it sweet and wholesome; and the child was forthwith permitted to partake of its proper nourishment. . . . . Occasionally the god of the father, or of some member of the family spoke, and expressly ordered that the child have nothing but the breast for an *indefinite* time. This was a mark of respect

to the god, and called his 'banana.' In these cases the child grew amazingly, and was soon literally as plump as a banana."

The Samoans are not the only savage nation that seek to improve the shape of their heads by artificial means. Near the river Columbia there reside certain Indians, who are distinguished from other tribes by the appellation of "flat-heads." In reality, however, it is only a section of the tribe—they who are called *Chinooks*—that constantly resort to the singular custom of distorting the skull. As in the case of the Samoan, it is effected while the child is very young, and the bones are soft and cartilaginous. The child is placed in a kind of cradle, with its back lying on a board, to which it is lashed with strong thongs. The back of the head is supported by a pillow of moss or rabbit-skins, and an inclined piece of wood is so placed over the forehead that, being fastened with cords and tightly pressed down, it gradually flattens the head to the required shape. This bandage is so fastened that it is attended with very little torture to the unconscious infant,—the pressure being very slight at first, but it is gradually increased. The length of time required to complete the flatten-

A Chinook Head-flatting Machine.

ing operation is from five to eight months. During this time the infant is never taken out; the bandages are repeatedly removed for the purpose of cleansing, but the head and the shoulders are carefully kept in one position. When the infant requires the breast, the outer end of the lever that comes over the nose is loosed, and the cradle, occupant and all, is lifted up and turned aside so that the infant may come to the breast with-

out shifting its head. The cradle has a strap attached to it, so that while carrying the child it passes over the mother's forehead. This process gives the head a most singular shape. Every day the infant's limbs are rubbed with oil to keep them supple and to prevent the mosquitos from stinging it. On comparing the skull of a Flat-head with that of any other Indian, it will be found that while in profile the top of the skull is remarkably small (about two inches), in a front view it exhibits a great expansion on the sides and at the top, measuring about as much again as an ordinary skull. This is, of course, occasioned by pressing the occipital up, and the frontal down. The brain is by this process greatly changed from its natural shape, but, according to the evidence of several eminent men who have examined them, the process in nowise interferes with the intellectual functions.

"On the contrary," attests Mr. Paul Kane, "the Flat-heads are generally considered fully as intelligent as the surrounding tribes who allow their heads to preserve their natural shapes; and it is from amongst the Round-heads that the Flat-heads take their slaves, looking with contempt even upon the Whites, for having round heads, the flat head being considered the distinguishing mark of freedom."

Their intelligence, however, does not save them from being the most disgusting savages on the face of the earth, with the solitary exception, perhaps, of the inhabitants of Tierra del Fuego. Take one of their dishes as evidence—a dish, I warn you, O sensitive reader, by no means dainty enough to set before the queen. "About a bushel of acorns are placed in a hole dug for the purpose, near to the entrance of the lodge or hut, covered over with a thin layer of grass, over which is laid about half a foot of earth. Every member of the family regards this hole as the special place of deposit of his urine, which is on occasions to be diverted from the legitimate receptacle. In this hole the acorns are allowed to remain four or five months before they are considered fit for use. However disgusting such an odoriferous preparation would be to people in civilized life, the product is regarded by them as the greatest of all delicacies."

The intelligent Chinook is abominably dirty. He digs a hole about three feet deep and twenty feet square; this he fences in and thatches over, and that is his house. The women wear a petticoat of cedar bark, and the men go quite naked. Combs are despised, and parasites encouraged amongst them, as tending to their amusement—monkey fashion literally. "On my questioning an Indian *why he* indulged in the nasty trick,"

says Mr. Kane, "he answered that they bit *him*, and he gratified his revenge by biting *them* in return."

"I would willingly," says the above-mentioned gentleman, "give a specimen of the barbarous language of this people, were it possible to represent by any combination of our alphabet the horrible harsh spluttering sounds which proceed from their throats, apparently unguided either by the tongue or lips. It is so difficult to acquire mastery of their language that none have attained it except those who have been born among them. Their common salutation is, 'Clak-ho-ah-yah', originating as I believe in their having heard in the early days of the fur trade a gentleman named Clark frequently addressed by his friends 'Clark, how are you?' This salutation is now applied to every white man, their own language affording no appropriate expression. Their language is also peculiar in containing no oath or any word conveying gratitude or thanks."

From the Chinooks let us pass to the Sioux, long renowned as one of the most fierce and blood-thirsty tribes of North American Indians. Ever accustomed—first in her father's wigwam, and again in her husband's—to the constant excitement and anxiety that must naturally prevail in a house, the head of which is perpetually adorning himself with war-paint, or repairing the edges of his knives and little choppers; whose constant talk is of battles or scalping forays gone by or to come,—it would not be surprising if the mother of such a house was found to be a not particularly solicitous parent, especially as her husband, being of such martial mind, has no time, even if he possessed the inclination (which is doubtful) either to cut wood for fuel, or to grub up a mite of land and plant corn, or even to make his own moccassins. All these labours the Sioux mother has to perform; she is wood-cutter, and plougher, and sower, and reaper, and tailor, and boot maker, and cook to the entire family. Nevertheless, baby is *never* neglected. It is lashed to a straight board by bandages, which are laced tight behind the back, its feet resting on a broad hoop passed round the bottom of the board. A strap or broad strip of hide is passed round the back of the board and over the mother's forehead, as porters sometimes used to carry their loads. In this way the child is confined for seven months, and it is then released and carried in the folds of a blanket at the mother's back. Most fantastically are these Sioux baby-cases decorated with porcupine quills, and scraps of fur, and figures of men and animals, painted by the poor mother herself at such odd times as can be snatched from her multifarious duties.

om morning till night, wherever she may be going or whatever she be doing, her back is never free from the burden of the cradle, and for more than a year, except when baby evinces a disposition for a nd then, if mother is in the forest, she hangs the cradle to a con- it bough, and if at home to a post or beam, and as she swings it to ro with a gentle rocking motion, sings to it as pretty a lullaby as ost fastidious baby could desire. The reader may, perhaps, smile at ɔtion of a tender cradle song emanating from savage and untutored even though they be those of a woman, but what does he say to the ing, of which, to adopt the words of Dominech, the literal transla- ɛing impossible, we are obliged to content ourselves with reproducing nse, and not word for word of the original:—

"Balance, balance, thou pretty cot;
Roll on, roll on, aërial wave;
Sleep, sleep, baby, sleep, sleep,
For thy mother watches over thee.
It is she who will ever rock thee;
Sleep, sleep, baby, sleep.

"Little darling, thou art thy mother's love;
Sleep, sleep, my child, sleep, sleep;
Tiny cradle, balance, balance,
Rock my baby near me;
Sweet darling, do not weep,
For thy mother watches over thee.

"Roll on, roll on, aërial wave,
Gently roll my sleeping babe;
His mother is near him watching
That he may not be alone.
Wave in the air thou pretty cot,
Wave, wave, sweet little child."

uld baby cease to live, mother is not released, except that the weight back is somewhat lightened at the expense, alas! of a heart as as lead. If her child dies, it is buried, and its place in the cradle d with black quills and feathers. Her stedfast belief is that the spirit has been charmed into the feathers, and that it will remain till the little thing is old enough to walk to Paradise; and so in idst of her labours she will be found singing and chatting, and g lovingly over her shoulder at the lifeless feather bunch, for all ɔrld as though it were a living crowing baby. No matter how or how cruel their load, they will faithfully carry the feather-

freighted cradle hundreds of weary miles, borne up rather than borne down by the senseless encumbrance.

As reference is made in a preceding paragraph to Paradise and a child's difficulty in arriving thereat, it may be as well at this point to give the reader some notion of the North American Indian's belief in the matter. An intelligent old Ojibbeway, when questioned by Mr. Kohl on the subject, instructed that gentleman that out of the earth there grew a path, from which branched several lesser paths, four on one side and four on the other. These paths, however, although pleasant and inviting to the eye, are delusive, and lead only to barren deserts, abounding with nakedness and misery. The true path is the straight one, and this the properly trained soul traverses till he sees a large and luscious strawberry. The strawberry is of extraordinary dimensions, and a terrible temptation to a faint and weary soul. Moreover there stands a man earnestly pressing the pilgrim to eat his fill of the strawberry, at the same time praising its cooling qualities and exquisite flavour. Woe to the unlucky soul, however, who listens to the voice of the tempter: his chances of Paradise, if not entirely at an end, are most seriously retarded.

However, he escapes the strawberry ordeal scatheless, and journeying on, by and by arrives at a broad river, very deep and very turbulent, the only means of crossing which is by a great tree that extends across the water to within a few feet of the opposite bank. Carefully treading this narrow bridge, the anxious soul proceeds till he arrives at the end of it, and then jumps the gap and gains the shore.

Now it is at this gap that the weak little infant soul finds the climax to its troubles. Even supposing that its wavering feet have enabled it to trace the difficult path—that its unsuspecting mind has escaped the temptation of the strawberry—here is a chasm that it can never span; and being bound to attempt it, will tumble into the river, and become straightway a fish or a toad. This it is that causes the Ojibbeway mother such poignant grief, and tempts her to the wicked wish that some one of her grown relations may die just in the nick of time, and so be able to accompany her babe and land it safely in Paradise. But no relation dying, then, as before hinted, she makes up a doll of the dead child's clothes and toys, and by continuing to lavish on it all the love and attentions previously bestowed on the living child, hopes to coax the little one's spirit to stay with her until it is old enough to set out on the perilous journey. Although I find it nowhere expressly declared, there can be little doubt

hat the religious belief of the Sioux—at least, as relates to dead children —is the same as that of the Ojibbeway, and that the bunch of feathers nd the "doll of sorrow" are synonymous.

In the course of his wanderings among the Mosquito Indians, Mr. Bard had his attention drawn to the manner in which women recently become mothers are treated in that region, in a rather surprising manner. One day, while out on a hunting excursion, he approached an isolated hut with the intention of begging a draught of water; before, however, he could reach the door, it was flung violently open, and there emerged from the building two old women, who, without inquiring the intruder's business, commenced abusing him and pelting him vigorously with handfuls of forest litter. "I thought this rather inhospitable," writes Mr. Bard, "and was disposed at first not to leave; but finally thinking there must be some reason for all this, I retraced my steps. I afterwards found upon inquiry that the hut was devoted to the women of the village during their confinement. As this period approaches they retire to this secluded place, where they remain in the care of two old women for two moons. While the woman is so confined to the hut, no one is allowed to approach it, and all persons are especially cautious not to pass it to the windward, for it is imagined that by so doing the wind which supplies the breath of the newly-born child would be taken away, and it would die."

It does not invariably happen among savages that superstition leads to the development of parental affection; in many instances the former rides rough-shod over the latter, and the number of innocents sacrificed to its merciless hoofs is terrible to think of. Should twins be born to an African savage, the father instead of rejoicing at such unlooked for good luck, sees in the event something ominous, and, skulking away to a dark corner, discusses the matter with his fetish, and decides which of the twins shall be murdered. The people of Apingi (Equatorial Africa) are even less merciful, and choke off their twins as fast as they appear.

In the matter of teething, more than one barbarous people hold opinions singularly at variance with our own. A civilized child arriving at that interesting and critical period of its existence is carefully tended, and should its poor little incisors be slow to break way through the gum, there are all sorts of soothing syrups, and powders, and gum rings, and in extreme cases—the lancet. But among our savage brethren—the Bakwains, of South Africa, and the Wazaramo, a tribe of American Indians residing near the Great *Lake—to cut an* upper tooth before a lower is an

unpardonable sin, and something much more formidable than a lancet is applied to the child's throat instead of its gums.

Still, even among the most profound heathens, there do occasionally occur instances where maternal love will—at least for a time—bravely fight against the decrees of inhumanity, though they be believed in, and thought righteous by the people that observe them. Such an instance is recorded by a creditable authority as occurring among the Cree tribe of Indians. A certain Cree baby was born strong and healthy, and to all appearance as like other Cree babies as could be desired. In the course of a year or so, however, it began to change colour, not wholly, but in patches, which were of a pinky-white hue. Such a case was without precedent, and there was some difficulty as to how it should be treated,—especially as the mother of the child was the daughter of a strong chief, whom it was not politic to run the risk of offending. The "Grand Medicine," or priest, was finally consulted, and after hearing the particulars of the affair, he returned a verdict of death against the little Cree boy, sagely arguing that a child who was neither one thing nor the other in colour, would certainly grow up to be neither one thing nor the other in heart; that such an one would probably be a traitor, or, to put it at the mildest, could not possibly make either a brave warrior or a trustworthy councillor, and that therefore it would be better to put him out of the world at once.

So said "Grand Medicine;" but the parti-coloured boy's mother was of a different way of thinking. Point-blank she refused her consent to her child's death; but when her kinsmen looked threatening and hinted about consequences, she appeared to be moved, and only stipulated that she might be allowed to destroy the boy how she chose. To this they agreed, and next day the parti-coloured boy had disappeared, the mother declaring that she had murdered it. "How?" asked they. "I strangled it, and hid it in a cave," replied she; but her kinsmen, including even her husband and her father, shook their heads: "bring us proof," said they, "show us his head, and we will believe it."

She replied, with an assumption of pride, that she was the daughter of a chief, and of a race of chiefs, and could not stoop to convince them that she was not a liar: and so for the time there was an end to the discussion.

But the affair was not forgotten. There had been a mystery about the disposal of the boy that was not pleasant, and though they said nothing,

vas a coldness manifested towards her by her kinsfolk that was not ıistaken. Her father passed her as though she were no child of his, r husband was an altered man. For seven months she bore this, away, and never complaining, till one afternoon while the council ;ing in the lodge she walked in, without warning, and laid at her l's feet the head of her poor little despised boy, whom she had in a cave and secretly nurtured until the contumely of her people er a desperate woman and a murderess.

ıs pass from the terrible to the pleasant, and discuss the ceremony ɜtening among savages. Except in New Zealand and a few other the bestowal of names is regarded with little concern; indeed, only is incompatible with convenience, it is doubtful if thousands of folk would ever be named at all. This is specially the case among lians of North America, who, so far from desiring to perpetuate mes of their ancestors by conferring them on their children, such a course as extremely wicked, and very anxiously avoid it. ıe is regarded as too ridiculous to bestow on an Indian baby, and in : family may be found *Pharah*, the crow; *Kana Cheesteche*, the wasp; *a*, the bull frog; *Sekalkee*, the grasshopper: while little *Choola*, , hanging against the wall of the tent in his tikinagan, looks gravely ɔn his oddly-named brothers and sisters. Should the eldest born he Fox—by possessing a cunning spirit, and becoming a crafty man , retain the name conferred on him in his infancy, then his parents ɜo adopt the name in addition to, or instead of, that they may ısly have borne, calling themselves *Choollingge* and *Choolleslike*,— her and the mother of the fox. Should the Fox die, his parents ke the name of his next brother, or if there should not be one, then turn to their original name. It must not be supposed, however, is ceasing to use the name of a dead son arises from a wish to wipe mory entirely from among his kindred; on the contrary, such is ɛction retained by them, that should the name of the deceased be ned in their hearing, months after, it will often be enough to set ole family wailing and mourning for the rest of the day.

ɔng certain tribes of North American Indians, there prevails a ny of baptism, and known as *Midewi-gamig*. The initiated are *Midés*, and comprise an extensive brotherhood, pledged to strict ınce of the religious rites and ceremonies of the tribe, but, as it seem, with no special mission to propagate the same.

The "temple wigwam" (for so *Midewi-gamig* may be translated) is described as being built of green boughs interwoven among timber supports, and extending the length of forty feet, with a door at the eastern end for admission, and another for exit at the western end. Besides the elders of the order (men usually holding the position of chiefs,) there are present their spouses and all baby's relatives and friends—men, women, and children; and all with their faces painted a brilliant red. As for baby he lies on the grass tied in his cosy tikinagan, impassive and unconcerned as might be expected of a child of a breed of men educated to bear torture with a smiling face and greet death with contempt. Hung about the posts at the entrance to the temple, are the presents—the coloured calico and the tobacco offered by the child's father to the priests. In the middle of the temple stands a large narrow drum and a drumstick, or rather mallet fastened to the end of a long wand.

The proceedings were opened (I speak through Mr. Kohl) by the oldest of the priests (who wore tremendous plated earrings and a great silver ring through his nose) making a speech in which he explained to those present the solemn purpose for which they had met, and after a prayer to the Great Spirit, concluded by giving the audience his blessing.

After this address, a procession was formed of all the Midés, while the father of the child and the guests rose and leaned against the sides of the wigwam. The priests walked one after the other, with their medicine bag in their right hand. These medicine bags, called "pindjigossan" in the Ojibbeway language, were made of the skins of various animals; one of the wild cat, another of the bear, a third of the otter, a fourth of the skin of a snake; and all retained more or less the shape of these wild beasts, as head and tail and sometimes legs and feet were left on. They were all filled with valuable and sacred matters, of course not visible. The Indians imagine that a spirit or breath is exhaled from the bags, possessing the power to blow down and kill a person, as well as to restore him to life and strength again.

The proceedings of the procession were based on this supposition. The Midés held their bags at charge, like Cossacks hold their lances in attacking, and trotted up at a sharp pace to the victim they had selected. The drum was beaten powerfully the while, and the rattle of the calabashes filled with peas, was incessant. The Midés also accompanied their steps by a sort of war-yell, which increased in noise in proportion to their speed, and grew quicker in time the nearer they drew to the

victim, much after this style: Ho! ho!—hohohoho!—o! o! o! o! o! On approaching one of the guests a Midé made a stab at him with the bag, and the person assailed fell back immediately, and lay on the ground.

As soon as a Midé had blown down his patient he relaxed his speed and his "ho! ho!" and walked round the lodge to a slower time, turned back, and trotted to his place to start once more, as soon as the bag had collected sufficient strength to upset another patient. As the seven or eight priests ran about continually, all the spectators before long lay on the ground, like a house of cards blown down by the wind.

It was a very comical sight, and some behaved with considerable drollery. I shall never forget the behaviour of a strangely bedizened old man, who rushed upon the priest with a wild yell, took a prodigious bound and puffed out his cheeks, as if aiding his medicine bag. The girls, too, as they lay in a heap, nudged each other and giggled as if conscious of the effect the scene must produce on an impartial witness. But all this smiling and tittering was in secret. The ceremony generally proceeded in a very reputable manner, and though it lasted so long, everybody appeared to know the part he had to play so accurately that no mistake occurred, and all went on with the regularity of our military manœuvres.

After the destructive powers of the medicine bags had been manifested, their holy and reviving strength had to be displayed. This was effected precisely in the same fashion, but no one ventured to stir hand or foot till breathed on by the enchanted animals; I even noticed this among the merry tittering girls. One of them had been overlooked by the priest, and though she was indulging in a quiet grin, she did not dare rise of her own accord. One of the girls timidly recalled the priest and pointed out his oversight. He came back, held his otter bag to her, and up she jumped.

This ceremony at an end, the father of the child who, by the by, was fully equipped as for war, took up the tikinagan and bore it on his arms towards the priests, five or six women following, and standing in a row when he stopped. The father made a speech, the priest replied, and then the drum was beat and the peas rattled in the calabashes, and everybody danced including the father of the baby with the tikinagan still resting on his arms.

As fresh blowings down with the medicine bags now again set in with a vigour that promised a long continuance, Mr. Kohl went away and

returned in the afternoon. Things were pretty much as he had left them, except that the medicine had set the company on its legs, and there was introduced into the middle of the temple a heap of green boughs covered with a cloth.

After an energetic speech of the high-priest, everybody in the temple (Mr. Kohl was outside, peeping through the boughs) marched round the cloth-covered heap, each stooping in turn and regarding it earnestly. Round and round they went scrutinizing the cloth at every turn, and twisting and contorting their mouths in a most unaccountable manner. At last the leader spat out two little shells, and the ice thus broken, everybody commenced to spit out shells which rolled together to the middle of the cloth. As each was delivered of his shell, he grew at once composed and allowed his mouth to resume its proper shape, while he regarded his neighbours with an air expressive of intense relief.

Then all present took it in turn to bang at the drum with the mallet, at the same time chaunting "God hath given us this Midé order and I rejoice that I am a member. Hohohoho! o! o! o! o! o!"

This virtually concluded the christening ceremony, but still a most important thing remained to be done,—the making over by the priest to the father in trust for the child such mysterious charms and amulets as would be useful to him in after life. "As I sat close to him I could see what the priest brought him. One came with a paper parcel, which he carefully undid; after removing several coverings, a pinch of snow-white powder was visible, which the priest showed the father and delivered to him while explaining the virtues of the powder in the minutest detail. The father listened with open mouth, and carefully hid the recipe in his medicine bag. We could not, however, understand any of the directions, for the priest spoke in a mysterious whisper. Another priest brought a small bundle of dried roots fastened together with a red riband. He hung it on the child's wooden cradle, and said in a loud voice, what was translated to me—'This shall guide him through life.' All sorts of things were then suspended from the cradle: a thimble, some shells, etc. The number of presents was considerable, among them being several useful matters, such as a little bag of fine wheat flour, and another filled with the grain of the wild rice. The father, the shaggy old brave, sat half ashamed, as all these fine things collected around him."

Among the barbarians of New Zealand, Shakespeare's query "What's

in a name?" can scarcely be said to apply. Not only does the cognomen of a New Zealander serve to summon and distinguish him, it is also indicative in many cases of the sort of man he is; and as he does not receive his *third* and final christening till fairly and independently embarked in life, the appellation is generally a tolerably correct one. In the course of his life he receives three names. The first, however, is of small account, and generally bestowed by the parents themselves; still it has its significance. If it be a cross baby and whines incessantly at the breast, it would be called *poaka* or pig, and as such would be

"Ho! ho!—Hohohoho!—o! o! o! o! o!"

seriously spoken of by its brothers and sisters, and enquired after by relations and friends. An English mother, doting on her baby, persists on calling it "duck o' diamonds," or "ittle tootsey;" under the same circumstances the savage mother calls her little one, *nisé one* (or, "lively little grub"); *mouri* (heart's blood), etc., and which although somewhat unpleasantly suggestive of mamma's cannibal tendency is meant to express an equal amount of endearment.

This baby name suffices until the child becomes old enough to undergo a journey to the residence of the priest, who after planting a sapling as the child's "sign of life," and holding to its ear the limb of an idol

that the *mana* or virtue of the wooden god may enter into the little creature, proceeds to chaunt a form of which the following is a translation:—

Wait till I pronounce your name—
What is your name?
Listen to your name,
This is your name—
Wai Kui Maneane.

This last is the name of one of the child's ancestors, and the priest continues to enumerate a long list till—as says the Rev. R. Taylor, who describes the ceremony—*the child sneezes*, when the priest stops, and the last name uttered by him is that to which the child is entitled. Although Mr. Taylor makes no mention of *snuff* as entering into the ceremony there is a suspicion that it must be introduced, otherwise it would be a speculation whether the priest would not arrive sheer at the end of the ancestral tether before a naturally acquired cold in baby's head settled the important business.

After the child has sneezed his assent to a name, the priest proceeds to deliver a very sensible exhortation, and which, be it observed, includes a recommendation of the virtue of early rising.

"Clear the land for food,
Be strong to work;
You be angry and industrious;
You be courageous;
You must work;
You must work before the dew
Is off the ground."

If the child be a female the ceremony is different. It is not stated whether the little lady is privileged to sneeze her approbation of a name—probably not, judging from the harsh and unpolite exhortation that follows the christening:—

"Seek food for thyself with panting for breath,
Seek food for thyself with panting for breath;
Weave garments for thyself with panting for breath."

In the case of the male he retains his second name until—if he be the eldest son—his father dies, when he forsakes the name conferred on him by the priests, and takes that of his deceased parent. With the second and other sons, however, the baptismal name is retained until the individual performs some feat, or has some hand in a business from which a name may be obtained. For instance, the widow of Matene Ruta, who

was taken prisoner during the last New Zealand war, and cruelly hung to commemorate the event, called her infant who was born after its father's death, *Repeko*, the hung. Te Hewhew, with fifty of his tribe, was overwhelmed by a great landslip; his surviving son assumed the name of *Horonguku*, the sliding landslip.

Taylor relates that inoffensive men will take names denoting their affection for domestic comfort and a peaceful life:—*Kai Huka* is sugar eater; *Riga Hiti*, sheets; *Te Kapa*, tea-cup; *Te Kera*, tea-kettle; *Tupetha*, tobacco. Nor even is the final abode of man lost sight of; *Kamena*, coffin, is a favourite appellation. Names are made to chronicle the introduction of new articles, and to record any striking event. In the year 1854 the measles broke out for the first time in New Zealand, and sure enough, in a very short time afterwards, a child was presented for baptism, with the earnest request of its parents that it might be called *Measles*.

To ask a New Zealand chief his name is to insult him, as, according to his way of thinking, the question implies that he is a person of such small consequence, that his name is unknown. Sarcasm is a quality which the savage is not deficient in, and when alluding to another who assumes too much, will say, "Oh yes, he is a great chief indeed, *wherever he goes they enquire who he is.*"

CHAPTER II.

The savage baby and the civilized—The secret of love for babies—Turned out to die—The savage's horror of death—Filial affection of the Figians—How the ancient Choctaws served their prisoners—Female torturers—Endurance of a Katatiba brave—A terrible night's work—Old Scraney—"Warming" an uncle—The revenge of Mahtotopa—An apology for gossiping—Scalp law—Chivalry of Mahtotopa—Torture test of the Ojibbeways—Trussing a human being—The finishing stroke—Diabolical dance—The "medicine" bag—The dream of life.

FROM the period of the young savage's outgrowth of his babyhood till advancing in years he attains a certain independence, and stepping forth declares himself, we hear very little about him. This, however, is not at all surprising; exactly the same system prevails amongst us. When Baby Bunting is born it is regarded as little short of a miracle of interest; it is gorgeously arrayed, nurse carries it as though the least jolting would spill its precious life, mamma regards it with a light in her eyes, and a joy pervading her entire face, not to be produced by all the diamonds that ever were dug from the earth and polished and set in circlets of gold, nor by any fifty of the most wondrously dainty bonnets the millinery world ever yielded; and even grumpy papa, who from long experience knows what comes of babies, is constrained to pinch the dimpled cheek of the little stranger, and to snap his fingers at it and to utter for its delectation sounds about as musical as might emanate from an affectionate bear. Being a merchant and with a position to maintain, it is not wonderful that he should quietly chuckle over a rise or fall in indigo, that his countenance should become radiant as the morning's paper informs him that tallow is "brisk" or that hides are "dull," but what favourable variation in the market value of any of the earth's products in which he deals, ever so puckered his mouth with smiles, or so set his eyes a twinkling as the contemplation of this his seventh son and eleventh child?

All this, just so long as baby remains utterly helpless, and without ability to acknowledge in any shape or kind his sense of your behaviour

towards him. It is as well that it is so, for this among other reasons, that you might occasionally be filled with dismay to find baby regarding as deliberate torture what you intended as tender kindness. There, however, he lies in his tiny crib or in your arms, unconscious as a doll of all your complimentary addresses, and swallowing with touching confidence and placidity whatever it may please you to place in its poor little maw. He is so completely in your power. His tiny lips would part as readily to receive from your hand deadly poison as innocent milk; were you cruel enough you could stifle the life in him as easy as though he were a mouse; you have only to lie him along the ground and so leave him, and there he will abide till death stops his crying. This is without doubt the—well—I was about to write—the *secret* of the universal love for babies, but what everybody knows and everybody feels, cannot be a secret. Nor need anybody conscious of the feeling grow inflated with self esteem; for to be without love for little children is to be lower than the cat, who will knowingly enter the open jaws of death to rescue her progeny—more brutal than the baboon who, rather than abandon its young one to the pursuing hunters, will hug it to her breast, and so labour and stumble along till she is within range of the fatal bullet.

As, however, with the brutes so with the savage, and as with the savage—in a modified degree of course—so with civilized folks; with the growing strength and stature of baby, idolization of it diminishes. It is still a nice little thing, of course, a dear healthy hearty darling—*very* hearty—so are the other seven; indeed—well, well—one had better pay the butcher than the doctor, and you are only too happy to know that you are able to provide for all their wants. Such observations are made a hundred times a day, and by the most affectionate of civilized parents; may be, as observations, they are not decidedly objectionable, but still there may be found in them a tinge of the sort of resignation that one feels while enduring a slight pinching inflicted by a pair of otherwise thoroughly satisfactory weather-proof boots; it is only another phase of the butcher and doctor question; honey is not to be gathered without peril of bee stings, nor roses without the chance of a brush with a thorn.

This is the condition of things from a civilized point of view; regarded with savage eyes its aspect is somewhat different. The savage as a rule inherits from his father *nothing but* a few hunting implements, and with

the aid of these his larder must be supplied. If the hut contains no other human inhabitant but himself and his squaw, why ever so small a deer brought down by the blow-gun or the arrow, means meat for three days at least—the weary hunter meanwhile gorging and dozing on his mat; but if there should be in camp half-a-dozen wide-mouthed, long-bodied boys and girls, a moderately successful day's hunting represents but a single day's feasting, and should there be no luck, the long bodies go lean and the half-dozen mouths just now expectantly ajar and awaiting the pleasant coming of papa—the feathers stuck in his hair dancing and bobbing by reason of the weight of venison weighting papa's shoulders—fall dismally awry, as he is seen looming from the shadow of the forest, footsore, and lighter laden even than when he set out, because of the arrows he has wasted. Papa, the savage, in his benighted condition, may be excused, if under such circumstances he grows a little irritable, thinking on what a dreadful lot of bears-meat the six wide mouths put out of sight only yesterday, and on what a much sleeker and happier man he would be if he had to hunt only for his own belly. Mind, it is not asserted that he does grumble that so many mill stones should hang about his neck or that he endeavours to shake them off; it would rather seem that he patiently toiled for them until they are able to help themselves, and with no other incentive than affection.

It would be comparatively pleasant if one were able to record that the behaviour of the young savage, wherever he is found, towards the old and decrepid, was as in the above quoted case of the conduct of the adult savage towards his children, so much that of civilized countries that no one has thought it worth while to make special mention of it. Kindness to the aged may be—nay, assuredly is the rule, but there are a few cruel exceptions—Figi and the Bakalai tribe of Southern Africans among the number. "Once," writes M. Du Chaillu, "an old man, poor, naked, and lean as death himself and barely able to walk, hobbled into a Bakalai village where I was staying. Seeing me, the poor old fellow came to beg some tobacco—their most cherished solace. I asked him where he was going.

"I don't know."

"Where are you from?"

He mentioned a village a few miles off.

"Have you no friends there?"

"None."

"No son, no daughter, no brother, no sister?"

"None."

"You are sick."

"They drove me away for that."

"What will you do?"

"Die."

"A few women came up to him and gave him water and a little food. But the men saw death in his eyes; they drove him away. He went sadly away as though knowing and submitting to his fate. A few days after his poor lean body was found in the wood."

In the above quoted case it would seem that terror of the sight of death rather than neglect of life instigated the people to behave with such inhumanity towards the poor old fellow, and in all probability a young man or woman "with death in her eyes," would be treated just as unceremoniously. As M. Chaillu observes of this awfully ignorant people, it is as though all their lives they were vainly fleeing from the dread face of death. This is the refrain of all their sad songs, "Death is the end." "Now we live; by and by we shall die, then we shall be no more." "He is gone; we shall never shake his hand again; never more hear him laugh." Should a grown person die in a Bakalai village the stability of the place receives a violent shock; should a second die within a little time—even though the dread event should occur in the dead of night—the whole settlement is panic-stricken, men and women run from hut to hut, cowering and hiding their faces as they run, lest the horrible "witch power" that is abroad should pursue them and snatch away their breath: the doleful news is whispered, and in less than an hour the whole settlement is on the march, leaving death to stalk bootless through the empty village.

The Figians, however, among whom death is so familiar a sight, have not this excuse for serving their old folk cruelly, nor do they pretend it. What they do advance is, that since we all have to make our appearance in the next world in precisely the same condition as we leave this, it must be better to reserve some bodily strength and freshness for paradise —especially as one has to remain for ever in the condition in which one enters. Should a parent grow old and begin to show symptoms of decay —we have the Rev. Mr. Williams' authority for the assertion—one of his grown sons will come to him, and in the kindest manner suggest that he has lived now a goodish many years—till he has begun to stoop indeed,

and his hair is turning grey; will he be kind enough to consider the propriety of giving up the ghost as soon as possible? "What a shocking thing it will be for your relations," urges the tender-hearted son, "to see you go crawling through the village so feeble that you need a staff to support you. Picture to yourself, my father, the disgraceful sight, and allow me to club you, or would you prefer to be strangled?" In some cases the father consents on the spot, and the son does the murder off hand, or maybe the parent begs a respite of a week, faithfully promising to be ready at the end of that time. Generally he keeps his promise; but should he be faint-hearted and not make a punctual appearance, the son makes no scruple of hunting him out and despatching him without further ceremony. In the destruction of their decrepid parents, says Mr. Williams, the Figians sometimes plead affection; but in many cases no attempt is made to disguise the fact that father was growing very weak and troublesome and there was no use in his living any longer. It is a startling but incontestable fact that in Figi there exists a general system of parricide, which ranks too in all respects as a social institution. In their estimation the use of the rope instead of a club is a mark of love so strong that they wonder when a stronger is demanded.

The Indians of the North-west of America must likewise plead guilty to the inhuman custom of deserting their old folk. In their case, however as in the case of the Bakalai of Equatorial Africa, it is regarded by all parties rather as a hard necessity and one that must be borne with resignation then as an act of cruelty. Dominech relates of certain savages of the north west, that when the tribe is on the point of emigrating the relatives and friends of any infirm old man, who is to be abandoned assemble to bid him adieu; they then place near him a vase full of water some meal, and some wood to feed the fire, by which he is laid. "My children," he says to them, "I am too feeble and too old to walk; our nation is poor and you must travel to the land where you will find food My days are numbered and I am a burden to my children. I cannot follow you and I desire to die. Be of good courage and do not think of me, for I am no longer good for anything; and I shall soon depart for the land of shadows to join my fathers and wait for my children." After listening to these touching words, each one takes leave of the old man and presses his hand. The poor deserted creature soon dies of hunger and his body is devoured by beasts of prey. Nothing is more touching *then these separations*. On the one hand one hears the cries of the

children and relatives; on the other, one witnesses the calm resignation of the aged or infirm fathers and mothers. Sometimes a little hut of dried grass is constructed for them as a protection from the heat of the sun, or the severity of the weather, and as much provision as possible is collected near them, before they are abandoned to their miserable fate.

However we may regard this incomprehensible behaviour on the part of both children and parents, one thing is certain, it cannot possibly be attributable solely to savagery; indeed, the impulsive, unreasoning savage with but his belly to guide him, would be the very last person to consent, nay, to suggest that he had better be left alone in the wilderness to die of thirst and hunger. Without doubt he would indignantly refuse to be driven off, and follow the troop as long as he could put one foot before the other. Talk of an ignorant impulsive savage acting so, in what respect would the conduct of the most cultivated man in civilized Europe differ from his under the circumstances? Would he not, with his refined sense of right and wrong, regard his desertion as a thing too monstrous to be believed? True, he might draw on his Christian knowledge for sufficient comfort to enable him to bear his great grievance, but unless he were a very saintly person he would certainly find a difficulty in weeding his heart of bitterness and lying down to die at peace with all men.

Who can doubt, however, that the Abbé Domenech's savage, and all such men, *do* lie down to die contented and serene—waiting for death, not fearfully, but rather as a weary traveller who, thirsty and prostrate by the way-side, hails the approach of a maid with a water pitcher. Well, how is such an end attained? solely and wholly by *Education*, a life-long observation of a religion which, however objectionable to civilized folk, is without doubt, powerful to hold the body in the reins of the mind, and that to the very end of the chapter. The sole aim of this savage's life is to learn how to meet death indifferently, let him come in whatever shape he may,—by the tomahawk, by the scalping knife, by the bullet, by flood, or by fire. Not only does he know that by one of these his death may come, he is desirous that it may be so; he wishes, like the Saxon earl of old, "to die on his legs, like a man, and not crouching like a cow." If he be of a fighting tribe (and there are few exceptions) he never knows but that to-morrow may bring war, and that three things alone can spring from it—victory, retreat, or capture and death by torture. A savage at war is a *savage indeed*. His ferocious spirit is only refreshed

by the scent of blood, and his rancour is still hot when the bodies of his slain of the morning lie in the evening stark and cold on the battle-field. It has not been a fight as a final settlement of a dispute, but a long and bloody struggle for prisoners; the labour of war in the day to provide for the pastime of torture in the evening. Traveller writers have from time to time ventured to picture the terrible orgies indulged in by this and that savage nation, on the return of their men of war with a batch of captive wretches, and by so doing have risked their character for veracity. "True in the main, no doubt," said the sceptical reader, "but most unsparingly coloured and varnished." If however there be truth in a "cloud of witnesses," it is not too much to affirm that romancist never yet penned a horror that a savage has not perpetrated, and with such refinement as the civilized brain is incapable of conceiving. Just as true is it, and infinitely more marvellous, that the torture was never yet invented that the savage will not bear without a blink of the eye or a quiver of the lip. Before we discuss the sort of education that will endow a man with such wondrous fortitude, let us see the sort of torture it may be his ill luck to encounter, taking our examples from the most reliable sources; the most ancient as well as the most modern: —from Mr. James Adair, who a hundred years ago spent forty years of his life among the Cherokees and the Crees, and the Choctaws and the Katahbas; to the admirable Abbé Domenech who returned from his wanderings in the Great Desert of North America as it were but yesterday.

When a company returns from war—says Mr. Adair, speaking of the Choctaws, who at that time were a great nation, numbering thousands where they now scarcely number hundreds—and come in view of their own town, they follow the leader one by one in a direct line, each a few yards behind the other to signify the triumph. If they have not succeeded, or any of their warriors are lost, they return quite silent. They camp near their town all night on a large square plot of ground marked for the purpose, with a high war pole fixed in the middle of it, to which they secure their prisoners. If any one of the captives should be so fortunate as to get loose and escape to a town of refuge, he by ancient custom is saved from the fiery torture,—such places being a sure asylum to them if they were invaded and taken, but not to invaders because they came to shed blood.

Those captives who are pretty well advanced in life as well as in war

gradations always atone for the blood they have spilt by the torture of fire. It is easy enough to judge of the renown of a captive, of his prowess in battle, and not unfrequently of the number of enemies who have fallen by his hand, by the number and character of the blue tattoo marks over his breast and arms.

The victors strip their miserable captives quite naked, and put on their feet a pair of bear-skin mocassins, with the black hairy part outwards; then they are tied to a pole, and just above their heads a "brave" attaches a fire-brand so that it hangs down, nearly singeing their hair. By the bye, it should be mentioned, that they are not led quietly to the stake, but on their way they are assailed by the women and children of the camp, who, armed with canes and thongs of grape-vine, lash and cut at them to their heart's content (which among such furious savages is a terrible thing to think on); jeering them the while. After that, as before stated, the unlucky prisoner is tied up, the death-signal is given and preparations made for acting the final tragedy.

The victim's arms are fast pinioned, and a strong grape-vine is tied about his neck to the top of the war-pole, allowing him to track round about fifteen yards. They fix some tough clay on his head to secure the scalp from the blazing torches. The torches flash in a great circle about him, lighting up the faces of the furies that bear them; for to add degradation to the horrible business, the women are the torturers while the male warriors and braves stand aloof smoking and complacently regarding the whole scene.

But the tethered savage, all wealed as is his body, and frantic his spirit, affects to be at least as unconcerned as his tormentors, and raising his voice he chaunts over again the war song of his tribe, and shouts to the men at the outer circle, how that he slew this warrior and that of their party, and how he tortured them. He very well knows that his defiant mien is calculated to goad the torch-bearers to fury, and that presently he will have to answer for every insulting word with a cruel pang; yet he does not desist; indeed, as he proceeds, he warms with the subject, and having exhausted his facts in connexion with his past outrages on the people in whose power he now is, he invents ingenious lies, and yells out a confession of his imaginary atrocities, interwoven with scornful defiance as to their ability to inflict on him commensurate punishment.

Then the women make a furious onset with their burning torches; his pain is soon so excruciating *that* he rushes from the pole with the fury

of the most savage beast of prey, lashes them with the trailing vine-rope, and bites and kicks and tramples on all he can catch. The circle immediately fills again either with the same or fresh persons; they attack him on every side,—now he runs to the pole for shelter, but the flames pursue him. Then with champing teeth and sparkling eyeballs he breaks through their contracted circle afresh, and acts every part that the highest courage, most raging fury, and blackest despair can urge him to. Should he sink and flag under the torture, they pour over him a quantity of cold water till his spirits recover, and so the like cruelties are renewed till he falls down and happily becomes insensible of pain. Then his clay crown and his scalp are removed, together with innumerable bits of his poor carcase, with one of which each amazon possesses herself.

Not a soul, of whatever age or sex, manifests the least pity during the prisoner's distress; the women sing with religious joy all the while they are tormenting their devoted victim, and peals of laughter resound through the crowded theatre, especially if he seems afraid to die. But a warrior puts on a bold austere countenance, and carries it through all his pains. As long as he can he whoops and outbraves the enemy, describing his own martial deeds amongst them and those of his nation who he threatens will force many of them to eat fire in revenge of his fate as he himself had often done to some of their relations at their cost.

Here is a story of a gallant young savage of the Katahba tribe. A party of Seneca Indians came to war against the Katahba, bitter enemies to each other. In the woods the Senecas discovered a sprightly warrior belonging to the Katahbas, busily hunting game; on his perceiving them, he sprung off for a hollow rock four or five miles distant, as they intercepted him from running homeward. He was so extremely swift and skilful with the gun as to kill seven of them in the running fight before they were able to overtake him. They carried him to their country in sad triumph; for though he had filled them with uncommon grief and shame for the loss of so many of their kindred, yet the love of martial virtue induced them to treat him, during the long journey, with a great deal more civility than if he had acted the part of a coward. The women and children when they met him at their several towns beat and whipped him in as severe a manner as the occasion required, according to their law of justice, and at last he was condemned to die by the fiery tortures. It might be reasonably imagined that, what he had for some time gone through, by being fed with a scanty hand, a tedious march

lying at night on the bare ground exposed to the changes of weather, with his arms extended in a pair of rough stocks, and suffering such punishments on his entering into their hostile towns as a prelude to these sharp torments for which he was destined, would have so impaired his health and affected his imagination as to have sent him to his long sleep, out of the way of any more sufferings. Probably this would have

Diving for Life.

been the case with the major part of white people under similar circumstances, but I never knew this with any of the Indians; and this cool-headed, brave warrior, did not deviate from their rough lessons of martial virtue, but acted his part so well as to surprise and sorely vex his numerous enemies.

When they were taking him unpinioned in their wild parade to the place of torture, which lay near to a river, he suddenly dashed down those who stood in his way, sprung off and plunged into the water, swimming underneath like an otter, and only rising to take breath till he made the opposite shore. He now ascended the steep bank; but though he had reason to be in a hurry as many of the enemy were in the water and others running every way, like blood-hounds in pursuit, and the

bullets flying around him from the time he took to the river, yet his heart did not allow him to leave them abruptly without taking leave in a formal manner; so turning him about, he saluted them in a manner as irritating to savage as to civilized society, and then uttering a defiant whoop, again darted off.

He continued his speed so as to run by about midnight of the same day as far as his eager pursuers were two days in reaching. There he rested till he happily discovered five of those Indians who had pursued him, and lay a little way off their camp hidden in the tall grass till they were sound asleep. Every circumstance of his situation occurred to him, and inspired him with heroism. He was naked, torn and hungry, and his enraged enemies had come up with him. But there was now everything to relieve his wants, and a fair opportunity to save his life, and get great honour and sweet revenge, by cutting them off. Resolution, a convenient spot and sudden surprise, would effect the main object of all his wishes and hopes. He accordingly crept towards them, took one of their tomahawks and killed them all on the spot. He then took their scalps, clothed himself, took a choice gun and as much ammunition and provision as he could well carry on a running march. He set off with a light heart and did not sleep for several successive nights except when he reclined as usual a little before day with his back to a tree. As it were by instinct, when he found that he was free of the pursuing enemy, he made directly up to the place where lay his seven slain of the previous day, digged them up, scalped them, burned their bodies to ashes, and then turned his face to the camp of his tribe which he reached in safety. Other pursuing enemies came on the second day to the camp of their dead people, and then and there their enthusiasm took a sudden chill. A council was held, and the decision was unanimous that as he had done such surprising things in his defence before he was captured and while he was without arms and almost naked, it was only wise to conclude that he was a wizard, who now that he had arms would likely make short work of any dozen of them. And so they returned home and related the doleful story to their friends.

Possibly the gentle reader never before heard of that doughty warrior "Old Scraney." Thanks, however, to Mr. Adair, his memory is rescued from oblivion, and we are enabled to set out in these pages just one little exploit of that celebrated savage. In one of the battles between the Shawnees and the Creeks, the former captured this renowned warrior,

whom they bastinadoed according to the prevailing custom, and condemned to the fiery torture. He underwent a great deal without showing any concern; his countenance and behaviour were as though he suffered not the least pain, and was formed beyond the common laws of nature. He told them with a bold voice that he was a noted warrior, and had gained most of his martial preferment at the expense of their nation, and was desirous of showing them in the act of dying that he was still as much their superior as when he headed his countrymen against them; that although he had fallen into their hands in forfeiting the protection of the Divine power by some impurity or the other, when carrying the holy art of war against his detested enemies, yet he had still so much remaining virtue as would enable him to punish himself more exquisitely than all their despicable ignorance could possibly do, if they gave him liberty by untying him, and would hand him one of the red-hot gun-barrels from the fire.

The proposal, and his method of address, appeared so exceedingly bold and uncommon that his request was granted. Then he suddenly seized one end of the red barrel, and, brandishing it from side to side, forced his way through the armed and surprised multitude, and leapt down a prodigious steep and high bank into a branch of the river, dived through it, ran over a small island, and passed the other branch amidst a shower of bullets; and, though numbers of his eager enemies were in close pursuit of him, he got into a bramble swamp, and in that naked, mangled condition reached his own country. He proved a sharp thorn in their sides afterwards to the day of his death.

These episodes of Indian history are more or less of ancient date. We will now refer to the very latest published evidence on the subject (1860), to find, alas! that the spirit of revenge is among the Red Men as demoniacal as ever.

The Red Indians who live on the frontiers of the United States sometimes commit incredible acts of cruelty. They massacre or burn whole families, men, women, and children. From 1846 to 1852 there were more than two hundred persons murdered every year in Texas. During our long wars against the English in Canada (the French Abbé Domenech is speaking), the Indians in the pay of the latter made some French missionaries prisoners. These martyrs were burnt in a slow fire, or cut in pieces. Others had their eyes torn out, and the savages put hot coals in the empty sockets.

Neither are the Whites the sole victims of the ferocity of the Indians. In their continual wars they treat each other with no less cruelty. The prisoners they take are generally put to death. The women are still more cruel than the men. The Shoshonees give up to the women of their tribe those they have taken from the enemy, who are put to death in the midst of torture. The Indian women frequently torture prisoners before their husbands kill them. Formerly in Texas they cut them in pieces; and, in order the longer to enjoy the sufferings of their victims, they tied them to a tree, and came every day to gaze at them, and tear from them a portion of flesh.

Death by fire is still inflicted by some tribes; formerly it was a universal custom. But the Foxes and Ojibbeways in particular had acquired a certain renown for the refinements they introduced into this frightful art. A young Fox warrior, son of an Ojibbeway woman who had been carried off by the Fox tribe, one day made his maternal uncle prisoner. Wishing to show that he was insensible to the ties of relationship which united him to the Ojibbeways, he bound the arms and legs of his prisoner to two stakes fixed in the ground. He then lighted a great fire, as he said, in derision, to warm him. When he had roasted him on one side, he turned him on the other. The body of the Ojibbeway warrior was soon nothing but one hideous sore; then his nephew untied him, and said: "Return to your village, and tell the Ojibbeways how the Foxes prevent their uncles feeling the cold."

Warm Hospitality of the Ojibbeway to the Fox.

The man recovered, and succeeded in taking his nephew prisoner. He carried him off to his village, bound him quite naked to two stakes, and, taking the skin of a rein-deer newly stripped off, and to which a thick coating of fat still adhered, exposed it to the fire till it was completely lighted; he then threw it on the shoulders of his nephew, saying:

"Nephew, when I was in your village you warmed me at a good fire: I in turn give you this cloak to keep you warm;" and, enveloped in the terrible flaming cloak, the body of the unfortunate Fox was soon consumed.

Here is another modern instance of the Red Man's cold-blooded and cruel character:—"A Mandan chief, Mahtotopa, whose portrait may be seen at the Museum of Natural History in Paris, found one day near the village the body of his brother, pierced by a lance, which the murderer had left in the wound. He swore to revenge his kinsman, took the lance, covered with blood, and carried it to the village, where it was recognised as belonging to Ouonyatop, one of the bravest of the Riccaree warriors. The Mandan chief took the Riccaree weapon in his hands, brandished it over his head before each cabin of the village, declaring in a loud voice that he would kill Ouonyatop with the very same weapon. He waited in vain during four years for an opportunity to accomplish his design. At last, no longer able to restrain his impatience, he took the lance, saying that the blood of his brother cried out for vengeance, and added: 'Let no Mandan speak any more of Mahtotopa; let no one ask where he is or whither he has gone, until you hear the war-cry before your village, and he shows you the scalp of Ouonyatop. The iron of this lance shall drink the blood of Ouonyatop, or the shade of Mahtotopa shall follow that of his brother.'

"He departed, and traversed a distance of not less than two hundred miles, with no other provision than a little maize in a bag, walking by night and hiding in the day for fear of surprise. When he reached the village of the Riccarees he prowled around the cabins for some time, and, under cover of the darkness of night, approached that of Ouonyatop. He saw his enemy light his pipe and lie down. Mahtotopa then entered resolutely, and sat down under the fire, over which a kettle full of meat was suspended. He began to eat with the voracity of a man dying of hunger; he then in his turn lighted the pipe which his enemy had laid down after using it. The wife of Ouonyatop, who had gone to bed, asked who the man was, eating in their cabin. The Riccaree answered: 'What does it matter? He is hungry; let him eat.'

"Mahtotopa then, turning round gradually, in order the better to see the posture of his victim, rapidly seized the lance and plunged it in his breast, took off his scalp in an instant, and as swift as an arrow fled into the prairie, holding his trophy in his hand. The whole village was

quickly on foot, but no one knew who had killed the chief Ouonyatop; and Mahtotopa, after having run several days and nights, praying the Great Spirit to give courage to his heart and strength to his legs, arrived the sixth day at his native village, broken down with fatigue, but happy and proud to have avenged his brother, and to have brought home the scalp of Ouonyatop."

The Mandan Chief takes the Scalp of the Riccaree Warrior.

I must here be allowed to observe, that although it originally was and still remains my intention to follow the savage step by step through his life, it will be impossible to do so in strict military fashion, with a stiff stock, and eyes turning neither to the right nor the left. The fact is, I have a constitutional habit of gossiping, and even the onerous duty of a savage to escort through the various stages of his life is not likely to baulk it. So many things turn up on the road, you see. For instance, concerning the process of scalping, it is undoubtedly an unpleasant process, but since the reader is likely to witness a goodish bit of it in these pages, it will be quite as well that he be informed how it is accomplished, the laws that regulate it—in fact, all about it. Gossiping subject No. 2. Preparatory to describing my young savage's education, I told you, by way of illustrating the pitch to which the said education is expected to

bring a barbarian, the story of the bloodthirsty chief Mahtotopa. Now, supposing the reader to read no more of Mahtotopa, his natural impression will be that he was an ingrain ruffian, and quite incapable of a generous action. This, however, would be doing the Mandan chief injustice, as in the end (Abbé Domenech is the witness) he proved himself a tender-hearted fellow—an affectionate husband and father, and unable to survive the ravages of death among his domestic flock. The particulars of his suicide are quite as romantic and interesting as anything of the sort that ever took place in the most polite countries—even France—and after we have discussed the scalping question, we will return to the Mandan chief.

"The operation of scalping, which consists in taking off the hair of a vanquished enemy, furnishes the Indian warrior with another mark of distinction. They always carry with them either a knife specially adapted for scalping, or some other sharp instrument, made of obsidian, flint or shell. The victor makes with one of these instruments a deep incision all round the skull of his victim, and tears off the skin with the hair. It is this tuft of hair attached to the skin which is called the scalp. Its diameter is about three inches, sometimes less. Before the scalp is carried in triumph, its skin must be dry, and it must be consecrated by the *scalp dance*. This dance is a consecration, attesting that the scalp is the reward of an act of courage and valour. When the Indians have scalped an enemy, and are not pressed for time, they generally take off the rest of the skin of the head, which they use to make a fringe to ornament their garments.

"Severe laws enforced under pain of dishonour regulate the operation of scalping. It is only permitted to scalp warriors of a hostile tribe. There is no example of an Indian having taken the scalp of a man of his own tribe, or of one belonging to a nation in alliance with his own, and whom he may have killed in a quarrel or a fit of anger. It is also forbidden to scalp an enemy before he is dead. Those Indians who have preserved in all their purity the traditions and customs of their ancestors, never infringe this rule."

If (continues Domenech) we are to believe certain distinguished writers the operation of scalping is of very ancient origin. The Scythians scalped by first making an incision at the height of the ears; then, taking hold of the hair, they tore off the skin by shaking the head. According to the annals of Flude, the Franks still scalped about the year 879, and the Anglo-Saxons also.

Whatever may be the origin of this barbarous custom, the scalp constitutes in some sense the armorial bearings of the Indian warrior, a title of nobility which receives a new quartering from every fresh victim. The scalp, fastened to a pole, is placed in the conqueror's cabin, and on days of parade or battle in front of the cabin; the chiefs suspend it to their horse's bridle. There are some Indians who bury the scalps after having consecrated them. The custom has its origin doubtless in the dread the savages have of the souls of their enemies, for the ceremony is performed in the midst of sad and lugubrious songs intended to appease the ghost of the departed.

So much for scalps and scalping; now for the suicide of Mahtotopa:—

"Some dealers in fur and whiskey brought the small-pox in 1832 to the principal Mandan village, situated on the Yellow Stone River, and of which Mahtotopa was the chief. The malady spread with frightful rapidity, and was fatal to all it attacked. Men, women, and children fell like autumn leaves on a stormy day; the women were seen weeping over the bodies of their husbands and children; the men sought refuge from this strange, rapid, and mysterious malady by precipitating themselves into the river or over precipices, where they died more speedily, but not less cruelly. In the whole village there was nothing heard but weeping, groaning, and cries of rage.

"The wife of Mahtotopa, his children, and all his family perished, and he himself was attacked by the malady, but suffering could not destroy his robust constitution; he returned to life from the gates of the tomb. He walked through the village of death, but found not a single man capable of wielding a lance or protecting the survivors should he resolve to remove from the stricken place.

"He returned to his cabin, and himself enshrouded the members of his numerous family, who lay stretched on the ground, in the postures in which death had surprised them. He clothed their bodies with their garments of ceremony, placed them one beside the other, and attached a medicine-bag to the side of each of them; he put then on his chief's head-dress of eagle's feathers, which fell like a fan to the ground, covered himself with his cloak of ermine lined with swansdown, took his arms, formerly so terrible to his enemies, and went to a high hill near his residence. From the summit of this hill he gazed on the fireless habitations of his people, on the streets and great places of his village, deserted today, yesterday so animated. He wept bitterly; then he sang the song of

adieu, recalling the glory of his ancestors, and the exploits of the warriors of his tribe. He prayed to the Great Spirit to receive him into the Land of Shadows, into the enchanted prairies, where he would meet again his companions in arms and his well-beloved family. His songs and his lamentations continued through six days, during which he would not eat, in order not to survive the disaster of his nation. The sixth day he began the song of death; at last his voice failed, his tears dried, and he felt himself dying. Then he dragged himself painfully towards his cabin, stretched himself near the bodies of his children, and breathed his last sigh clothed in the insignia of his past glory."

Thus we have seen that maturity of muscle and the possession of a beard by no means establishes the right of a savage to call himself a man, among his warlike brethren. Ability to bear with an unmoved countenance physical suffering of the most agonizing character is the only test; and, until he has undergone the peculiar ordeal prescribed by his people, the "braves" and warriors disdain his company, and reckon him with the women. True, these ordeals are seldom or never compulsory; but should the male savage arrive at a certain age without having been "proved," his prospects are indeed melancholy. He dare not enter the lists with his fellows at their various manly games, nor take part in the councils, nor use the war-paint, nor carry any weapon; he is a legitimate butt for the boys of the tribe, while in the eyes of the girls—at least of the marriageable ones—he is an object of the profoundest contempt.

Let us see how this "courage test" is managed among the North American Indians. The "medicine lodge" is prepared, the fire lit within, and the chief priest and the drummers and the torturers are in their places. Let us accompany our young Ojibbeway (who probably is one of a troop of twenty), regard him narrowly, and see how he comports himself. According to custom, he has abstained from all food, four days and four nights, praying the while to the "Great Spirit" to give him sufficient courage. Having obtained admission to the "lodge," he finds assembled within a dozen or so fellow-martyrs squatting about the ground, fantastically daubed from head to foot with various colored clays, together with a company of stalwart monsters who minister at the torture shrine. Our young man, faint with hunger and the terror that will assail him as he sees the horrid preparations, daubs himself with red and white and yellow clay, and silently lies down to await his turn.

In the middle of the medicine lodge is a sort of platform raised a few

feet from the ground, and beneath it are arranged some curious knives and a heap of various-sized wooden skewers; while in different corners of the lodge sit men drumming with sticks on bags of buffalo hide filled with water, producing a hollow and hideous sound. Presently our young man is beckoned forward, and with at least an assumption of calm indifference, he takes his place between two of the torturers, one of whom has a notched-edged knife and the other a few of the wooden skewers. The man with the knife commences by taking between his finger and thumb an inch or so of the victim's breast or shoulders, and thrusting the jagged weapon through the flesh, forms a sort of loop into which the other monster dexterously thrusts a skewer; the other shoulder is served likewise, and the poor wretch being thus dreadfully trussed, two ropes are lowered by men stationed at a hole in the roof of the medicine lodge, the ends of the ropes are attached to the sticks in his shoulders, and he is hauled up from the ground. Being dragged up to a handy height for the operators, they proceed to cut loops and thrust sticks in his legs and thighs, and to hang upon the protruding ends of the sticks the victim's weapons of war—his bow and arrow and shield—and generally the skull of a buffalo with the heavy horns attached to the skewers that penetrate his lower limbs, not, however, with the idea of increasing the torture, but to save the suspended man from struggling too much. This business being completed—the young man meanwhile neither wincing nor uttering a single cry—the trussers retire, the men on the roof haul away at the ropes, and the savage rises in the air, his entire weight, and the weight of the buffalo skulls and of the shield and quiver, depending on his shoulder loops.

To be able to bear this amount of torture, to such tenderly bred mortals as we are would seem a sufficient warranty of invincible fortitude; but it does not satisfy the North American Indian. So when the victim is hanging six or seven feet from the ground and quite still, there comes a wretch with a pole and first gently, but by degrees more and more rapidly, pokes at the suspended body and *makes it spin*. For a while the tortured one submits even to this without a moan, but presently his resolution that had stood as a wall of iron, damming in his raging agony, yields with a great cry, and the expression of his anguish fills the lodge from end to end. Now is the critical moment. Now the braves and the courage-provers within the great tent strain their ears to catch a single note of complaint blended with the deafening wail that drowns all other sounds—the murmured plaudits of the victims in waiting, and the dull, incessant

"thud, thud" of the big sticks on the water-bag drums. No such note, however, is heard. Not the slightest allusion makes the writhing savage to his physical suffering. Not once does he call on his tormentors to mitigate their cruelty; all his crying is to the Great Spirit to stand by him and see that his courage does not fail; and so crying, his voice becomes more and more faint, till presently he faints dead away and hangs like a stone.

When his tormentors are fully satisfied that the young man is (to use their own expression) "entirely dead," they signal to the gang on the roof who slacken the hauling ropes, and the body is lowered to the ground. It is, however, strictly opposed to the laws of the ceremony to endeavour in any way to resuscitate the poor fellow; indeed when he reaches the floor of the tent, the pinions are plucked from his shoulders merely and he is rolled aside, reanimation being a question left to nature and the fainted man's self.

In the course of half-an-hour or so the agony of his wounds sting him to life again, and he sits up and looks about him. Now, at least you would think he had proved in the most ample manner his title to be counted among the "braves," and may with impunity crawl as well as he can to his wigwam to be cured by his friends. No such luck for the poor fellow—he has passed through but two phases of the three-act tragedy that is to fit him for a life-performance on the world's stage. All the while the terrible scene above described has been enacting there has been sitting in the shadow of the wall a solitary Indian armed with a hatchet, and with a huge buffalo skull stuck up anvil-fashion before him. The top of the skull is red and chipped with chopping. To this mysterious monster the wretched being makes his way on his hands and knees, and laying the little finger of his right hand on the buffalo skull, implores the Great Spirit to accept it as a thanks-offering for the protection vouchsafed during "the time of trial." The solitary axeman raises his weapon, the unoffending digit is lopped off, and then the victim is at liberty to retire, with his carcase full of holes and bent double with pain, but with a spirit new-born and prideful enough for a Goliath.

There remains, however, a supplementary ordeal. As soon as the whole number of victims have advanced in the ceremony as far as the finger-chopping, or if there should be a very large number, as soon as six or eight are so advanced, they take each other's bleeding hands and form a circle, the buffalo skulls, etc., *hanging* at the skewers that still pene-

trate various parts of their body; as many strong men as there are victims then step forward, and to the wrist of each of the latter a strong thong of leather is attached. At a given signal the circle commences turning with great rapidity, but the weight with which the skewers are burdened prevents the sufferers from running very fast. Says the Abbé Domenech, in his peculiarly graphic language: "Fasting, torture, loss of blood and loss of sleep have turned them into walking corpses. They remain on foot as long as the utmost energy of their savage nature render it possible; but at last, overcome by so much suffering, they succumb, and the unfortunate creatures faint and fall. But they find no rest yet; they are forced to continue turning in the bloody circle until they have got rid entirely of the buffalo heads, a deliverance effected generally only at the cost of terrible wounds. The sufferers are then left quiet, swooning, half dead, stretched motionless on the ground, covered with earth and blood, until they return to consciousness."

Singular enough, all the various authorities from whom this account is culled agree in asserting that, severe as is this "test," it is seldom or never attended by fatal consequences; on the contrary the victim's wounds heal in almost as little time as it would take you or I to cure a sprained ancle. This rapid recovery is, however, without doubt chiefly attributable to the low condition to which the body of the Indian is reduced before he submits himself to the torturers; excessive suppuration is thereby avoided, the nerves benumbed, and the entire sense of feeling proportionately blunted.

Many of these fanatics will undergo the swinging ceremony several times during their lives, each occasion raising them higher in the esteem of their brethren. Some indeed, arriving at the finger-chopping stage of the torture, will offer their fore as well as their little digit, retaining only enough use in the hand to manage a bow-string.

After all, however, it is doubtful if anything upholds the poor savage through all these tortures as the possession of a "medicine bag." The word "medicine," be it understood, is not, as among us, applied only to curatives of bodily ailments, but likewise to all that is mysterious and incomprehensible. The high priest of the tribe is the "grand medicine;" his ceremonies and heathenish incantations are "medicine;" and the building in which they are performed is the "medicine lodge." Everybody, however, in possession of a medicine bag is no more "grand medicine" than every one professing the Protestant religion is in possession of

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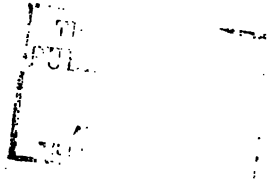

a fat church living. On the other hand, it is just as impossible for Cardinal Wiseman to be made Archbishop of Canterbury as for a savage, at least an American savage, to become "grand medicine," without, as a preliminary, earning his medicine bag.

Let us take the young Ojibbeway. Through his childhood, indeed until he begins to have some pretensions to manhood, he has no care or concern for religious matters. The Great Spirit, think the little savage's parents, is too solemn and grave a personage to be plagued by infants, who might indeed bring harm to themselves through their simple requests, and whims and petulancies. So the parents, poor simple souls, take on themselves the spiritual as well as the worldly welfare of their little ones. By-and-bye, however, comes a time when the young Indian is supposed to have grown sufficiently steady and sober to undergo one of the most important ceremonies of his life—the adopting of some bird or animal as a divine thing by which his future actions are to be guided, and by which he hopes finally to be shewn the way to Paradise. Alone, or accompanied by a friend, the young fellow sets out for the forest, and having traversed it until he comes to a silent and unfrequented part, he climbs a tree, and makes himself a sort of couch. As he may chance to require this couch for some little time, he takes care to make it as comfortable as possible with layers of soft moss, and he likewise sees that the branches overhead are dense enough to shelter him from the rain. Down he lies, and there, night and day, he continues till he dreams the dream of his life—the dream in which appears and figures conspicuously the animal to which in future he is to pay adoration. Perhaps it may be so small and insignificant a thing as a rat: perhaps it may be a creature as formidable as a bear, a wolf, or a buffalo. Whatever it be, however, that animal need go in no fear of the spear or arrow of the Indian: he would not harm a hair of its hide to save his life. Indeed, supposing him to have dreamt of a bear, and in the course of his hunting expeditions to encounter one of these grim brutes, he would never raise his hand against it, but piously falling on his knees, address it as his cousin or brother, and beg it to pass on.

He never voluntarily abandons his medicine bag, but carries it at his belt or at the handle of his war lance as long as he lives, ever regarding it as a mysterious and superior power watching over him through life, and at death conducting him to the blissful realms of the Great Spirit. Should he lose his talisman, he becomes an object of contempt among his people.

There is but one way of retrieving his position, and that is by killing an enemy, and appropriating his medicine bag.

In order that the reader may better understand the peculiar process by which the youthful savage procures this precious charm, he cannot do better than peruse the following highly interesting narrative bearing on the subject, and imparted to Mr. Kohl by "The Shining Cloud," a grey-headed Ojibbeway chief.

"I remember that my grandfather, when I was a half-grown lad, frequently said to my father in the course of the winter: 'Next spring it will be time for us to lead the lad into the forest, and leave him to fast.' But nothing came of it that spring; but when the next spring arrived, my grandfather took me on one side, and said to me: 'It is now high time that I should lead thee to the forest, and that thou shouldst fast, that thy mind may be confirmed, something be done for thy health, and that thou mayest learn thy future and thy calling.'

"The grandfather then took me by the hand, and led me deep into the forest. Here he selected a lofty tree—a red pine—and prepared a bed for me in the branches, on which I should lie down to fast. We cut down the bushes, and twined them through the pine branches. Then I plucked moss, with which I covered the trellis work, threw a mat my mother had made for the occasion over it, and myself on the top of it. I was also permitted to fasten a few branches together over my head, as a sort of protection from the wind and rain.

"Then my grandfather said to me that I must on no account take nourishment: neither eat nor drink, pluck no berries, nor even swallow the rain-water that might fall. Nor must I rise from my bed, but lie quiet day and night; keep by myself strictly, and await patiently the things that would then happen. I promised my grandfather this; but unfortunately I did not keep my promise. For three days I bore the lying and hunger and thirst; but I descended from the tree into the grass on the fourth day, and saw the acid and refreshing leaves of a little herb growing near the tree. I could not resist, but plucked the leaves and ate them; and when I had eaten them my craving grew so great that I walked about the forest, sought all the edible sprigs and plants I could find, and ate my fill. Then I crept home, and confessed all to my grandfather and father.

"They reproved me, and told me I had done wrong, at which I felt ashamed; and, as I had broken my fast, it was all over with my dream,

and I must try again next spring. I might now have been a man, but would remain for another year a useless fellow, which, at my age, was a disgrace.

"When the spring of the next year was approaching, my grandfather told me, although a great deal of snow and ice still lay in the forest, that it was time for me to go out again to fast and try my dream. As, however, I was ashamed of my defeat of the last year, and had determined on carrying out the affair now, I begged him to let me go alone, as I knew what I had to do, and would not return till my right dream had come to me. I had already selected a place in the forest I knew, where I intended to make my bed. It was on a little island covered with trees, in the centre of a forest lake. I described the place to my friends, that they might come and search if anything happened to me; and set out.

"There was ice still on the little lake, and I reached my island across it. I prepared my bed, as on the first time, in a tall red pine, and laid myself on the branches and moss. The first three or four fast days were as terrible to me as on the first occasion, and I could not sleep at nights for hunger and thirst. But I overcame it, and on the fifth day I felt no more annoyance, and falling into a dreamy and half paralysed state, went to sleep. But only my body slept; my soul was free and awake.

"In the first nights nothing appeared to me: all was quiet; but on the eighth night I heard a rustling and waving in the branches. It was like a heavy bear or elk, breaking through the shrubs and forest. I was greatly afraid. I thought there were too many of them, and I made preparations for flight. But the man who approached me, whoever he may have been, read my thoughts and saw my fears at a distance; so he came towards me more and more gently, and rested quite noiselessly on the branches over my head. Then he began to speak to me, and asked, 'Art thou afraid, my son?' 'No,' I replied; 'I no longer fear.' 'Why art thou here in this tree?' 'To fast.' 'Why dost thou fast?' 'To gain strength, and know my life.' 'That is good, for it agrees excellently with what is being done for thee elsewhere, and with the message I bring thee. This very night a consultation has been held about thee and thy welfare; and I have come to tell thee that the decision was most favourable. I am ordered to invite thee to see and hear this for thyself. Follow me.'

"This was no common conversation; nor do I believe that I spoke aloud. We looked into each other's hearts, and guessed and gazed on our

mutual thoughts and sensations. When he ordered me to follow him, I rose from my bed easily, and of my own accord, like a spirit rising from the grave, and followed him through the air. The spirit floated on before me to the east, and though we were moving through the air, I stepped as firmly as though we were on the ground; and it seemed to me as if we were ascending a lofty mountain, ever higher and higher eastward.

"When we reached the summit, after a long time, I found a wigwam built there, into which we entered. I at first saw nothing but a large white stone that lay in the middle of the hut; but on looking round more sharply, I saw four men sitting by the stone. They invited me to take a seat on the white stone in the midst of them; but I had hardly sat down when the white stone began sinking into the earth. 'Stay,' one of the men said, 'wait a minute; we have forgotten the foundation.' Thus speaking, he fetched a white tanned deer-skin, and covered the stone with it; and when I sat down on it again, it was as firm as a tree, and I sat comfortably.

"As I sat there and looked round me again, I noticed a multitude of other faces. The wigwam was very large, and filled with persons. It was an extraordinary council assembly. One of the four took the word, and ordered me to look down. When I did so I saw the whole earth beneath me spread out deep, deep, and wide, wide, before me. I gazed a long time, and almost forgot where I was; it was a glorious sight. Then a third took the word, and spoke: 'Thou hast gazed, now say, whither wilt thou? Down below whence thou comest, or up above? The choice is left thee.' 'Yes! yes!' I replied; 'I will go up; for that I have fasted.'

"The four men seemed pleased at my answer; and the fourth said to me, 'Ascend!' He pointed to the back of my stone seat, and I saw that it had grown, and went up an extraordinary height. There were holes cut in it, and I could climb up as if on a ladder. I climbed and clambered higher and higher, and at length came to a place where four white-haired old men were sitting in the open air, round the pillar. A dazzling cupola was arched above them. I felt so light that I wished to go higher; but the four old men shouted 'Stop!' all at once. 'Thou must not go higher. We have not permission to allow thee to pass. But enough that is good and great is already decreed for thee. Look around thee. Thou seest here around us all the good gifts of God,—health and strength and long life, and all the creatures of nature. Look on our white hair,—thine

shall become the same; and that thou mayest avoid illness, receive this box with medicine. Use it in case of need; and whenever thou art in difficulties think of us and all thou seest with us. When thou prayest to us we will help thee, and intercede for thee with the Master of Life. Look around thee once more! Look! and forget it not! We give thee all the birds,—the eagles and wild beasts, and all the other animals thou seest fluttering and running in our wigwam. Thou shalt become a famous hunter, and shoot them all.'

Agabegijik's advice to the Bear.

"I gazed in amazement at the boundless abundance of game and birds which flocked together in this hall, and was quite lost at the sight. Then the four old men spake to me: 'Thy time has expired; thou canst go no higher; so return.'

"I then quickly descended my long stone ladder. I was obliged to be careful, for I noticed that it was beginning to disappear beneath my feet, and melted away like an icicle near the fire. When I got back to my white stone, it returned to its former dimensions. The great council was still assembled, and the four men round the stone welcomed me, and said: It is good, Agabegijik; thou hast done a brave deed, and gazed on what beautiful and great. We will all testify for thee that thou didst per-

form the deed. Forget nothing of all that has been said to thee; and all who sit round here will remember thee, and pray for thee as thy guardian spirits.'

"After this I took my leave, and let myself down to my bed in the red pine. I found that three more days had passed away. During this time my body had lain there motionless as a corpse; only my soul had wandered so freely in the air. Then I breathed, sighed, and moved about, like one waking from a deep sleep. When I opened my eyes and looked around me, I found the green branches of the tree gnawed and sucked, and guessed that my craving body during my absence had bitten off the bark and licked the sap of the pine shoots. This was a sign to me of the wretched condition into which my body had fallen. I also felt myself so weak that I could not stir.

"All at once I heard a voice, a whistle, and my name was called. It was my grandfather, who had come on the tenth day to seek me. 'Come down, my son,' he said, 'and join us here.' I could only reply to him in a weak voice that I was unable to stir, and that I could not return over the lake. I had walked across the ice ten days before, but the warm weather had melted it all, and I was cut off on my island. My grandfather ran home quickly, and returned with my uncle. They brought a canoe, took me down from the tree, and carried me across the lake. From there we were obliged to go on foot. At first I could hardly move, but by degrees I grew better.

"On the road home a bear met us. My uncle wished to shoot it, but both grandfather and myself said: 'Stay! that must not be! On his return from his dream and his great fasting, a man must not shed the blood of any creature, or even shoot any animal for three days after.' I then walked up to the bear, and said to it: 'Bear, my cousin! I have great strength; I have a powerful medicine; I come from the spirits; I could kill thee on the spot, but will not do so. Go thy way!' The bear listened to me, and ran away into the forest. Perhaps my miserable appearance terrified it, for I was pale, thin, and exhausted.

"At home they prepared for me a soft bed of moss, on which I lay down like a patient. It was not till the following day that I took any food; but three days later I was quite recovered and strong. And from that time I was and remained a perfect man."

The longer the fast and the more cheerful the endurance, the better chance was there that some very powerful spirit would take the young

suppliant under his controul. It naturally followed that in a matter of so much importance the father of the lad should evince considerable anxiety, and feel, when the latter started on his momentous journey, that not only was the lad's everlasting welfare, but the honour of the family, at stake. "Hold out, my son," the father would say at the parting, "hold out to the very last, for it is the soul that is virtuously spent and weary that the Great Spirit loves most to honour." There was danger that fear or filial affection might lead the young man to lie on his leafy couch till Death was the mysterious spirit that visited him. Such a case is the following, as related by Mr. Schoolcraft, but whether it is an "o'er true tale," or whether some good genius of savage birth invented it as a check to such a calamity, it is hard to say; at all events, the legend is very generally believed in by those whom it most concerns.

"An ambitious huntsman having an only son, who was fast approaching the age when it is usual for young boys to choose for themselves a protecting spirit, was most desirous that his son should fast on that occasion much longer than the time required by custom, that he might thus obtain the favour of a very powerful spirit. With this view the huntsman gave his instructions to the young boy, and encouraged him by every possible argument to act like a man. The child, anxious to satisfy the wishes of his father, began by taking a vapour bath in the lodge destined for that purpose; he then plunged into cold water. After which he went and laid down on a rush mat that had been plaited by his mother, and placed in an isolated cabin built in the middle of a forest. His father accompanied him to this place. He strongly advised him to fast during twelve days, and promised to come and see him every morning. The poor penitent covered his head, and remained lying in this position for eight days, merely getting up to receive his father, who, according to promise, visited him regularly. On the ninth day the child said to his father, 'Father, my dreams are bad; the spirit that visits me is not favourable to me, as you had wished. Allow me to break my fast, and another day I shall resume it.'—'My son,' replied the huntsman, 'all will be lost if you do not continue. You have persevered during eight days; the most difficult part is accomplished. Have a little more patience, and the spirit will come to you.'

"The unhappy boy, attenuated from want of food, lay down again. On the eleventh day, in a dying voice, he renewed his request, but the father only answered, 'To-morrow.' The latter returned on the follow-

ing day, as was his habit. As he approached the cabin, he thought he heard some one speaking within. He stopped at once, and looking through a little aperture in the wall, he beheld his son painting his body, while he murmured these words: 'My father has killed me. He would not grant my request. I am going to be happy for evermore, for I have obeyed him even beyond my strength. My spirit is not the one I sought, but he is just and merciful, and he has given me a new form.'

"At this moment the old man cried out, 'My son, my son, do not abandon me!' But the child, who had become metamorphosed into a robin redbreast, flew to the roof of the cabin with all the agility of a bird, and then said to his father, 'Do not weep on account of the change that has taken place in me. I shall be happier in my present state than I should have been had I remained a man. I will ever be the friend of men, and shall live near their dwellings. I cannot satisfy your pride as a warrior, but I will cheer you with my songs. I am now free from the anxieties and sorrows of life. The mountains and forests will supply me with food, and my path henceforth shall be the air and space.' Scarcely had he uttered these words, when he disappeared in the foliage of the surrounding trees."

The Dead Dreamer.

CHAPTER III.

The wicked water king—The fiery flower—Medicine again—Savage use of arsenic—Tchatka the Left-handed—His One-eyed uncle—The marvellous Wah-kou—The ordeal of the sun—Savage cure for stitch in the side—Physicking a savage baby—The result—Catching a sick man's soul—The soul of the rice—A savage harvest home—Augury with cocoa-nuts—Contents of a medicine-bag—Greegrees and Fetisches.

IN the case of the "Shining Cloud" we saw, in the last chapter, that his "dream of life" was altogether satisfactory; but bad spirits as well as good occasionally visit dreaming men, urging them to the performance of acts which promise profit, but really return nothing but gall and bitterness. Take from the same source as the above the story of the man who dreamt of the water king. For ten nights in succession he dreamed that a voice spoke to him, saying that if he wished to have something very fine which would make him happy, he must one night strike the water with a stick, and sing a certain verse to it. He told this dream to his friends, who, however, dissuaded him, and said, "Do not go, my friend; do not accept it." On the eleventh night, when he dreamt the same thing again, he awoke his squaw and said to her, "Dost thou not hear in the distance the drums clashing on the water? I must go there." The squaw, on the contrary, assured him that she heard nothing. But he insisted that the drum could be heard quite plainly from the water, and he felt an irresistible call. With these words he sprang up and hurried out. His wife went after him, because she was afraid her husband might be somewhat distraught. She saw him come down by the edge of the water and prepare for an incantation. He drew his magic staff and struck the water just as the Midés employ the drum-stick in their ceremonies. At the same time he sang magic songs, first in a muttering voice and then aloud. The water began gradually moving beneath the influence of his drumming, and at last a small whirlpool was formed. He struck more rapidly, and his song grew quicker. The whirl-

pool became larger and violent. The fish were at length drawn into it, and soon after them the other water animals. Frogs, toads, lizards of every description, swamp and aquatic birds, with enormous swarms of swimming and flying insects, were drawn into the whirlpool, and passed, writhing and quivering, before the eyes of the amazed man, so that he nearly lost his senses. The water rose till it wetted his feet and knees; but though he felt a degree of horror creeping over him, he held his ground manfully, and went on striking the angry waves and singing his gloomy incantations till the water rose to his chin, and seemed ready to swallow him up.

But as he would not give way yet, and more and more insisted that the king of the fishes should appear, the monarch found himself at length compelled to yield. The waters calmed down, the whirlpool and animals disappeared, the enchanter stood once more on the beach, and the water king emerged from the placid lake in the form of a mighty serpent. "What wilt thou of me?" it said.—"Give me the recipe," he replied, "which will make me healthy, rich, and prosperous."—"Dost thou see," the snake said, "what I wear on my head between my horns? take it, it will serve thee. But in return for it one of thy children must be mine."

The Indian saw between the horns of the water king something red, like a fiery flower. He stretched out his hand and seized it. It melted away in his fingers into a powder, like the vermilion with which the Indians colour their faces. He collected it in a piece of birch bark, and the serpent then gave him further instructions.

In accordance with these, he was to prepare a row of small pieces of wood, twenty or more, and lay them in a semi-circle round him on the beach. On each board he must shake a pinch of the red powder, and then the water king counted all the diseases and ills to which Indian humanity is exposed, and also all the wishes, desires, and passions by which it is ordinarily animated; and each time that the infatuated man shook some powder on one of the boards, the wicked water spirit consecrated the powder, and named the illness which it would avert, or the good fortune it would bring.

"Every time that thou mayest need me," he then added, "come hither again. Thou wilt have, so long as thou art in union with me, as much power as I myself have. But forget not that each time thou comest, one of thy children becomes mine."

With these words the water king disappeared in the depths. His adept, however, made up each powder in a separate parcel, and went home, where he found his squaw, who had watched all his doings with horror, already dead. Like her, the children were killed one after the other by the water spirit. The wicked husband and father who gave way to such bad dreams, was for a long time rich, powerful and respected, a successful hunter, a much feared warrior, and a terrible magician and prophet, until at length a melancholy fate befel him, and he ended his days in a very wretched manner.

It is much to be regretted that this curious story ends in so abrupt a manner. One is left altogether in the dark as to what was the nature of the dreamer's "wretched ending." Did he go on craving for more and more power till he came to the last of his negociable equivalents, and then having grown wealthy and luxurious, did the water king tempt him with some tremendous and beautiful thing, only to be purchased by a human soul, and having no other soul at his disposal, did he barter his own? Perhaps the last great boon craved by the dreamer was that he might capture from the water king's domain as many beavers as he chose, that is, beavers of a robust age, but that he was to spare, and on no account to carry off, little beavers and beavers who had grown old and grey. This being so, perhaps the dreamer, grown avaricious through riches, could not forbear knocking on the head a beaver taken in his traps, and which, albeit a little grey, still wore a coat worth five dollars at least. In such a case the indignant water king might have made his appearance on the instant, and, first pointing reproachfully at the defunct beaver, and then whooping in a triumphant and savage manner, he may have seized the unlucky dreamer and borne him away to his terrible home beneath the waters. Perhaps this was the case, and perhaps it was not. Anyhow, if people leave stories unfinished, they must not complain if other people finish them according to their fancy.

To return, however, to our medicine. As before intimated, the youthful savage is religiously bound to earn his medicine bag, and, possessed of one, his friends and relations are satisfied to leave him to its guidance and protection. Should the young man, however, be ambitious, and seek to elevate himself above his fellows, there are two courses open to him: he must cultivate a warlike spirit, and so devote himself to feats of bravery and strategy, as to compel the admiration of the tribe; or he

may cultivate all the cunning in his nature, and set it to harness and control the weak and superstitious minds he finds himself among. Without doubt, among the priesthood of savagery, there might be found many honest earnest men who, gifted with a little more brains than their neighbours, properly take a commanding position; but, on the other hand, there is as little doubt that atrocities of the most terrible kind have many a time been practised to gain the name of "magician" and "great prophet." The Omaha Indians, for instance, tell to this day of a terrible chief of theirs—the Blackbird—who learnt of a merchant the nature of arsenic, and provided himself with a quantity "that he might become the terror of his tribe." And so he did, for from that day he appeared to his ignorant followers a supernatural being, for when any one seemed to doubt his authority, or dared to dispute his orders, he predicted his death at a time given; and as at the hour foretold the unfortunate wretch expired amidst unknown tortures, the terrible prophet became in a short time a despot whose power could only be equalled by the awe with which he inspired all those who had witnessed the effects of his anger and vengeance.

Another savage who did not scruple to have resource to the devilish art of poisoning that he might earn among his people the title of Great Medicine, was Tchatka, a young Assinniboin, whose singular career is sketched from "Les Grécis Historiques," of Brussels, by Domenech. He was a young man without any good principle, crafty, false, and cowardly; nevertheless, he came of an influential family, and while yet a boy became the chieftain of more than two hundred and fifty lodges, including twelve hundred warriors.

He, however, was not satisfied to remain merely a chief—doubtless because aware of his cowardly nature he was fearful lest on some occasion he should shew himself so despicably that his braves would spurn him from among them. He calculated the immense advantage and ascendancy he would gain over the people by getting himself initiated into the secrets of the chief medicine men. Like the rascally Blackbird of the Omahas he provided himself with poison and straightway set up as a prophet. It was an easy business enough. By patient practice he ascertained the strength and potency of this poison, so that when he wished a man to die he would with a semblance of friendship invite him to his wigwam, and while the unlucky guest was discussing the poisoned dish his host would impart to him the amazing intelligence that he had but

so many weeks to live, that his Wah-kou (spirit) had appeared to him in the night and told him so, and that his Wah-kou never lied.

No doubt that at first these prognostications of death on the part of the diabolical Tchatka were lightly received; but when on the day named the victims, having previously sickened and pined, gave up the ghost, it is no wonder that the rascally poisoner came to be talked of in secret as a wonderful prophet, then that his fame was whispered publicly, and finally that his doings were the one loud and constant theme throughout the two hundred and fifty lodges which he ruled. As for the strong warriors of his army, they were amazed and knew not whether to tremble or rejoice that so mysterious a man was amongst them, while the squaws dreading lest their husbands' names should be standing on the prophet's list hid their faces when they heard his name.

There was one man, however, who neither feared Tchatka nor scrupled to express his opinion of that young man in blunt terms, and that was Istagon, his uncle. He was one of the grimmest warriors of the tribe; everything about him from his clothes to his saddle and bridle were decorated with trophies taken from the bodies of enemies slain in battle. He had but one eye—hence his nick-name of Istagon or the One-eyed. His proper appellation, however, was The Strolling Bow.

Tchatka was jealous of Istagon's power and influence over all his tribe, but had not hitherto made any attempt against his uncle's life. As he feared his anger he tried to ensure his protection. By his caution, flattery, and assiduous attention, the cunning young man succeeded in gaining his uncle's friendship and confidence; they met frequently, entertained each other and seemed the best of friends. One night at a banquet at his house, Tchatka presented to his uncle a poisoned dish, which, according to the custom of savages, he ate entirely. Knowing from experience that after a certain number of hours the ingredient would produce its effect, Tchatka sent to invite to his dwelling all the principal warriors of the camp to hear a most important communication. He first placed his Wah-kou as conspicuously as possible. This Wah-kou was a stone daubed with red, which was surrounded by a little fence of sticks about six inches high; it was at a small distance from the fire which burnt in the middle of the room.

As soon as they were all assembled, Tchatka showed them his Wah-kou; he told them how during a great thunder-storm this stone had been thrown into his abode; how the voice of thunder had warned him that it

possessed the gift of prophecy, and that it had announced to him that a great event would take place that night in the camp, that the most valiant warrior would struggle in the arms of death from which nothing could save him; that another younger and more favoured by the spirit would succeed to him, and that as the warrior chief expired the stone Wah-kou would disappear to accompany the spirit of the deceased to the land of souls.

A dead silence followed this declaration; none dared to contradict Tchatka's speech nor express a doubt upon the truth of his words: and as many were of the same rank and partook of the power of Istagon in the camp he did not at first apply to his own case this announcement of death so mysteriously made; moreover he did not as yet feel the effects of the poison and therefore had no suspicion on the subject.

About midnight, however, when the company had dispersed and silence reigned throughout the village of wigwams, there came a hasty messenger to Tchatka to say his uncle was ill and wanted to see him. Had the poisoner's courage been equal to his guilt he would have gone, but he was afraid and sent message back that he could not just then leave his Wah-kou. This no doubt confirmed the dying Istagon in his suspicions, and he declared them to the braves that stood round his couch. "Tchatka the Left-handed has brought me to this," he said; "go to him." Very soon after Tchatka found his tent swarming with hot and vengeful men brandishing their clubs and threatening him with death.

If Tchatka's face was at that moment pale from cowardly dread, it passed unnoticed; if his voice faltered it passed for emotion and not fear. "Is it on me you vent your anger?" said he. "What have I done to deserve it? I foretold the event, but how could I do otherwise when I was so ordered by my Wah-kou? Come near and examine him. I have foretold that he is about to disappear to conduct the spirit of the chief to the land of souls as soon as he expires. If my words come true, if my stone Wah-kou vanishes at the stated time, will it not prove that Istagon's death was ordained by the Great Spirit, and not brought about by any perfidy on my part?" These few words, calmly uttered, had the desired effect. Without replying and with their weapons still in their hands the deputation from Istagon sat down to wait and see.

As they sat the fire in the middle of the wigwam began to fade so that the silent company were almost hidden in the darkness. Now came messages from Istagon—he is growing worse and raging against his

nephew for his perfidy. Another message—Istagon's speech is failing; he is no longer audible. Still another—Istagon is dead. This last announcement was hailed with groans and sorrowful ejaculations, and at the very instant the mysterious stone with a tremendous crash flew into pieces, making a noise like thunder, scattering its fragments and severely wounding those who stood near. All were horror-stricken and rushed from a scene to them miraculous. This was the moment of triumph for the wily Tchatka; there he sat alone and sad and dignified. The most sceptical could no longer doubt; from that time he was Great Medicine.

As might be imagined, however, and as has ever appeared (for we civilized folks have our "Blackbirds" and Tchatkas), elevation so unrighteously attained is at the best unstable. By cowardly shuffling from and evading the dictates of conscience, a man may become brutally powerful, and at a few leaps put himself above the heads of his fellows; but as surely as the ladder by which he climbed is slippery of blood, so surely will his descent be swift and his destruction sudden. So it was with Tchatka, as will hereafter be seen.

The legitimate modes of becoming Great Medicine are many—self-denial, patience, and humiliation being the foundation of them all. Among the Dacotas and several other tribes of North American Indians, before a man can be recognised as Medicine he must publicly undergo a terrible ordeal, in order to convince his tribe that the Great Spirit has taken him under its special protection. The ceremony is thus described by a modern traveller.

The patient is placed in the midst of the village, opposite a pole eight or ten yards in height planted in the ground, and accompanied by the doctors, who sing, and accompany themselves on the drum. At a third of the height of the pole, the arms of the neophyte are attached; a little higher a buffalo head, and a little higher a cord to hang the victim. Two large incisions are then made in the upper part of his breast, and two wooden skewers are passed through them; then by pulling the cord which is attached to these skewers, the pole is bent down in such a manner that when it springs up again the body of the sufferer is raised to such a height that the points of his toes merely touch the ground. The ambitious aspirant to the title of doctor must remain in this position from sunrise to sunset, holding his medicine-bag in his hand, and gazing perpetually at the blazing sun. During the time the crowd forms a circle round the

actors in the ceremony, and throws down at the feet of him who endures the ordeal of the sun without a murmur all sorts of presents, such as axes, guns, pipes, mocassins, etc., which are given to him when he is taken down at the end of the day.

His claim to be considered a medicine-man being established, he immediately ceases to behave like his fellow men. He lives alone and apart from his neighbours, and devotes himself exclusively to his new occupation,—divination, and the banishing of evil spirits from the bodies of such as are sick. A being of such importance cannot, of course, attire himself like an ordinary creature, so he contrives to make himself as hideous as possible. Here is his portrait:

"His tunic was made of the skin of a yellow bear. Whether the colour was genuine or fictitious we know not, but the effect was most strange. The beast had been flayed with great care, so as not to spoil the fur of the head or limbs, which were sown up again, and in which the doctor ensconced himself altogether, so that he had nothing human left in his gait or appearance. Probably with a view to make himself more frightful still, he wore about his neck, waist, and arms, a collection of stuffed animals, especially rattlesnakes, toads, bats, owls, ducks, and dried tarantulas; he had bird's wings spread out on his chest, and a necklace composed of quadrupeds' tails, mixed with teeth, claws, and talons. To believe in the presence of a man under this uncouth assemblage, it was necessary to look at the feet and hands, which last remained free, in order to hold the medicine-drum. The first idea on beholding such an apparition for the first time, is naturally to fly from it; but this soon gives place to a feeling of pity or disgust."

This then is the sort of doctor who is "called in" when sickness enters the wigwam, and obstinately refuses to be banished by such simple physics as the Savage knows how to prepare. It is very seldom that a European has an opportunity of observing the medicine-man's treatment of a patient; indeed I can discover but two such instances. In the first, Mr. Kane ("Wanderings of an Artist") is the witness.

"About ten o'clock at night I strolled into the village, and on hearing a great noise in one of the lodges, I entered it, and found an old woman supporting one of the handsomest Indian girls I had ever seen. She was in a state of nudity. Cross-legged and naked, in the middle of the room sat the medicine-man, with a wooden dish of water before him; twelve or fifteen other men were sitting round the lodge. The object in view was

to cure the girl of a disease affecting her side. As soon as my presence was noticed, a space was cleared for me to sit down. The officiating medicine-man appeared in a state of profuse perspiration, from the exertions he had used, and soon took his seat among the rest, as if quite

"Grand Medicine" (among North American Indians).

exhausted; a younger medicine-man then took his place in front of the bowl, and close beside the patient. Throwing off his blanket, he commenced singing and gesticulating in the most violent manner, whilst the others kept time by beating with little sticks on hollow wooden bowls and drums, singing continually. After exercising himself in this manner for about half an hour until the perspiration ran down his body, he darted suddenly upon the young woman, catching hold of her side with his teeth, and shaking her for a few minutes, while the patient seemed to suffer great agony. He then relinquished his hold, and cried out he had got it, at the same time holding his hands to his mouth; after which he plunged them in the water, and pretended to hold down with great difficulty the disease which he had extracted, lest it might spring out and return to its victim.

"At length, having obtained the mastery over it, he turned round

to me in an exulting manner, and held something up between the finger and thumb of each hand, which had the appearance of a piece of cartilage, whereupon one of the Indians sharpened his knife and divided it in two, leaving one end in each hand. One of the pieces he threw into the water and the other into the fire, accompanying the action with a diabolical noise, which none but a medicine-man can make. After which he got up perfectly satisfied with himself, although the poor patient seemed to me anything but relieved by the violent treatment she had undergone."

Instance number two is furnished by Mr. Kohl in his "Wanderings Round Lake Superior."

"The drum had been beaten two evenings in succession in a lodge about half a mile from mine, in which a young couple lived. There was a sick and dying child there, which the doctors attended daily. One evening, passing near the wigwam, I could not resist the temptation to peep in, and so lifted one of the loose apakwas. I had chosen the right spot, opposite the doctor and his little patient.

"The poor little being lay in its father's arms, who looked remarkably sorrowful and grieved. Before him knelt the doctor, who gazed fixedly on the suffering child, keeping his eye fixed on it as on his prey. It was much like a cat playing with a mouse, except that in this case the illness and not the child represented the mouse to be captured.

"The doctor's chief instrument was a hollow bone, very white and carefully polished. This bone, which was about two and-a-half inches long, and the thickness of a little finger, the doctor repeatedly swallowed, and then brought it up again, blew on the child through the tube, and then ejected the illness he had drawn out into a basin, with many strange and terrible convulsions. All this was accompanied by incessant drumming, rattling and singing by an assistant of the doctor, and many sighs from the mother of the child. But for all that, the poor little thing was hurrying rapidly to the grave.

"The next morning, when I arrived at an early hour, and walked into the lodge as a sympathising neighbour, the doctor was no longer present, but the child still lay in his father's lap, wrapped in a thick blanket. He held it most tenderly. The mother seemed utterly exhausted by the exertions of the past night, and lay on the ground with her face concealed in skins. All were perfectly still, and took no more notice of me than on the previous evening. The suffering patient was at the last gasp.

"On the evening of the same day I again passed, but could not find the

lodge. At length I convinced myself, at least, that I had found the right spot. But the hut itself had been utterly removed, the inhabitants had disappeared, the fire extinguished, and all their property carried away. The little being was dead and already buried, and the mourning parents after the Ojibbeway fashion, had broken up their lodge and put out their fire, and gone to live temporarily with some relations.

Belief in "Medicine-men" in one shape or another may be said to be universal among all savage people; and while the subject is under discussion it may not be amiss to quote a few of the most notable instances. Skipping from North America to Borneo—the home of the savage sea and land Dayaks—we there find superstitious credulity ridden by imposture at a rate that ought to have tired the former to death years ago. The land Dayaks know of but one cause of sickness—Satan. If it be headache, an imp of darkness has taken up his abode there—a pain in the stomach, and the unlucky sufferer has swallowed a goblin. The patient's soul is frightened from its tenement—not quite away, but hovering about in a shy uncertain way—and it is the business of the magicians who are called in to entice the soul to enter the man's body again. Let Mr. Spencer St. John, who dwelt long with the Dayaks, and made himself intimately acquainted with this and all their other marvellous ceremonies, describe the operation of catching a sick man's soul.

At this ceremony four or five priestesses attend, the interdict lasts four days, and one pig and one fowl are killed. Outside the door of the family apartment in which the incantation is held, are gathered together in a winnowing basket an offering of fowls, yams, and pork; fowl and pig's blood in a cup; boiled rice, and sirih-leaf and areca nuts: these are for the various spirits. On the first day of the incantation, two priestesses pretend to fight with each other with drawn swords, which they wave and slash about in so furious a manner as at once to put to flight the trembling ghost. After this display of valour chanting begins, accompanied by the music of a small gong and a drum, the latter beaten by the priest; this continues through a day and a night.

Towards midnight the "doctor" proceeds to get the soul of the patient. Carefully wrapping up a small cup in a white cloth, he places it amidst the offerings before mentioned; then, with a torch in one hand, and a circlet of beads and tinkling hawk bells in the other, he stalks about shaking his charms. After a little time he orders one of the admiring spectators to look in the cup previously wrapped up in the white cloth, and sure enough there

the soul always is, in the form of a bunch of hair to vulgar eyes, but to the initiated in shape and appearance like a miniature human being. This is supposed to be thrust into a hole in the top of the patient's head, invisible to all but the learned men. He has thus recovered the man's soul, or, as it may be called, the principle of life that was departing from him..... No accident happens to man or goods of which these enchanters do not say they have had previous warning; and a sick man scarcely ever calls on them for their aid when they do not tell him that for some time previously they had known he was going to have an attack. One of their commonest practices is to pretend to extract from a sick man's body stones and splinters which they declare are spirits. They wave charms over the part affected and jingle them upon it for a moment, then bring them to the floor with a crash, and out of them falls a stone, or piece of wood, or small roll of rag. At least half a dozen of these evil spirits are occasionally brought out of a man's stomach, one after the other, and great is the influence and not small the profit of a successful priest. For getting back a man's soul he receives six gallons of uncleaned rice; for extracting a spirit from a man's body, the same fee. The value of six gallons of uncleaned rice is not very great, but it is a sixtieth part of the amount obtained by an able-bodied man for a year of farm labour.

The same authority makes mention of a kindred ceremony called Berobat Sisab, and practised among the same people. In this rite, however, but one priest and no priestess officiates. A bamboo altar is built in the common verandah, outside the door of the patient's room; round it are placed offerings, and a pig and a fowl are killed. The interdict lasts for eight days. For two days there is a beating of gongs and drums, and dancing by the man who makes the charm, usually some relation of the sick person. On the first night the soul is recovered, and the patient washed in the milk of the cocoa-nut.

The Dayaks' "cure of souls" is not restricted to humanity. According to their simple minds rice has a soul, and unless this is garnered with the grain there is little hope of a crop next year, as the soulless rice put into the soil will no more sprout than a sowing of husks. Such fantasies are of course very absurd, but still it would be hard to conceive a pagan ceremony less objectionable than this garnering the soul of their staple food, which in spirit, and purged of heathen dross, is really nothing else than a righteous supplication for "daily bread." The author previously quoted furnishes a graphic description of this ceremony:—

t the third and last harvest-feast the 'soul of the rice' is secured.
ay of obtaining it varies in different tribes. In the Quop district it
e by the chief priest alone, first in the long and broad verandah,
the altar is erected, and afterwards in each separate family apart-
Sometimes it is performed by day, sometimes by night; and the
s is this: the priest, fixing his eyes on some object visible only to him,
in one hand a bundle of charms, and in the other a second bundle,
sed of pigs' and bears' and dogs' tusks and teeth, and large opaque-
d beads; a little gold dust is also necessary in this ceremony, during
he calls aloud for a white cloth; when it is brought and spread
him, he waves his charms towards the invisible object in the air,
en shakes it over the white cloth, into which their fall a few grains

Dayak Physician.

, which Tapa, in reward for their offerings and invocations, sends
o them. This is the soul; and it is immediately wrapped up with
are, and laid among the offerings around the altar.
ıe gold dust and white cloth are generally furnished at their earnest
; by the government, as the Dayaks think it exercises a beneficial
o receive it from white men. It used to be supplied by the Malay
In some tribes it is a far more exciting spectacle, especially when

done at night. A large shed is erected outside the village, and lighted by huge fires inside and out, which cast a ruddy glow over the dense mass of palms surrounding the houses; while gongs and drums are crashing around a high and spacious altar near the shed, where a number of gaily-dressed men and women are dancing with slow and stately step and solemn countenances, some bearing in their hands lighted tapers, some brass salvers, on which are offerings of rice, and others closely covered baskets, the contents of which are hidden from all but the initiated. The corner-posts of the altar are lofty bamboos, whose leafy summits are yet green, and rustle in the wind, and from one of these hangs down a long streamer of white cloth. Suddenly elders and priests rush to it, seize hold of its extremity, and amid the crashing sound of drums and gongs, and the yells of spectators, begin dancing and swaying themselves backwards and forwards and to and fro. An elder springs on the altar, and begins violently to shake the tall bamboos, uttering as he does so, shouts of triumph which are responded to by the swaying bodies of those below, and amid all this excitement small stones, bunches of hair, and grains of rice fall at the feet of the dancers, and are carefully picked up by watchful attendants. The rice is the soul sought for, and the ceremony ends by several of the oldest priestesses falling or pretending to fall to the earth senseless, where, till they recover, their heads are supported and their faces fanned by their younger sisters.

"Another feast is held at the end of the harvest, when the year's crop has been carefully stowed away. A pig and fowls are killed; for four days gong-beating and dancing are kept up, and the taboo lasts for eight days. Sometimes no stranger may approach the village for sixteen days. At this period also the soul of the rice is likewise secured, which is to ensure the non-rotting of the crop. At this feast there is a general physicking of the children. They are washed with cocoa-nut water, and then laid down in a row in the common room where the feast is held, and scarcely suffered to move about for four days. At this time also the elder priestesses physic their younger sisters, and children of a tender age are entered among the number of this learned and accomplished body; partly because admission into it is supposed to secure them against violent sickness. For each one who is now to be initiated, a young cocoa-nut is obtained, and their elder sisters cause those on whom they are to exercise their power to lie down in a line along the room, and to cover themselves with long sleeping sheets. The cocoa-nuts belonging to the patients are then taken into the hands of the priestesses, and with them they run violently about the long room,

tossing them up and down and to and fro. In some villages they are rolled in soot and oil, and then kicked furiously about from one priestess to the other. During this part of the process the room presents a curious scene. Here some six or seven gaily-dressed women are rushing frantically up and down, tossing in their hands the heavy young cocoa-nuts; there, a dozen old women are moving to and fro on a rude swing suspended from the rafters, and howling dolefully around the altar. A number of others are shrieking and dancing; while from the farther end of the room, beyond the line of prostrate patients, resounds a clatter of gongs and drums, beaten as vigorously as twenty pair of young hands can apply themselves to the work.

"One by one, the old priestesses cease their wild running backwards and forwards, and each in succession presents herself before an elder of the tribe, who stands chopper in hand over a mortar, into the hollow of which each in turn places her cocoa-nut. With one blow the old man splits the nut, and out gushes the water. If it simply fall into the mortar the prospect is good, but if it shoot up towards the roof, then evil is the lot of the patient whose cocoa-nut it may be, for there is sickness before her in the coming year. When a cocoa-nut is split, she to whom it belongs is raised from her recumbent position and the water is poured over her; she is then laid down again and carefully wrapped up in her sheet. When all have been so treated a lighted taper is waved over the prostrate motionless patients, and a form of words chanted, and then the ceremony is concluded by the head priestess going round and blowing into the face of each of the patients, after which they are allowed to chatter and amuse themselves, but are confined to the long room in company with the elders, and such of the children as had been previously subjected to the ceremony until the close of the interdict."

The savage of central Africa is a devout believer in "medicine," and like the Indian of America, he carries a medicine-bag. His chief medicine, however, is not contained in a bag. It is a short length of iron chain, the links of which are fully an inch and a half long, and it is worn attached to the breast and hanging over the left shoulder. Without this cumbersome fetisch the warlike cannibal Fan would not dare venture battle; he would have no faith in the potency of his spear or brain hatchet, and his arm would be nerveless as that of a woman. If the Fan used his bit of chain as an offensive weapon we might understand this, but since it hangs about his nearly naked body idly and heavily, his devout attachment to it is per-

plexing. As to his medicine-bag, it is constructed of the skin of some rare animal, and together with its contents would appear comical enough, only that it reflects a very serious matter—the mind of its possessor. Shake out the contents of one of these precious wallets, and what do we find? A bit of the tail of a monkey—that is to confer on the savage the power of evading the charge of the wild elephant when it is wounded in the chase, enabling him to bound through the thicket or spring into trees just as the monkey does; there are a few fowl-feathers, for without them the blow-gun would be impotent; there is a scrap of buffalo-hoof—without it the African would find it impossible to run down and trample on his enemies. There is a small dried lump of leopard's brain, which gives the possessor success as a hunter, and the tip of a leopard's tail, before the influence of which the most obdurate savage maiden must succumb and yield to the suit of the lucky swain though he be as ugly as Satan. With them everything mysterious and incomprehensible is fetisch. For instance, while Du Chaillu was exploring the region we are now discussing, he found that next to his white skin nothing excited so much wonder among the grizzly-haired inhabitants as his sleek, lank hair. One day he found it convenient to have it cut, and the clippings were thrown outside his hut. Presently, however, he heard a tremendous scuffling and uproar, and on looking out to see, there was the king and a mob of his subjects scrambling and jostling to get possession of a little of our traveller's shorn stubble to be worn as a fetisch to bring good luck.

The above-mentioned gentleman it was who found the rare opportunity of observing an African at his devotions:

"One day, while walking down the village of Sangatango, I saw a negro carpenter fellow go into his private fetisch-house and was lucky enough to be able to watch his motions without being discovered. He first built a little fire in the middle of the hut, then stripped and marked his body with white chalk, making very peculiar and careful stripes on one of his arms and in the centre of his breast; whilst doing this, which took some time, he kept up a constant mumbling of words which I could not understand, but which were doubtless prayers addressed to his fetisch. Then the fire was extinguished and the hut was shut. When he came out I laughed at him; but he took the whole matter very seriously, of course, and told me that the spirit *Numba*, which has its dwelling in the ocean, had gone into his chest and would kill him if he had not exercised it by the ceremony I had seen."

Next in order after the idols, Chaillu tells us, come the charms or the greegrees, called by the natives *monda*. Greegree, like fetisch, is a term of European origin. In these mondas they have implicit faith. No negro in all these regions but has about his person one or more of these articles. The preparation gives a considerable revenue and much honour to the doctors, who have, however, themselves the greatest confidence in these things. The mondas are generally worn about the neck or waist, and are made of the skins of rare animals, of the claws of birds, of the teeth of crocodiles or leopards, of the dried flesh and brains of animals, of the feathers of rare birds, of the ashes of certain kinds of wood, of the skin and bones of serpents, etc. etc. Every greegree has a special power. One protects from sickness, another makes the heart of the hunter or warrior brave, another gives success to the lover, another protects against sorcery, some cure sterility, and others make the mother's breast abound in milk for the babe. The charmed leopard-skin worn about the warrior's middle is supposed to render that worthy spear-proof, and when he has an iron chain about his neck no bullet can hit him.

The Carpenter of Sangatango.

CHAPTER IV.

The mysterious Ouganga—His portrait—The Divine Kaiaob—Caffre witchery—The art of "smelling out"—The animated stick—Slaughtering a Caffre ox—An Abyssinian "smeller"—"Medicine" among the Patagonians—The doctor and his fee—The Figian complete fortune-teller—Luve-ni-wai—The ceremony of "Kebarrah" among the Bushmen of Australia—Frightfully savage tooth-drawing—The same process with variations among the Macquarrie—A sanguinary baptism—The Caffre manhood test of *Secho*—Ditto of *Boguera*—An Amazonian girl's initiation to womanhood—The male Amazonian and his venomous gloves.

AS before hinted, the religion of the savage is, as a rule, of a wonderfully inexplicable and complicated character; and, after all, the machine would soon be scouted for its utter inutility, did not the "Grand Medicine," or "Ouganga," or "Kaiaob," stick pretty constantly at the cranks, and see that never a spindle creaked for want of oiling. In Central Africa it is Ouganga who keeps the wheels spinning. Like his cousin of North America, his passion for the grotesque is extreme; what sort of figure an Ouganga cuts while engaged in "divining," the reader may easily realize by the description penned of him by M. Chaillu. A person of consequence had died, and his relatives, apprized of the melancholy fact, had gathered together:

"All that remained was to discover the person who had bewitched the dead man. For that a young man generally healthy, should die so suddenly in course of nature was by no means to be believed.

"A canoe had been dispatched up to the lake to bring down a great doctor. The Ouganga (doctor) is a personage whose chief powers are the ability (which is real) to drink great quantities of the mboundou poison, and the power (which is imaginary) to discover sorcerers, and to confer powers on greegrees and charms, which without his manipulations are worthless. This personage enjoys therefore great consequence in his tribe or village. His word is potent for life or death. At his command—or, rather, at his suggestion,—the village is removed, men, women, and children are slain or enslaved, wars are begun and ended.

"They brought one of Damagondai's sons, a great rascal, who I had reason to know was a most consummate cheat. When all was ready for the trial, I went down to look at the doctor, who looked literally *like*

the devil. I never saw a more ghastly object. He had on a high head-dress of black feathers. His eyelids were painted red, and a red stripe from the nose upwards divided his forehead in two parts. Another red stripe passed round his head. The face was painted white, and on each side of the mouth were two round red spots. About his neck hung a necklace of grass, and also a cord which held a box against his breast. This little box is sacred and contains spirits. A number of strips of leopard and other skins crossed his breast, and were exposed about his person, and all these were charmed and had charms attached to them. From each shoulder down to his hands was a white stripe, and one hand was painted quite white. To complete this horrible array, he wore a string of little bells around his body.

"He sat on a box or stool before which stood another box containing charms. On this stood a looking-glass, beside which lay a buffalo-horn containing some black powder, and said, in addition, to be the refuge of many spirits. He had a little basket of snake-bones, which he shook frequently during his incantations, as also several skins to which little

Ouganga.

bells were attached. Near by stood a fellow beating a board with two sticks. All the people of the village gathered about this couple, who

after continuing their incantations for a while, at last came to the clim
Jombuai was told to call over the names of persons in the village, in or
that the doctor might ascertain if any one of those named did the sorc
As each named was called, the old cheat looked in the glass to see the resul

In Southern Africa, the abode of the Namaquas, the witch doc
flourishes. Kaiaob (the Namaqua Grand Medicine), although not quite
hideous in appearance as Ouganga, makes up for the deficiency by be
several times nastier. Like Ouganga he must be well versed in the pois
ing art, knowing the most sudden and the no less certain but slugg
poisons, together with their antidotes. He must be a courageous rascal, a
it will sometimes happen that a sceptical mob, or one disposed to observe the working of a miracle, will insist that Kaiaob shall himself take a dose, which would without doubt there and then put an end to his witchery, did he not have at hand another little pill that, following the first, charmed it of its venom and rendered it harmless. The author of "Lake Ngami," who had ample opportunity of observing Kaiaob, says of him:

"He must begin his lessons by swallowing animal poison; be bitten by venomous reptiles, or have poison inoculated into his body. A cap, a handkerchief, or any sort of clothing worn by such a person until it has become perfectly filthy, is considered the most infallible cure for all kinds of diseases, poisonous bites, etc. On emergencies a corner of this treasure is washed and the dirty water thus produced is given to the patient—beast or man—to drink. The chief, Amrab, assured me that he possessed a cap of this kind with which he had effected innumerable cures. 'It is sure,' he said, 'to cause relief when nothing else is of any avail.' The witch-doctors have also other disgusting methods of effecting cures."

The Namaqua witch-doctor is called *Kaiaob*—or *Kaiaobs*, if a woman. On being called to the sick bed, he or she, after having examined the patient, generally declares that the ailment is caused by a great snake having fired an arrow into the stomach. The sorcerer operates by feeling this part of the body, and by a good squeezing endeavours to coax the illness away. Another approved plan is to make a small incision on the body about the place where the cause of the disease is supposed to lurk, and to suck it out. The production of a snake, a frog, an insect, or the like, is frequently the result. An eye-witness to such an operation on a woman says:—"When the witch-doctor arrived a sheep was killed and the sinews of the back were cut out and rolled up into a small ball, which the patient was made to swallow, the remainder of the animal of course being appro-

priated to the sorcerer's own stomach. A few days afterwards the wizard returned and cut some small holes in the abdomen of the patient on which a small snake escaped, then a lizard, and numerous other animals following."

We are not told the name of the witch-doctor practising among the Bechuanas—another tribe of African savages—but that his characteristics are of kin with those of Kaiaob, we have Mr. Moffat's authority for declaring:

"They never lose sight of their stomachs. One will try to coax the sickness out of a chieftain by setting him astride an ox with its feet and legs tied, and then smothering the animal by holding its nose in a large bowl of water. A feast follows and the ox is devoured, sickness and all. A sorcerer will pretend that he cannot find out the guilty person or where the malady of another lies, till he has got him to kill an ox on which he manœuvres by cutting out certain parts. Another doctor will require a goat which he kills over a sick person, allowing the blood to run down the body. Another will require the fat of the kidney of a fresh-slaughtered goat, saying that any old fat will not do, and thus he comes in for his chop. These slaughterings are prescribed according to the wealth of the individual, so that a stout ox might be a cure for a slight cold in a chieftain, while a kid would be a remedy for a fever among the poor among whom there was no chance of obtaining anything greater."

The Caffres of this region acknowledge the rule of a witch-doctor whose functions are generally so similiar to those just described, but that for one speciality it would be needless to devote more space to him than would suffice for his bare mention. His speciality, however, is of so singular a nature, that with the Rev. Mr. Fleming's and the reader's leave, it shall here find a place:

"The witch-doctors are generally chosen for their personal ugliness combined with inherent cunning and deception, and they live secluded in a hut by themselves near to that of the chief. The influence that they exercise is very extensive, for not only do they keep all the *ikoboka* or commoners in awe of them, but if shrewd, which they generally are, they soon succeed in getting the chief so to commit himself to their atrocities that he is held henceforth quite in their power.

"The various modes in which these creatures practise their craft are of course multitudinous; but the most effective and favourite, though most revolting, of their avocations is that of smelling out the "witch." If at any time a Caffre should become the object of envy or jealousy to his chief, in consequence of his cattle increasing too rapidly, or from

fear of his opposition and influence, should he be permitted to grow too rich, or from cupidity, the chief sends for the witch-doctor and tells him privately that he wishes to eat up, *i.e.* to kill this man and to possess himself of his cattle. He promises a proportionable reward and fee to the doctor for his participation; and he again on his part promises to 'smell' him out.

"Having arranged these preliminaries, the chief generally sends the Caffre out on some errand, and enticing his wife and children away from his hut under some frivolous pretence, the doctor then enters it and steals from it some two articles both alike and of the same kind, as for instance, two pipes, or two spoons. One of these he buries under the floor of the hut, covering the spot over with the matting so as to prevent its being observed by the inmates on their return; the other like article he takes away and buries it in the same spot or part within the chief's hut. Having done this, on the return of the Caffre and his family he administers a quantity of diluted vegetable poison to the chief's cattle, in the water which they drink; he also mixes it with the milk and food of the chief, his wife and children, and awaits the result. Very frequently, having done this much, he disappears from the *kraal* and goes off in the night to some neighbouring tribe—for the twofold purpose of disarming suspicion as to his having had anything to do in the matter, as well as to increase his own importance in the eyes of his tribe by the confusion which he knows will be created by searching and sending for him.

"The effect of the poison is of course soon made manifest by the chief and his household, and his cattle also become violently sick; perhaps one or two of the weakest among them dying. Search is immediately made for the 'witch-doctor,' as of course it is at once conclusively seen that somebody has bewitched the chief. This is a crime of high treason, and one always visited by capital punishment. The greatest excitement then prevails to see who is to be 'smelt out' as the delinquent.

"On the arrival of the doctor, his first care is to alleviate the sufferings of the bewitched; and with every expression of concern and outward demonstrations of alarm, lest the life of his chief should be sacrificed through the malignity of the dose of witchery which he has unfortunately swallowed, he hurries about, officiously preparing medicines, and administering medicines to man, women, and children, and cattle alike. His consummate skill seldom fails in effecting a speedy cure, and then, all apprehension as to the mischief spreading further being allayed, he next

appoints a day for the ceremonial of smelling out the witch. Great preparations are made for this solemn ordeal.

"An extensive gathering of the tribe is convened, and oxen are slaughtered and devoured in the revolting manner peculiar to these people. The cattle are all removed from the interior of their *kraal*, or enclosure, in the centre of which an immense fire is lighted. Around this the tribes assemble, and sit in rings, in mute silence and expectancy, whilst large baskets full of bullocks' blood hot from the animals' veins are passed round and drank off in silence.

"As night approaches the doctor appears in the ring, quite naked, except a few tigers' tails as a fringe round his loins. A low solemn chant is then raised by the women; whilst several old crones placed in the rear beat time to the singing on ox-hides stretched upon frames. The cadences of this are first very slow, but gradually increase, whilst the 'doctor' leaps and dances and shouts in the wildest and most demoniacal manner. The lurid glare of the fire, the pitchy darkness of the surrounding night (the time chosen usually being at the new moon, and in the darkest weather), together with the glaring eyes, inflamed countenances, and excited frames of the swarthy community, and dusky "doctor" in the centre; these all combine to make the scene one of the wildest and most awful that can well be imagined.

"A few hours of such employment and fare as this suffices to bring the assembled tribe into a state of absolute frenzy, and fit them for being engaged in any scenes or amount of barbarity and cruelty. This the witch-doctor anticipates, and so soon as he deems their feelings and evil passions to be sufficiently inflamed, he ceases dancing, as gradually subsiding in time to the music as he before rose, and increased to that degree of rapidity which kept him in a motion so excessive that he not unfrequently falls upon the ground during his evolutions, quite exhausted.

"A solemn silence then ensues, during which the doctor rests himself, and then proceeds, with a bundle of divining-rods in his hand, to walk round throughout the assembly. As he approaches the chief, he watches the rods in his hand, and dexterously makes one of them move or leap out from amongst the rest. He then singles out this rod and throws the others into the fire, and being rubbed with a kind of inflammable matter, they there crackle and blaze brightly, thus demonstrating to the Caffres that they are charged with supernatural powers; with the remaining one he

then proceeds through the assembly again, and this time he makes i vibrate not only when opposite the chief, but also when in front of th victim whom he is about to single out. When this is perceived, he stand several minutes confronting this man, and gazing intently at him, whils the silence of death ensues. This process he repeats three times, and thei he leaves the *kraal* and proceeds to the chief's hut. Here he walks about always making the rod leap from his hand whenever he comes over the place where he buried the article which he had stolen from his victim's hut. He then marks this spot by driving an *assegai* into it, and proceeds to the suspected man's hut. Here also he goes through the same mummeries, and pretends to discover the corresponding spot in this hut to that in the other, and marks it in a similar manner.

"The next part of the proceeding is to commence excavations at these spots, which is done by numbers of the surrounding Caffres, when, as a necessary consequence, the articles deposited there are brought to light. This is deemed conclusive evidence, and on it the supposed culprit is seized and condemned to death, and all his cattle are forfeited to the chief."

Allusion is made in the preceding narrative to the Caffre's peculiar mode of slaying an ox. The reader is warned that it is a very dreadful performance indeed; still, on the ground that an unpleasant statement is to be preferred to a mysterious hint, the Caffre *modus operandi* of bullock-slaying is here set forth, as described by an eye-witness:—

"When about to slay a beast, several Caffres assemble around it, and, dividing their number into two bands, range themselves at either side of their victim. Twenty or thirty of them then throw the weight of their bodies against the ribs and shoulders of the ox, and thus succeed in holding it wedged in between them while a strong powerful man comes forward, and with the point of a large sharp *assegai* makes a deep incision in its chest about a foot long. Then, baring his sinewy arm to the shoulder, he thrusts it into the aperture, and strangles the poor beast, while the blood spurts out in all directions from the ruptured arteries and vessels. The bystanders then close in, throw down the unfortunate animal, rip it open with their knives and assegais, and stifle its dreadful cries by cutting its throat and effectually extracting those vital parts which the first operator has seldom sufficient strength to sever at once. Thus a lingering death of cruel torture is inflicted upon the animal, whose deep and piteous bellowing resounds through the surrounding valley. During this revolting scene the men and women, and even little children, cluster round

the spot, skipping and leaping in the wildest joy, while shouting, dancing, and throwing themselves down, they even lap up with their tongues the hot and reeking blood in which the carcase of the ox is weltering."

Apropos of "smelling out" a delinquent, it may not be out of place to mention a similar observance finding favour in Abyssinia. The inhabitants of this quarter of the globe may claim a social advantage over their savage neighbours, inasmuch as they have established among them for the protection of their worldly goods a system of police; they may indeed be said even to have improved on our latest improvement in that important institution.

Thief Smelling in Abyssinia.

Admitted that our Sergeant Twitcher is a clever officer—give him but the finest thread of a clue and he will haul it in and in till he finally hands you your criminal with enough substantial rope about him to hang him if he deserves it; still he is behind the Lebashi of Abyssinia, for he has yet to learn the secret of how to track a thief by the organ of smell. We are indebted to good Dr. Krapf for the "information received." "Very noticeable," says the doctor, "is the mode adopted in Ghoa for the detection of thieves. The Lebashi (thief catcher) is much feared, and belongs to the servants of the state. When a theft has been committed, the

sufferer gives information to this official, upon which he sends his servant a certain dose of black meal compounded with milk, on which he makes him smoke tobacco. The servant is thrown into a state of frenzy, in which state he goes from house to house crawling on his hands and feet like one out of his mind. After he has smelt about a number of houses, the Lebashi all the time holding him tight by a cord fastened round the body, he goes at last into a house, lays on its owner's bed and sleeps for some time. His master then arouses him with blows, and he awakes and arrests the owner of the house, who is forthwith dragged before the priests, and they make the victim of the robbery swear that he will not assess at more than the real value of the articles stolen. The person into whose house the entry was made is regarded as the thief, and is forced to pay, whether he be innocent or guilty. No wonder that the population trembles when the Lebashi is seen in the streets, and that everybody tries to be on good terms with him, as there is no saying when he will make his appearance in a house."

For fear, however, of nauseating the reader with so many doses of "Medicine" he shall be presented with but two more and then we will go back to the period in this book's history where we left our poor youthful North American savage maimed and weary from that terrible school where, after his initiation in the use of the skewer and the hatchet, he was permitted the pastime of the "roundabout." Medicine is recognised in Patagonia, the land of giants. The gentleman who narrates this little episode of giant life is Captain Bourne, who was made captive by these mighty wild men. He was a prisoner in the hut of a chief; and a move of the party had been decided on, indeed preparations had commenced, when one of his daughters came in with a child crying at a tempestuous rate. The version which she gave of his complaints arrested the marching orders. A messenger was forthwith despatched for one skilled in the healing art. The physician soon arrived, armed with two small packages rolled up in pieces of skins about a foot long and three or four inches in diameter, which the captain took to be his medicine chest. He walked gravely in, laid down the packages, and squatted beside the mother, who held the little patient in her arms. Whatever his ailment might have been his lungs could not have been impaired, for he was roaring like a young buffalo; not a word was spoken for some time, the doctor all the while looking him very steadfastly in the eye. Then came a sudden calm importing that the little fellow experienced some relief, or more probably that he

was exhausted. The doctor ordered an application of a mortar made of clay. The clay was brought, the anxious mother worked it well with her two hands, spitting upon it to give it the requisite moisture, and having reduced it to the consistency of thick paint, bedaubed the little fellow from head to foot, giving him a decidedly original appearance. He evidently took umbrage at this unction, and discoursed in his shrillest tones till he was fairly out of breath. The medicine chests were opened, but instead of medicinal herbs, disclosed only a bunch of ostrich's sinews and a rattle eight or ten inches long. The physician commenced fingering the strings and muttering almost inaudibly. This lasted four or five minutes, at the expiration of which he seized his rattle and clattered away furiously for a minute or two, and then resumed his place by his patient, eyeing him intently as before. He then turned with an air of importance to the chief, who had been crouching cross-legged on his couch leaning forward with his arms tightly folded over his breast, and watching anxiously the progress of the treatment. The man of skill broke silence: "I think he is better; don't you?" The chief nodded and grunted assent. The same appeal was made to the mother and received a like response. Another plastering was ordered, another burst of melody followed the application; the mysterious strings were again fingered, duly followed by the rattle. The parent and grand-parent once more assented to the leech that the child was better. The chief took out a piece of tobacco and cut off enough for about two pipesfull, which was tendered and gratefully accepted as a professional fee. The strings were tied up and replaced in their proper receptacle, and the rattle was shaken with hearty good will, whether by way of finale to the cure, or as a note of gratitude for the fee, or of triumph for success, could not easily be guessed. But the practitioner had scarcely evacuated the lodge before his patient broke out more vociferously than ever, which one might think would somewhat shake the faith of his guardians in the treatment he had received. But no; their confidence in their medical adviser was not to be blown away by a breath, or even a tempest. They evidently regarded him as nearly infallible. His remedies were obviously aimed more at the imaginations of his spectators than at the body of his patient. Patients among us have to endure more disagreeable applications than wet clay. The noisy brat presently became quiet, and shortly appeared to be quite well, and continued to thrive for some time, as Captain Bourne had an opportunity to witness.

Throughout the entire Polynesian group of islands the belief in charms and charmers, and in witches and witchery, is no less implicit. In Figi this is particularly the case. Unfortunately there exists no authentic description of the process that makes a Figian wizard, or knowledge whether any process, but only a large amount of effrontery and cool impudence is required. Certain it is, however, that the Figian "Medicine" is quite as awful an object as that of any other savage country. As says the Rev. Mr. Williams, men who laugh at the pretensions of the priest, tremble at the power of the wizard; and those who become Christians lose this fear last of all their relics of heathenism. The priests sometimes, but not often, combine with their legitimate avocation that of the wizard. A bunch of cocoa nuts in one case represents the medicine bag. Shaking the bunch, the wizard says, "I shake these nuts; if they all fall off, the patient will recover, but if only one remains on the stem, then the patient will die." In so gloomy a place as Figi, where prevails such unquestioning belief in the supernatural and so little regard for human life, it is no wonder if in the event of but one nut remaining on the stalk, the patient *does* die, and the wizard's renown is augmented. Another mode is by spinning a nut tee-to-tum fashion with regard to the point at which the eye of the nut rests when the spinning has subsided. Another way of obtaining a glimpse of the futurity is to sit on the ground with the legs stretched out and a club resting between them, to christen one leg "good" and the other leg "bad" and watch which first begins to tremble. A chief wishing to ascertain how many of a certain number of towns would espouse his cause, consulted the *bete*, or augur, who took as many short reeds as there were places named, and gave each a name. When they were set in the ground he held his right foot over each and every one above which his foot trembled, was declared disloyal and all the rest true.

The same authority describes a ceremony in which the youth of the nation seek to ingratiate themselves with the gods as does the North American Indian, when he goes to roost and fast in the pine tree. It must be admitted, however, that the Figian rite is not nearly so dignified or even romantic as the Ojibbeway. In some of the Figian islands, says Mr. Williams, it is known as *Kalose réré*, and in others as *Ndomindomi*. Retired places near the sea are preferred for the performance of the ceremonies of this peculiar observance. A small house is built, and enclosed with a rustic trellis fence, tied at the crossings with a small

leafed vine. Longer poles are set up with streamers attached; within the enclosure a miniature temple of slight fabric is constructed and in it a consecrated nut or other trifle is placed. The roof of the main building is hung with *mari* and scarves of light texture. The wall is studded with claws of crabs; and after the gods have come together, span-long yams ready cooked, with painted cocoa nuts, are disposed at its base that they may eat and drink. The party occupying this house number twenty or thirty, and while kept together by the ceremonies this is their house. To allure the expected gods they drum with short bamboos morning and evening for several successive weeks. The little gods are called *luve-ni-wai*, "children of the waters." "My list contains more than fifty of their names, and I believe it is incomplete. They are represented as wild or fearful, and as coming up from the sea. I knew one party who to facilitate their ascent, built for some distance into the sea a jetty of loose stones. When it is believed that the *luve-ni-wai* have left their watery dwelling, little flags are placed at certain inland passes to stop any who might wish to change for the woods their abode in the sea. On the high day, an enclosure is formed by twelve-feet poles laid on the ground and piled up to the height of a foot. These are wrapped with evergreens, and spears with streamers on the top are fixed in the four angles. A company of lads painted and attired in green leaves and scarves bring from their house into this square the native offerings, consisting chiefly of small clubs and trumpet-shells. They then seat themselves in the enclosure and thump their little drums right lustily."

While the *luve-ni-wai* have been thus occupied, the principal personages have not been idle. Each has been decorating himself in character, and providing himself with the apparatus needed for the performance of his part. Presently their uncouth forms are seen in the distance in every variety of fantastic motion; some men in one direction, and some in another. They nod their head, gaze ridiculously, and fill the air with groans, grunts, and shrieks. One youth — the *Singa Vice* or "shade-holder" runs rounds a circle which includes all the performers, the drummers, and the shakers; himself shaking the while and starting from his course as though unable to command his limbs and waving a sun-shade which he carries. *Vuninduvu* "the chief man," was on the particular occasion to which I have referred, armed with a battle-axe and exciting himself for his performances. *Mbovoro* capered about with

a cocoa-nut, which, when he had summoned sufficient courage was to be broken by a blow on his bent knee. *Singavatu* took the easier method of pounding his nut with a stone. These feats accomplished, show that the gods are helping them, and all are encouraged to call and whistle to the deities to enter their votaries, each of whom becomes excited into a frenzy.

Skipping from Figi to Southern Africa, we light on a Caffre village at the moment when a band of naked black boys are about to undergo the ceremony of *Secho*, without which no Caffre is regarded as a "man." The candidates for the distinction are at most but fourteen years old, and each wears on his hands a pair of sandals, the use of which will presently be apparent. The scholars are arranged in a row, and before them are the schoolmasters—the adult male inhabitants of the village, each having in his hand a long and tough switch. The schoolmasters presently strike up a sort of "double-shuffle" dance, at the same time brandishing their withes in a threatening way. Then begins the examination. "Will you guard the chief well?" fiercely demands the leading dancer of a lad. "I will." "Good!" and as an earnest of what is likely to be the reward of the lad's loyalty, down comes the thong-like switch with full force on his back, and though the strength of the blow is somewhat broken by the sandals, which are held shield-wise, a crimson jet invariably accompanies the assault. The lad does not wince, however; he even gives a skip and grins at his tormentor, as though he regarded the operation as rather pleasant than otherwise. "Will you guard the cattle well?" "Yes." Down comes the switch again, and there is more skipping and grinning; the former, however, rather of the involuntary than of the deliberate order, and the latter worthy of an irritated cat.

Unluckily for the young Caffre there is a longish string of questions of the kind of which two have been given as a sample, and a stroke accompanies every question, so that by the conclusion of the barbarous catechism the scourges are stained red as the boys' backs, and the catechists are spotted red too, and in a terrible state of perspiration through their exertions; nevertheless, the test concluded, it is "hail fellow well met" with young and old, and a long and vigorous "equality" dance, and much manly yelling on the part of the poor little porkers who have been so recently scored. After this the youthful Caffre may call himself a man: as such he is generally acknowledged by his own sex. With the opposite it is quite optional: one thing is certain, whatever else they call him, the Caffre maidens will not yet call him "sweetheart." Any boy, they say,

may undergo "Secho," but it takes a man to kill a rhinoceros; and, indeed, until this formidable task has been achieved, the young Caffre has but a poor chance of changing his bachelor state.

Dr. Livingstone gives an account of a somewhat similar ceremony practised among the Bechuanas. It is called Boguera, and is rather a civil than a religious institution. All the boys of an age of between ten and fourteen or fifteen, are selected to be the companions for life of the sons of one of the chiefs. They are taken out to some retired spot in the forest, and huts are erected for their accommodation. Then certain old men go out, and teach them to dance, as well as initiate them into the mysteries of African politics and government. Each lad is expected to compose an oration in praise of himself, called *leina* or name, and to be able to repeat

A Caffre School.

it with sufficient fluency. A good deal of beating is necessary to bring them up to the required standard of excellence in different matters, so that when they return from the close seclusion in which they have been kept they have generally a number of scars to show on their backs. Obeying the orders of their youthful commander, they recognize a sort of equality and partial communism ever afterwards, and address each other by the title of *molekane* or comrade. In cases of offence against their rulers, as eating alone when any of their comrades are within call, or in cases of cowardice or dereliction of duty, they may strike one another, but never one of an older band; and when three or four companies have been made, the oldest no longer takes the field in time of war, but remains as a guard over the women and children.

The ceremony of Boguera is an ingenious plan for attaching the members of the tribe to the chief's family, and for imparting a discipline which renders the tribe easy of command. On their return from the ceremonies of initiation, a prize is given to the lad who can run fastest, the article being placed where all may see the winner run up to snatch it. They are then considered men, and may sit among the elders of the Koka.

By-the-bye, it may be mentioned that the ordeal of the switch is neither confined to Caffre-land, nor to the male sex. Wallace relates that among certain of the aborigines of the Amazon, when a girl arrives at a certain age she has to undergo a most absurd and cruel ordeal. For a month before she is kept strictly confined to the house, and fed on a very limited supply of bread and water. The relatives and friends of the girl then assemble, each one bearing a tough switch. Then the girl, without any sort of covering, is brought out, and every one present administers five or six severe blows across the breast and back till she falls senseless, or, as it sometimes happens, dead. If she recovers, it is repeated four times at intervals of six hours, and it is considered an offence even on the part of the girl's parents, not to strike hard. During this time numerous pots of meat and flesh have been prepared, when the switches are dipped in them and given her to lick, and she is then considered a woman, and is marriageable.

Whatever unfavourable opinion civilized folks may hold concerning the business of the lives of certain savages, it is certain that they—even the most brutish and furthest removed from our standard of what mankind should be—are of a different way of thinking, at least if inference may be drawn from the scrupulous attention that is paid to the performance of the various ceremonies considered necessary to a young man's induction to the rights and privileges enjoyed by the recognized "men" of the nation. The aboriginals of Australia are a striking illustration of this. Cowardly as the fox, treacherous as the wolf, depraved to the very lowest in his passions and desires, with no better abiding place, or scarcely, than the wombat scratches for himself in the earth, and with a language composed of guttural snortings and clacks and clicks of the lips and tongue, yet is he a stickler for the hereditary observances of his tribe, and would resolutely set his hideously dirty face against an infringement of them.

Amongst the savages of New South Wales the ceremonies that confer the rights of manhood differ considerably from those practised among the tribes inhabiting the southern and western portions of the Australian con-

tinent. Among the former *Kebarrah*, or knocking out the front teeth, is one of the chief rites. As to the origin or signification of this custom nothing is known, and it is somewhat singular that it finds favour only among the least barbarous tribes. This, at least is the opinion of Sir Thomas Mitchell. He says: "I have already remarked that the more ferocious had not lost their front teeth, and that those peaceably disposed had all lost one tooth. Indeed, it was precisely where we first witnessed the inauspicious ceremony of the green branch waved defiantly, that we first found natives with their front row of teeth perfect. It is not improbable, therefore, that this mutilation may be found to distinguish the least barbarous of the aborigines." For a description of the specimen of savage dentistry in question, we are indebted to Mr. George Angas, who in his turn received the particulars from Colonel Collins, who was an eye-witness:—

"There being several youths in the neighbourhood of Port Jackson who had not undergone this operation, the latter end of January was chosen for the performance of the ceremony, when the native tribes, painted and bedecked with feathers and other ornaments, and armed with clubs, spears, and throwing sticks assembled at an open space called Yoolang, and which had been cleared on purpose. Previously to the ceremony taking place, several nights were occupied with dancing, but on the 2nd of February the people from Cammeray arrived, amongst whom were the Koradjee men or priests, who were to perform the operation of knocking out the teeth. When Colonel Collins reached the spot he found the party from the north shore armed, and standing at one end of the Yoolang; at the other end were the boys who were to be given up to the Cammeray for the purpose of losing a tooth each, all accompanied by several friends.

"The ceremony opened with the armed party advancing from their end of the Yoolang, with a song or shout peculiar to the occasion, clattering their shields and raising the dust with their feet. On reaching the boys, one of their number stepped forward from the rest, and seizing a youth, returned with him to his party, who received him with a loud shout, and placed him in their midst, where he seemed defended by a grove of spears against any attempt that might be made at rescue. In this manner the whole of the lads were taken out, to the number of fifteen. They were then seated at the upper end of the Yoolang, each holding down his head, with his hands clasped and his legs crossed under him.

"The Koradjee men now commenced their mystic rites. One of them

suddenly fell upon the ground, and throwing himself into apparent agonies, at length pretended to be delivered of a bone, which was to be used in the ensuing ceremony. During his seeming agony he was surrounded by a crowd of natives, who danced and sang around him most vociferously, beating him upon the back till the bone was produced. He had no sooner risen from the ground, exhausted and bathed in sweat, than another went through the same ceremony—there being as many bones produced as there were boys to be initiated into the class of men. The boys were given to understand that these pains were suffered for their sakes, and that the more the Koradjees endured the less pain would be felt by them.

"Next morning soon after sunrise the Koradjees, who had slept apart by themselves, advanced with quick movements one after the other towards the Yoolang, shouting as they entered it, and running round it two or three times. The boys were then brought forward from the place where they had passed the night alone, and after being seated again at the head of the Yoolang, the operators, about twenty in number, paraded several times round it, running upon their hands and feet and imitating the dogs of the country; their decorations were adapted for this purpose, and the wooden sword, by being stuck in the hinder part of the girdle which they wore round the waist so as to lay upon the back, looked when they were crawling upon all fours like the tail of the wild dog. Every time they passed the place where the boys were seated, they threw up the sand and dust upon them with their naked feet. The design of this ceremony was understood to be giving them power over the dogs, and endowing them with all the good qualities possessed by that animal.

"The next scene was opened by a stout native carrying on his shoulders the effigy of a kangaroo made of grass, followed by another man bearing a load of brushwood, whilst the others sang and beat time to the steps of the loaded men; the latter at length laid down their burdens at the feet of the youths. By thus presenting to them the dead kangaroo it was indicated that the power was about to be imparted to them of killing that animal; while the brushwood indicated its haunts. The performers now collected a quantity of long grass together, which they fastened to the hinder part of their girdles in the form of a tail hanging towards the ground; and thus equipped they put themselves in motion as a herd of kangaroos, jumping along with their knees bent, then lying down and scratching themselves as animals do when basking in the sun. One man beat time to them with a club upon a shield, while two others, armed,

followed them all the way, pretending to steal upon them unobserved and wound them with spears. This represented the manner in which they were to hunt the kangaroos.

"Presently each man caught up one of the boys, and placing him upon his shoulders, carried him off in triumph for a few paces, when they all set down their burdens in a cluster together. Whilst the boys were thus standing with their attendants, one of the actors seated himself on the stump of a tree facing them, and taking another man on his shoulders, the two men sat with their arms extended; behind these a number of men lay close to each other with their faces to the ground, and behind these again were two other groups of men on each others shoulders with outstretched arms. As the boys and their attendants approached the first of these groups the two men who composed it began to move themselves from side to side, thrusting out their tongues, and staring with all imaginable wildness. After a few minutes the two men separated, and the boys were now led over the bodies of the men lying on the ground, who as soon as they felt the boys upon them began to writhe as if in agony, and to utter dreadful groans.

"Having passed over this living causeway, the boys were placed before the second group, and similar grimaces were performed as at the former stump, after which the whole band moved forwards. At a short distance the party halted; the boys were seated by each other, and opposite to them were drawn up in the form of a semicircle the other party, now armed with spears and shields. Opposed to this party stood the principal Koradjee man, who held a shield in one hand and a club in the other, with which he beat time, and at every third stroke the whole party poised and presented their spears at him, each touching the centre of his shield.

"They now commenced the preparations for striking out the tooth. The first subject they selected was a boy about twelve years old, who was placed upon the shoulders of a native seated on the grass: the bone which on the preceding evening had been produced with such ceremony, having been sharpened at one end, was used to lance the gum in order to facilitate the extraction of the tooth. A throwing-stick was cut eight or ten inches from the end, and the gum being lanced, the smallest end of the stick was applied as high up on the tooth as the gum would admit of, and the operator being provided with a large stone, struck the stick with it and knocked out the tooth. After the tooth was extracted the patient was led to a distance by his friends, who closed the gum and equipped him in the decorations of his new state: a girdle was tied round his waist, in which

was thrust a wooden sword, and a bandage wound about his head adorned with the leaves of the grass tree. His left hand was placed over his mouth, which was to be kept shut; and the youth was on no account to speak, and for that day was not permitted to eat. The blood that issued from the lacerated gum was not wiped away, but suffered to run down the breast and fall on the head of the man on whose shoulders the patient sat, and whose name was added to his: this blood remained dry upon the heads of the men and the breast of the boy for several days. The boys were now named 'Kebarrah,' from 'Keba,' a rock or stone.

The ceremony of Kebarrah, as practised by the tribes of the Macquarrie district, is somewhat different in its details from that of the natives to the southward. It is usually on a summer's morning at break of day that the tribes assemble on the Macquarrie hills to celebrate the mysterious rites of Kebarrah. On such occasions hostile tribes meet in peace. When the *cooi* sounds the note of preparation, the women and children in haste make their way to the ravines and gullies, and there remain concealed. The tribes to which the youths belong commence the ceremony by uttering a long-drawn dismal yell, which echoes through the woods, and is answered by the surrounding tribes in rotation. After a short silence the old men retire to hold a council among themselves, whilst the young men with their weapons bark the trees around the spot for some way up the trunk. Another yell succeeds, and then the whole of the tribes form into a ring; the *wakui* with its horrible whizzing sound is heard in the distance, and enormous fires blaze around. On such occurrences there are frequently from five to six hundred natives present, their naked bodies fancifully painted with pipe-clay, and their heads profusely powdered with the down of the white swan. An old man is stationed in a neighbouring tree, making the most furious gestures, and whirling round the *wakui*. The youths are now brought into the ring by their fathers or nearest relations, and the Kebarrah song then commences, describing to the candidates in the strongest terms the tortures they are about to undergo. The first ordeal is that of knocking out the front tooth. This is done by boring a hole in a tree, and inserting into it a small hard twig; the tooth is then brought into contact with the end, and one individual holds the candidate's head in a firm position, whilst another, exerting all his strength, pushes the boy's head forward; the concussion causes the tooth, with frequently a portion of gum adhering to it, to fall out. Some men stand over the sufferer, brandishing their waddies, and menacing him with instant death

if he utters a complaint; while others proceed to cut his back in longitudinal stripes, and make an incision on each shoulder with sharp flints. If the victim utters the least groan or indication of suffering during these tortures, three yells long and loud uttered by the operators proclaim the event to the distant encampment. The unfortunate youth is then considered to be unworthy to be admitted a warrior, or to mix with the men of the tribe; the women are summoned with a loud *cooi*, and when they arrive the youth is handed over to them with ignominy as a coward.

Australian War-dance.

Should he, on the other hand, submit without shrinking, he is admitted to the ranks as a huntsman and a warrior. Another ring is then formed, consisting of the aged men; the youth is placed in the centre, and the *mundi* (a small piece of a crystal-like substance worn concealed about the body, and always hidden from the women) is handed to him. Immediately afterwards, however, the *old men* proceed to use all sorts of persua-

sions and threats to make the lad give them back the *mundi*. It is expected, however, that he will be proof against these solicitations and retain the precious stone, otherwise he will be regarded as an individual who may be "talked over," and on that account unfit for the society of warriors. If he retains the stone, a war song is struck up, a sham fight ensues, and the newly made "man" is placed in the van that he may exhibit his skill in handling his weapons of war. This over, a loud *cooi* is given; the women come out of hiding and return to their camps, as do the braves, and the night is passed in feasting and dancing.

Among the tribes inhabiting the southern and western portions of Australia, before the young men can be admitted into the privileges and distinctions of manhood, they are compelled to undergo certain ceremonies of initiation.

The first and second take place at infancy and when the child is about twelve years old, and are not very important, but the third and last is highly so, and is not performed till the individual approaches manhood. It is called *Wily al Kanye*, and is conducted as follows: — Each noviciate has a sponsor chosen for him, who is laid on his back in another man's lap, and surrounded by the operators, who enjoin him to discharge his duties aright. The young men are then led away from the camp and blindfolded, the women lamenting and crying and pretending to object to their removal. They are taken to a retired spot, laid upon their stomachs, and entirely covered over with kangaroo-skins, the men uttering the most dismal wail imaginable, at intervals of from three to five minutes. After lying thus for some time the lads are raised, and whilst still blindfolded, two men throw green boughs at them, while the others stand in a semi-circle around, making a noise with their werris and voices combined, which is so horrible that the wild dogs swell the hideous chorus with their howlings. Suddenly one of the party drops a bough, others follow, and a platform of boughs is made on which the lads are laid out. The sponsors then turn to and sharpen their pieces of quartz, choosing a new name for each lad, which is retained by him during life. These names all end either in *alta*, *ilti*, or *ulta*. Previous to this, they have borne the names of their birth-places, which is always the case amongst the women who never change them afterwards. The sponsors now open the veins of their own arms, and raising the lads, open their mouths, and make them swallow the first quantity of blood. The lads are then placed on their hands and knees, and the blood caused

ı over their backs so as to form one coagulated mass, and when this is ently cohesive, one man marks the places for the tatooing by remov- ıe blood with his thumb-nail. The sponsor now commences with his ², forming a deep incision on the nape of the neck, and then cutting gashes from the shoulder to the hip, down each side, about an inch

A bunch of green leaves is then tied round the waist, above which irdle of human hair, a tight string is fastened round each arm just the elbow, with another about the neck, which descends down the ınd is fixed to the girdle of hair; and their faces and the upper part ir bodies, as far as the waist, are blackened with charcoal. The ɔny concludes by the men all clustering round the initiated ones, ing them again to whisper for some months, and bestowing upon their advice as regards hunting, fighting, and contempt of pain.

ı Amazonian Indians reckon among its numerous tribes the Man- ı. Here we find the "warrior test" assuming an altogether different ; but though a simple business, and devoid of the horrible parade istinguishes the North American and other "tests," if these and the ucu ordeal were offered for selection one would hardly know how ide. To look at, the Mandrucu instruments of torture are wonder- nnocent, being nothing more formidable than two cylindrical cases n tree bark about a foot in length, and stopped at one end. Into ɔases the candidate for manhood has to thrust both his hands, and panied by half the village makes the circuit of the encampment, g at the door of every wigwam to dance and sing.

ery easy way to win one's laurels this seems, and so it would be r one little circumstance: the bark gauntlets are filled with all sorts ng and venomous ants and other terrible insects, with fangs like , and nippers like miniature lobsters. However there is no help for or young Mandrucu; he must either wear the terrible gloves or for ɛsign all thoughts not only of wearing the war-club and lance, but ɛe of matrimonial bliss, for not a maiden in Mandrucu land will a suitor's hand that is not branded by the tiny demons of the bark

vely, therefore, the young fellow submits to the woeful mittens, and y he sets out. For a time, perhaps, the creeping things, busy ing each other, take little or no heed of the intrusive hands, and wner, thinking doubtless it is not so *very* dreadful after all, skips accompanied by his relations, and sings his funny songs, and trips

it gingerly to the music of tom-tom and reed. Presently, however, the imprisoned hands, grown hot with the saltatory exercise, invite the attention of the blood-suckers and they begin to nibble; to clash their nippers and exercise their jaws. He dares not cry out; he dares not bite or compress his lips, or indulge in any other of the facial antics that generally attend helpless pain; the eyes of his father and his many uncles and cousins—of his affianced herself may be—are narrowly watching his countenance, and will note every spasm and twitch of it. If he could only clench his hand and crush a few dozen of his tormentors it would be a relief, but this is impossible; he can't move so much as a single joint of a single finger encased in the unyielding wooden gloves. In no way can he ease his anguish but by stamping and grinding his heels at certain parts of the pleasant dance, or by introducing a woeful note among the high-pitched keys of his laughter.

The further he goes the worse he fares. The tribe is large and the village a mile or more in length, and at the end of it is the tent of the chief, at the door of which the last song must be sung and the last jig performed. What with the heat engendered within and the blazing sun playing without the bark gloves, the wretched hands seem literally in a furnace. Nor is the heat the worst part of it. Many of the dreadful ants have venomous fangs, and by the poor fellow's pallid face and staring eyes it is evident that the subtle poison is careering through his veins. Still on without a murmur, surrounded by the gay troop yelling, clapping their hands, and rending the sultry air with the screeching music of the reed flute and the banging of the tom-toms: on from tent to tent, till the song of the sufferer becomes a mere loud unintelligible noise and his dance the staggering of a drunken man. So the chief's tent is reached, and the chief, coming to the door, signs to the musicians to strike up briskly, the while regarding the dancer narrowly. "Enough," says the chief, and reeling into the arms of his friends the deadly gloves are torn off the young man's hands, and his mother and sisters cast their arms about him and weep.

DICKES.

A BALL AMONG THE OTTOES.

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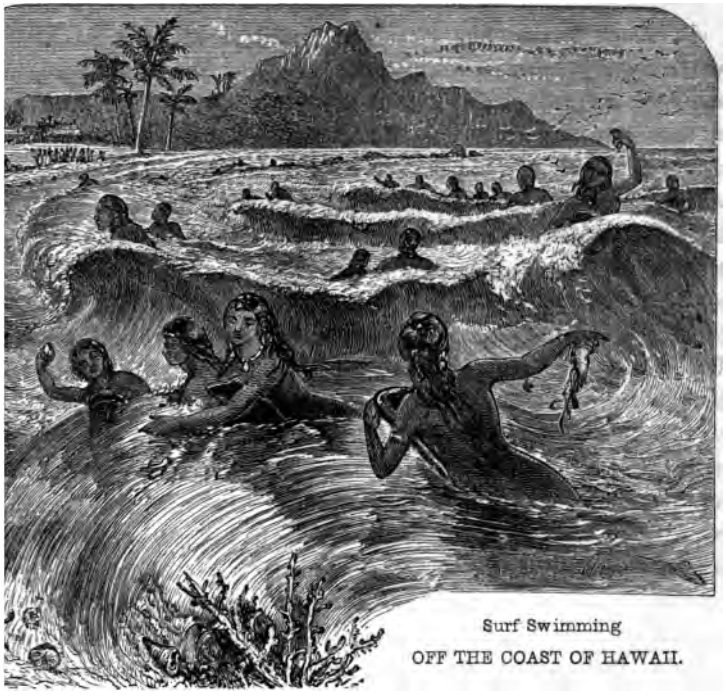

Surf Swimming
OFF THE COAST OF HAWAII.

PART II.

SAVAGE PASTIME.

CHAPTER IV.

ıation for hard labour—The story of Pigeon's Egg Head—The Washington natives astonish savage—Pigeon's Egg Head shamefully plucked—His terrible end—A Maori legend—Hine swims the lake—She breaks her lover's calabashes—A happy dénouement—Patu-paearche, New Zealand giantess—A hot watery grave—Savage cock-fighting—Surf-swimming—stling—Boxing—An unexpected "floorer"—The drum of sacrifice—The Tahitian nose flute he Handja—Music from the grave.

IN whatever region he may be found, the savage is never particularly partial to hard work. Any labour necessary to be performed towards his comfortable existence, such as building a house, sowing or reaping grain, cutting and carrying wood, the water vessels at the mile-off stream, etc., he is only too happy ıve to the wife of his bosom, and such of her female relations y be inclined to lend *her a hand.* If he be a warlike savage, he

finds enough to keep him stirring in furbishing his various implem and braying fashionable colours with which to adorn his sinewy li and make his countenance frightful to his enemies. If beyond this h an hour or so to spare, he goes out hunting for something to eat. If, posing the savage in question to be a North American Indian, and he what he hunts for, he calculates how many mouths the game will fill invites his neighbours accordingly. If he does not find what he hunt still he sends an invitation to a neighbour or so, to say he has no me set before him, but that he has some tobacco, with which he will be to fill his friend's pipe, if he will be good enough to step in wit Under such circumstances story telling becomes the order of the eve the smokers squatting on the mat, and the squaws and children hu together at a respectful distance, silently listening. This sort of pa suits this savage better than any other. There is nothing about it t antic or likely to ruffle either his dignity or his gravity. Then, a opportunity is afforded for an indulgence in his passion for the s natural and the mysterious. His mind, gorgeous and erratic bumble-bee, can adorn the thread-bare story as it is spun, and span with misty metaphor, till his audience blink, not with weariness, b surprise, that so many times as they have witnessed the unwindi the yarn, they should have missed so many of its excellencies.

Wild and preposterous, however, as are American Indian stories, rule, it is a singular fact that the natives find it much easier to credit than believe the wondrous facts that have been wrought by civilizatio his notes on Indian life, Mr. Catlin relates an incident, happily illust of this. An Assinneboin (literally, stone boiling) Indian named Wij (Pigeon's Egg Head), selected on account of his superior sense astuteness, was sent as the representative of his tribe to Washingt settle some governmental business. At starting, Wijunjou agreed his companion that they should take careful note of everything wort observation in the white man's country, and that among other thing number of white man's houses seen by them should be duly notch their pipe-stems. But their pipe-stems were soon crowded with not and they then took a club, which was, in a very short time, mark over in the same manner. Then Wijunjou and his companion went the bushes and cut a long stick, and with great labour copied al notches from the pipe-stems and war club on to it. This was soon f *and also* several other sticks which they cut. At last they came t

Louis, which town contained about 15,000 inhabitants. At this Wijunjou talked over the matter with his friend, and they resolved to throw their record overboard, and have no more to do with it. After a time they reached Washington. Wijunjou was the foremost on all occasions—the first to enter the levée—the first to shake the President's hand and make his speech to him, the last to extend his hand to, but the first to catch the smiles and admiration of, the gentler sex. He travelled the giddy maze, and beheld amid the buzzing din of civil life—their tricks of art, their handiworks, and their finery. He visited their principal cities, he saw their forts, their ships, their great guns, steamboats, balloons, etc., and in the spring returned to St. Louis, where Mr. Catlin joined him and his companions on their way back to their own country.

Through the politeness of Mr. Chateau, of the American Fur Company, Mr. Catlin was admitted to a passage in their steamboat, on their first trip to the Yellow Stone; and when the boat was about to depart, Wijunjou made his appearance on deck in a full suit of regimentals! He had, in Washington, exchanged his beautifully-garnished and classic costume for a full dress, *en militaire*. It was, perhaps, presented to him by the President. It was broad-cloth of the finest blue, trimmed with lace of gold; on his shoulders were mounted two immense epaulettes; his neck was strangled with a shining black stock, and his feet were pinioned in a pair of waterproof boots with high heels, which made him "step like a yoked hog." On his head was a high-crowned beaver hat, with a broad silver lace band, surmounted by a huge red feather some two feet high; his coat collar, stiff with lace, came higher up than his ears, and over it flowed, down towards his haunches, his long Indian locks, stuck up in rolls and plaits with red paint. A large silver medal was suspended from his neck by a blue ribbon, and across his right shoulder passed a wide belt, supporting by his side a broad sword. On his hands he had drawn a pair of white kid gloves, and in them held, a blue umbrella in one and a large fan in the other. In this fashion was poor Wijunjou metamorphosed on his return from Washington. . . . . After Wijunjou had got home, and passed the usual salutation among his friends, he commenced the simple narration of scenes he had passed through, and of things he had beheld among the whites; which appeared to them so much like fiction, that it was impossible to believe them, and they set him down as an impostor. "He has been," they said, "among the whites, who *are great liars*, and all he has learned is to come

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home and tell lies." He sank rapidly into disgrace in his tribe; his high claims to political eminence all vanished; he was reputed worthless,—the greatest liar of his nation; the chiefs shunned him, and passed by him as one of the tribe who was lost. Yet the ears of the gossipping portion of the tribe were open, and the camp-fire circle and the wigwam fire-side gave silent audiences to the whispered narratives of the "travelled Indian."

The next day after he had arrived among his friends, the superfluous part of his coat (which was a laced frock) was converted into a pair of leggings for his wife; and his hat-band of silver lace furnished her a magnificent pair of garters. The remainder of the coat, curtailed of its original length, was seen buttoned upon the shoulders of his brother, over and above a pair of buckskin leggings; and Wijunjou was parading about among his friends with a bow and quiver slung on his shoulders, which, *sans coat*, exhibited a fine linen shirt with studs and sleeve buttons. His broad sword kept its place, but about noon his boots gave way to a pair of garnished mocassins, and in such plight he gossipped away the day among his friends; while his heart spoke so freely and so effectually from the bung-hole of a little keg of whiskey which he had brought the whole way (as one of the choicest presents made him at Washington), that his tongue became silent.

One of his little fair inamoratas fixed her eyes and affections upon his beautiful silk braces; and the next day, while the keg was yet dealing out his kindnesses, he was seen paying visits to the lodges of his old acquaintances, swaggering about with his keg under his arm, whistling "Yankee Doodle," and Washington's "Grand March;" his white shirt, or that part of it that had been flapping in the wind, had been shockingly tithed; his pantaloons of blue, laced with gold, were razed into a pair of comfortable leggings; his bow and quiver were slung, and his broad sword, which trailed on the ground, had sought the centre of gravity, and taken a position between his legs, and dragging behind him, served as a rudder to steer him over the earth's troubled surface!

Two days' revel of this kind had drawn from his keg all its charms, and in the mellowness of his heart all his finery vanished, and all of its appendages, except his umbrella, to which his heart's strongest affections still clung; and with it, and under it, in rude dress of buckskin, he was afterwards to be seen, in all sorts of weather, acting the fop and the beau as well as he could with his limited means. In this plight, and in this *dress, with his umbrella* always in his hand (as the only remaining evidence

of his quondam greatness), he began, in his sober moments, to entertain and instruct his people by honest and simple narratives of things and scenes he had beheld during his tour to the East, but which (unfortunately for him) were to them too marvellous and improbable to be believed. He told the gaping multitude that were constantly gathering about him, of the distance he had travelled,—of the astonishing number of houses he had seen,—of the towns and cities, with all their wealth and splendour,—of travelling on steamboats, in stages, and on railroads. He described our (American) forts and seventy-four gun ships which he had visited—their big guns,—our great bridges,—our Council-house at Washington, and its doings,—the curious and wonderful machines in the patent office (which he pronounced the *greatest medicine place* he had seen), etc. etc.—all of which were so much beyond their comprehension, that they "could not be true," and "he must be the very greatest liar in the whole world!" [It is but right to state, however, that unfortunately poor Wijunjou's companion died on his way home, leaving the unfortunate traveller to bear the full weight of ridicule on his shoulders alone.] But, owing to the many wonders he had seen, Wijunjou had an exhaustless stock of stories to tell—and, in proportion as his fame in the council diminished, his wonderful powers of *invention* (as they thought) were daily gaining for him the respect and veneration of the whole tribe; and he was denominated *lying medicine*. Gradually, however, he began to be more dreaded than respected; and at last the unhappy fellow was regarded as a wizard, and they considered it an act of charity to rid the world of a man endowed with superhuman powers. The young man who took upon himself to perform this kind action, communicated with several others of the tribe, and they came to the decision that he should die; but they were fully persuaded that he was so great a man that a bullet would not harm him. In this dilemma the young man had a dream, which effectually overcame all obstacles. In this dream he was to loiter about the fort adjacent to the village, until he could procure by stealth an iron pot, the handle of which would possess that virtue which was denied to the bullet. After he obtained the iron pot he went into the woods and spent a whole day in contriving the handle to enable it go into the barrel of his gun. After which, the inspired rogue made his appearance again, with the gun concealed under his robe, and seeing Wijunjou talking with a trader, he crept softly up behind him, and placing the muzzle of his gun close to the poor traveller's ear, blew out his brains. "Thus," says Catlin, "ended the days and greatness, and

all the pride and hopes of Wijunjou, the *Pigeon's Egg Head*, a warri
a brave of the valiant Assinneboins, who travelled eight thousand
to see the President, and all the great cities of the civilized worl
who for telling the truth, and nothing but the truth, was, after
home, disgraced and killed for a wizard."

One other thing beside story-telling, and which with us is known
time, does the North American Indian indulge in to a considerable ex
dancing. Unlike us, however, he does not see the "fun" of it. Set
our polkas and hornpipes and waltzes, he has his "scalp"-dance
"brave man"-dance and his "buffalo"-dance, and, as will presently
very many others; but they are not at all jolly performances, be
more or less sacred, and, the savage in question being a man of r
mind, this is not at all surprising. His saltations have a solemn p
and are performed with a demure mien, and with a face eloquent o
beseeching.

As to the games of the North American Indian boy but little is re
It is, however, a very different matter in Polynesia; and it is well
of remark, that in this region, as well as in several others, many
common among our youngsters were practised long before the

New Zealand Cat's-cradle.

peoples had connexion with Europeans, or had the least chance of
ing a knowledge of our sports and pastimes. Take, for instance, th
of kite-flying. Not only is this one of the most ancient games pl
the rising generation of New Zealand, but the machine to which th
is attached is and always was known by precisely the same name

cane and paper toys familiar to us. The New Zealand boy calls his kite *Te Prahu*, or "the hawk." In the same country the skipping-rope is a common toy, as is the whipping-top, although in form the latter differs somewhat from the top of our youth, being taller and slenderer. In the matter of "cat's-cradle," too, New Zealand children are wonderfully clever, and could show our little sons and daughters such patterns as would throw the old-fashioned "soldier's bedstead," and "candles," and "baby's cot," quite into the shade.

Besides its wealth of sports, New Zealand is peculiarly rich in that source of innocent pastime, legendary lore, of which the reader is here offered a sample, founded on a long tale to be met with in Sir George Grey's "Legends of the Maories":—

In the centre of Rotoma Lake there is a high island called Mokoia, and many years ago there lived on this island a family of five sons and one daughter. The name of the youngest of the five sons was Tutanekai; how the others were called it is not important to mention. Across the lake on the mainland, and exactly opposite to where Tutanekai lived, was the village of Owhato, and there resided a maiden exalted in rank and of great beauty, named Hine Moa. Tutanekai was a rather clever player on the flute, and a young friend of his, Tiki by name, was equally adept with the trumpet; and of evenings the two young men would go down to the edge of the lake, and, there sitting, indulge in music. It was Tutanekai's flute that first raised the lovely Hine Moa's curiosity respecting him; flute-players were not common in Mokoia, therefore a little inquiry soon put her in possession of his name. When the breath of evening brought the sweet tones over the water, she would say to herself, "Ah, that is the music of Tutanekai that I can hear!" and, hastening to the shore, she would sit in the shadow of a rock that she might not be seen, and listen till the night fell and the flute music ceased.

This was how the acquaintance began; and as no doubt Tutanekai had heard a whisper that Hine Moa came out of evenings to listen to the music on the opposite shore, it was from that point but an easy step to exchange bashful, loving glances when for the first time they met each other at an annual gathering of the people of Rotoma. But though no doubt it was a step advanced in the courtship, they were not the happier for it; for poor Tutanekai, who was much agitated as the beauty regarded him, could not help thinking, "Ah! a pity it was that so pleasing a thing as the music of my flute should have gone before to announce the coming

of so ugly a fellow as myself;" but then he thought again, "but my flute is not beautiful; it is but a hollow reed pierced with little holes; it is the breath of my soul that makes it pleasing; why then cannot I, who am at least not a dull wooden thing, but a man with eyes and a tongue, and ready to lay at her feet the whole soul so little of which blown into a reed enchanted her, why cannot I hope to win her?" This comforted him a great deal, and gave him courage to seek her eyes whenever they met; and though the glance lasted but a moment, so swift is the tale of love, that all he had thought of in comparing his flute to himself was said from his eyes to hers, and that before she could droop her eyelids and shut him out. But her love for him was not to be so made prisoner; banished from her eyes it flew to her lips where it lay trembling, and to her bosom where it lay surging; and Tutanekai noting these signs grew strong. As for Hine Moa, her whole thought was, "How shall I let him know my love for him? If I send one of my women and tell him, he may cease to love me for my boldness; what shall I do?" Tutanekai, however, found courage to send a message to her; and a little while after he was able to say to his brothers, who were very jealous of him, "I have pressed the hand of Hine Moa, and she pressed mine in return." "No such thing," said they; "she must indeed be a woman without sense to prefer a stripling like you to such valiant and handsome men as may be found in the island of Mokoia."

It was true, nevertheless, and to a greater extent than Tutanekai chose to tell his envious brothers; indeed, such progress had the suit of the young man made, that although Hine Moa would not consent to go away with him and marry him, she led him to expect that one night she would cross the lake and come to him.

This, however, was not easy. Somehow her friends had found reason to suspect her design, so every night every canoe was hauled up on to the bank, and so high that not even a man by himself could launch one of them. That she really had thought of crossing the lake in a canoe was certain, or she would not have felt so keenly the cruel behaviour of her friends. Still the music on the opposite shore continued evening after evening, and she sat and listened, fitting loving sentences and endearing words to the plaintive notes that quavered and sighed, as broken by the wind, they reminded her of the emotion and sighs of her beloved.

"Perhaps," thought she, "I might be able to swim across."

So she took six dry empty gourds as floats, lest she should sink in the water, three of them on each side; and she went out upon the rocks, and

thence to the edge of the water, and first making a parcel of her robe, cast herself in and swam and floated till she reached the middle of the lake, where was a post, and to this she clung to take breath. When the weariness of her shoulders had a little ceased she began to swim again, and so on, floating and swimming, till she reached the opposite shore. But the journey was a long one, and she but an unskilful swimmer, so that it was growing late ere her feet touched land—so late that the music that had guided her and kept her brave had ceased, and her heart began to chill, as, all shivering from her long cold bath, she stood there on the shore with danger before her and danger behind her, very sad indeed.

Guided by the smoke, she found a hot spring at a little distance off, and into it she plunged to warm her cold limbs. Nigh this hot spring was a cold spring, and from the latter it was Tutanekai's custom to refresh himself when thirsty. This night he was thirsty, and so he said to his slave, "Bring me a little water."

So the slave took a calabash and approached the spring, quite close to the spot where Hine Moa, so suddenly discovered, was crouching. Thinking that the slave was coming to the hot spring, and in hopes to drive him away, she assumed the gruff voice of a man, and inquired,

"What do you want here?"

"To fetch water for Tutanekai."

"Give me the calabash with the water."

Thinking it was perhaps a spirit who might not be denied, or at least some great chief, the slave approached the ledge of the spring all in the dark, and handed the gruff speaker the calabash. Raising it to her lips, she sipped the water and then dashed the calabash to the ground, breaking it.

"Who is it that dares break the calabash of Tutanekai?" asked the slave.

But Hine Moa answered nothing, and the slave returned to his master to tell him that there was a man in the hot bath who had broken the calabash.

"Fetch another," replied Tutanekai, who was a man of very few words.

Again the slave dipped the cold water, and again the voice from the hot spring demanded, and in so gruff and authoritative a voice that to refuse was impossible; and again was the calabash broken to pieces, and the dismayed slave carried home the news.

This time Tutanekai was not in so smooth a temper.

"Who is this man that dares break my calabash?"

"A stranger: I can't tell his name," replied the slave.

"Did he know the water was for me?"

"I told him; but he broke the calabash, and did not deign a word in reply."

Trembling with revengeful rage, Tutanekai said no more, but seized his club and strode out of his dwelling toward the hot spring. Arrived there he paused, and in a loud voice demanded "Is the fellow still here who broke the calabashes of Tutanekai?" Hine Moa well knew the voice, and hid herself under the overhanging rocks of the hot spring; but her hiding was hardly a real one, but only a concealing of herself from Tutanekai, that he might not find her at once, but only after trouble and searching. So he went feeling about the banks of the hot spring, searching everywhere, whilst she lay coyly hid under the ledges of the rocks, peeping out and wondering when she should be found. At last he touched her, "Ha! speak, who are you?"

"It is I."

Finding this dainty little hand, instead of that of a brawny warrior, Tutanekai was somewhat disconcerted; nevertheless, he replied, "It is I, you say. *I* is no name; once more, who are you?"

"Ah, Tutanekai! it is your poor Hine Moa."

"Ah! is it true? Ah, my white hawk, beautiful as the early star, graceful as the shy white crane, my heart is big to bursting with love for thee; I have no speech to give thee thanks."

Shortly after, she became Tutanekai's wife, and returned no more to Owhato.

This was all very well for Tutanekai, but what became of Tiki the trumpeter—Tutanekai's brother musician—who, by the marriage, lost at once his friend and his taste for lake-shore evening music; for it must be admitted that of all solitary pastime playing a trumpet is not the most tolerable. "Alas!" said he, "my friend has married her whom he loved! I have no wife;" and so he became very sorrowful, and returned to his own village.

Now Tutanekai grieved for his old companion Tiki, and he said to his father, "I am quite ill with grief for Tiki; cannot we heal his sorrow?" "What do you mean?" asked Hine Moa's father-in-law." "I allude to my young sister Jupa; let her be given as a wife to my old friend." And so

it was arranged, and thus the trumpeter as well as the flute player was made happy.

There is another that might well pass as a companion to the English story of "Jack the Giant Killer." True, the formidable party is a giantess and not a giant, and the hero's name is Hatupatu; but that is how he is called in the New Zealand tongue. For all I know to the contrary, that might be "Jack" in English.

"Kurangai-tuku was a Patu-paearche, a giantess in stature; she was like a tree, her fingers and nails were extremely long,—with these she was accustomed to spear her game, which chiefly consisted of pigeons and parrots. One day when she was out hunting, she came to a large torara tree, in which she espied a pigeon roosting, and sent her long nails completely through the trunk of the tree. A chief named Hatupatu was also out spearing birds at the same time. He, likewise, saw the pigeon from the opposite side of the tree, but did not perceive the lady until her nails appeared through the tree; and at the same time she saw the barb of his spear, which had likewise penetrated to her side. She looked around with astonishment, and perceived Hatupatu. It was the first time she had ever seen a man, so she captured him alive, and carried him to her house as a mokai, or pet. This lady appears to have been a great ornithologist, and her house was a regular aviary, being filled with every kind of bird, which she tended with great care; amongst these she placed her new capture, doubtless considering him to be a very rare specimen. Here he remained some time, until he began to be weary and anxious to escape. She, however, treated him with great kindness, and carefully provided for his support. One day she asked him what food he would like to have; he replied, some birds. She then enquired, what ridge or range of hills was she to go to for them; was she to go to the first? He said 'No.' Was she to go to the second range? He replied, 'Still further.' She continued asking him until she demanded whether she was to go to the sixth range, which was very far off. He then said 'Yes,' in order that he might have time to escape whilst she was going so far for the birds. Kurangai-tuku did not much relish so long a walk; still she very good-naturedly set off, and rapidly strode from pae to pae, or from one range to another, for though she went bare-foot yet she seemed to possess the virtue of the seven-leagued boots. Hatupatu in the meantime stopped up all the holes and crevices of the house with muke (flax), that none of the birds might escape to inform their mistress of his departure;

but he overlooked one very little hole. When he crept out of the house he carefully closed the door after him; the Riro-riro, which is the least of all the New Zealand birds, perceived the small opening which had been left, and she managed to squeeze her little body through it; she had no sooner done so than she flew straight to her mistress, exclaiming, 'Kurangai-tuku, Kurangai-tuku-e-ka riro a tau hanga riro riro riro.' 'Our property is escaped; it is gone! gone! gone!' Hence has this little wren derived its name, 'riro riro.' She at once returned, and stretching out her legs and dragging them onward, she was soon home, and, snuffing up the wind, quickly found out the direction he had taken, and immediately set off after him. She soon came in sight, and nearly reached him whilst he was approaching a steep cliff. Now Hatupatu was the youngest son of his mother, and to make up for such a great disadvantage his kind and considerate grandmother had bestowed a very powerful charm upon him; he had not a minute to spare, he therefore immediately put it to the test, and pronounced the spell, 'Matiti matata, open and cleave asunder.' The powerful words were no sooner uttered than the rock obeyed; it at once opened and received him into it, and then closed again. Kurangai-tuku immediately afterwards reached the spot, and was strangely puzzled to find out what had become of Hatupatu. She began scratching about with her long nails on the rock, exclaiming, 'Ina ano hoe e Hana?' 'Where have you got to, O Hana?' which is short for his name. When Hatupatu thought that she had gone away, he came out again at some distance from the spot he entered. But she was too sharp-sighted to miss him; again was she in full chase, and would have overtaken him, but perceiving his danger, he again uttered the potent words, 'Matiti matata.' The earth, obedient to the spell, opened at once and received him. Puzzled at his strange disappearance, she again scratched about and cried, 'Ina ano koe e Hana?' Are you here Hana? After some time he once more ventured from his hiding-place, but she soon caught sight of him and pursued. He cried out to a turf of toe-toe, 'Matiti matata;' it immediately lifted up itself, and he went under: thus she was again disappointed in her search. The last time he entered the ground, he came out near a ngawha or boiling spring. The ground around these is generally only formed of a very thin deposit of stone, which arches over a large portion of the gulf, and poor Kurangai-tuku stepping on this, it was too weak to bear her great weight. So she fell in and was boiled.

;h ! let us return to fact, though it presents no more enticing aspect cock-fighting."

is consolatory to know that our forefathers were not the only savages were versed in the above-mentioned art. Throughout the entire nesian group the sport has been known and practised from a very te period. Whether the South Sea Islanders trained the birds as ums of gambling, or whether, as some travellers—Ellis among the ›er—assert, they were content with the pleasure of seeing the birds ler each other, is not with certainty known. It is certain, however, they were fed with the greatest care, and that finely-carved perches prepared for them. Their food was chiefly bread fruit rolled up in and like paste, and given in little bits. The bird was taught to open outh, and receive water from the hollow of its master's hand.

Polynesian Cock-fighting.

equently there would be a gathering of entire districts to test the iority of two rival cocks. The birds wore no artificial spurs, and allowed to retain the whole of their natural plumage. These inter-nal cock-fights took place as soon after day dawn as possible, that the ists might not be incommoded by the heat. As with their boxers, so their chickens—as soon as one avoided the other there was a shout of aten) from the spectators, and the combatants were separated.

Faahee, or surf-swimming, is another favourite pastime with these
According to Ellis, "individuals of all ranks and ages and both sexes
this sport with great avidity. They usually selected the openings
reefs or entrances of some of the bays, where the long heavy billow
in unbroken majesty upon the reef or the shore. They used a small
which they called *papa faahee*—swam from the beach to a considera
tance, sometimes nearly a mile—watched the swell of the wave, an
it reached them, resting their bosoms on the short, flat-pointed boa
mounted on its summit, and amid the foam and spray rode on the
the wave to the shore; sometimes they halted among the coral roc
which the waves broke in splendid confusion. When they approac
shore, they slid off the board, which they grasped with the hand, an
fell behind the wave or plunged towards the deep and allowed it
over their heads. Sometimes they were thrown with violence u
beach, or among the rocks on the edges of the reef. So much a
however, do they feel in the water, that it is seldom any accident

"I have often seen along the border of the reef forming the bounc
to the harbour of Fare in Huahine, from fifty to a hundred perso
ages, sporting like so many porpoises in the surf that has been rolli
foam and violence towards the land; sometimes mounted on the to
wave, and almost enveloped in spray, at other times plunging ben
mass of water that has swept like mountains over them, cheer
animating each other; and by the noise and shouting they made re
the roar of the sea and the dashing of the surf comparatively imperce

Wrestling was another among the favourite Polynesian amu
Ellis, whose long sojourn among these people afforded him ampl
tunity for observing their manners and customs, states that in T
large quantity of food was always prepared on these occasions, an
rally served out to the different parties at the commencement of the
whereby the banquet was concluded before the games began. Th
lers of one district generally challenged those of another, but the
strength and skill often took place between the inhabitants of
islands; the servants of the king of the island forming one band, a
in the train of his guest the other.

"In this, as in most of their public proceedings, the gods
Before wrestling commenced, each party repaired to the templ
idols to which they were devotees. Here they presented a young
tree, which was frequently a substitute for a more valuable offeri

having invoked the aid of the tutelar deity of the game, they repaired to the spot where the multitude were assembled. A space covered with a grassy turf, or the level sands of the sea beach, was usually selected for these exhibitions. Here a ring was formed perhaps thirty feet in diameter —the people of the country being on one side, the visitors on the other. The inner rank sat down, the others stood behind them; each party had their instruments of music with them, but all remained quiet till the games began. Six or ten, perhaps, from each side entered the ring at once, wearing nothing but the maro or girdle, and having their limbs sometimes anointed with oil.

"The fame of a celebrated wrestler was usually spread throughout the islands, and those who were considered good wrestlers, priding themselves on their strength or skill, were desirous of engaging only with those they regarded as their equals. Hence when a chief was expected in whose train were any distinguished wrestlers, those among the adherents of the chief by whom the party were to be entertained who wished to engage, were accustomed to send a challenge previous to their arrival. If this, which was called *tipaopao*, had been the case, when they entered the ring they closed at once without ceremony. But if no such arrangement had been made, the wrestlers of one party, or perhaps their champion, walked round and across the ring, having the left arm bent with the hand on the breast, and striking the right hand violently against the left, and the left against the side, produced a loud hollow sound, which was challenging any one to a trial of his skill. The strokes on the arm were sometimes so violent as not only to bruise the flesh, but to cause the blood to gush out.

"When the challenge was accepted the antagonists closed, and the most intense interest was manifested by the parties to which they respectively belonged. They grasped each other by the shoulders, and exerted all their strength and art each to throw his rival. This was all that was requisite; and although they generally grappled with each other, this was not necessary according to the rules of the game. Mape, a stout and rather active though not a large man, who was often in my house at Eimeo, was a famous wrestler. He was seen in the ring once with a remarkably tall heavy man, who was his antagonist; they had grappled and separated, when Mape walked carelessly towards his rival, and on approaching him, instead of stretching out his arms as was expected, he ran the crown of his head with all his might against the temple of his antagonist, and laid him flat on the earth.

"The most perfect silence was observed during the struggle, but as soon as one was thrown the scene was instantly changed; the vanquished was scarcely stretched on the sand when a shout of exultation arose from the victor's friends. Their drums struck up; the women and children danced in triumph over the fallen wrestler, and sung in derision of the opposite party. These were neither silent nor unmoved spectators, but immediately commenced a most deafening noise, partly in honour of their own clan or tribe, but chiefly to neutralise the triumph of the victors. It is not easy to imagine the scenes that must often have been presented at one of these wrestling-matches, when not less than four or five thousand persons, dressed in their best apparel, and exhibiting every variety of costume and brilliancy of colour, were under the influence of excitement. One party were drumming, dancing, and singing, in all the pride of victory and the menace of defiance; while, to increase the din and confusion, the other party were equally vociferous in reciting the achievements of the vanquished, or predicting the shortness of his rival's triumph. When the contest was at an end, victor and vanquished once more repaired to the idol temple, and renewed their offerings of young plantain trees.

"Although wrestling was practised principally by the men, it was not confined to them. Often when they had done, the women contended, sometimes with each other and occasionally with men. Persons of the highest rank often engaged in this sport; and the sister of the queen has been seen wearing nearly the same clothing the wrestlers wore, covered all over with sand, and wrestling with a young chief in the midst of the ring, round which thousands of the queen's subjects were assembled.

"Boxing was not unknown to the Tahitians, but was not nearly so high in favour as wrestling. It was mostly practised by the lower orders. The challenge was given as for wrestling, but when the combatants engaged, the battle was much sooner ended. No time was wasted in sparring or fencing; the men faced each other and struck at each other's heads straight-out blows, with a noise like the breaking of stones. As soon as one of them fell, or even stooped to avoid a blow, he was declared beaten, and carried away."

The principal musical instrument played at these entertainments, indeed almost the only one, formerly used by the South Sea Islanders, was the drum. They varied in size and shape according to the purposes for which they were designed, but all were cut out of a solid block, hollowed at one end, solid at the other, and having the top covered with a piece of shark's

in. The *palm-ra* or sacred drum was beaten on every occasion of human crifice or other extraordinary business. The sound of the large drum the temple when heard at midnight is most solemn and terrible. "The habitants of Macoa, where my house stood, within a few yards of the ins of the temple, have frequently told me that at the midnight hour, hen the victim was probably to be offered on the following day, they ve often been started from their slumber by the dull, deep, thrilling und of the sacred drum; and, at its portentous sounds, every individual rough the whole district has trembled with fear of the gods or appre-nsion of being seized as the victim of sacrifice. The drums used as companiments to their dances and songs or recitations, were smaller an the sacred instruments. The skin forming the head was fastened to e open work at the bottom by strings of finely-braided cinet made with e fibres of cocoa-nut husks. Sticks were not used in beating those all drums, the bare hand being used instead."

The sound of the trumpet or shell, a species of music used by the priests nd also by the herald and others on board their fleets, was more dreadful ven than that of the drum. The largest shells were usually selected for his purpose, and were sometimes above a foot in length, and seven or ight inches in diameter at the mouth. In order to facilitate the blowing f this trumpet they made a perforation about an inch in diameter near he apex of the shell. Into this they inserted a bamboo cane, about three feet in length, which was secured by binding it to the shell by finely-braided cinet. The aperture was rendered air-tight by cementing the out-sides of it with a resinous gum from the bread-fruit tree. These shells were blown when any procession approached the temple, at the inaugura-tion of the king, or when a tax was imposed in the name of the gods. The sound is extremely loud but the most monotonous and dismal it is possible to imagine.

The *vivo*, or flute, was the most agreeable instrument the Tahitians appear to have been acquainted with. It is usually a bamboo cane, about an inch in diameter, and twelve or eighteen inches long. The joint in the cane formed one end of the flute; the aperture through which it was blown was close to the end; it seldom had more than four holes, three in the upper side covered with the fingers, and one beneath, against which the thumb was placed. It was occasionally plain, but more frequently ornamented by being partially scorched or burnt with a hot stone, or having fine and beautifully plaited strings of human hair wound round it alternately with

rings of neatly braided cinet. It was not blown from the mouth but the nostrils. The performer usually placed the thumb of the right hand upon the right nostril, applied the aperture of the flute which he held within the fingers of his right hand, to the other nostril, and moving his fingers on the holes, produced his music. The sound was soft and not unpleasant, though the notes were few.

Tahitian Nose Flute.

Among the cannibal Fans of equatorial Africa, Chaillu found that the only known musical instruments were the drum-and the "handja." The drum was merely a wooden cylinder about four feet long; the ends, which measured respectively ten and seven inches in diameter, being covered with deer or goat skins. The handja, however, is a much more complicated affair, and exhibits a degree of skill in its construction scarcely to be expected of so rude a people. The instrument consists of a light reed frame, three feet long by one and a half broad, into which are set and securely fastened a set of hollow gourds, covered with strips of a hard red wood found in the forests. Each of these cylinders is of a different size, and all are so graduated that the set forms a series of notes. A handja generally contains seven. The performer sits down, lays the instrument across his knees, and strikes the strips lightly with a stick. There are two sticks, one hard and the other soft, and the principle is the same on which music has been produced in Europe on a series of glasses. The tone is very clear and good; and though their tunes are very rude they can play them with considerable skill. Each gourd has a hole in the side covered with the skin of a spider.

Apropos of musical instruments and savagery may be here related a

ous incident that came under the notice of Mr. Moffat, while that gen-
ıan was sojourning in Africa. There had been a rebellion against the
hings of the missionaries, and the savages came down to the mission-
se to strip it. While the spoilers were engaged in their destructive
:ations, one of them strayed into the burying-ground attached to the
blishment, and stepping over what seemed a newly-made grave, his
thenish ears were struck by a peculiarly sweet and musical wailing
; without doubt proceeded from the tomb. Although a backslider
n Christian teaching, his conscience smote him with a force that made
ı gasp again. He stood motionless, gazing over his shoulder with mouth
eyes distended, hesitating whether to stand still and see the dead arise,
ich he had heard the missionaries preach about, or take to his heels.
a moment, however, he adopted the latter course, and darting off to the
ıp, with breathless amazement announced to Africaner (the chief) the
:tling discovery he had made of life and music in the grave. Fearless
the living as of the dead, the chief arose and ordered his men to follow
ı to the spot. One jumped and another jumped, and at each succeeding
p succeeding notes of music vibrated on the ear from beneath. Recourse
s at once had to exhumation, and the mysterious musician brought to
ht. It proved to be Mrs. Albrecht's pianoforte, which being too cum-
ıus to be taken in a hasty flight, had been buried in a soil where, from
› entire absence of moisture, it might but for this circumstance have
nained unscathed.

The Handja.

The Calumet, or Pipe of Peace.

CHAPTER V.

Man a smoking animal—Sacred origin of tobacco-smoking—Pipe-stone Quarry—Sacred pipe-stem—The pipe-stem carrier—Crying for war—The sacred pipe in full blast—Smoking for horses—A bottle of smoke—How the giants take their "weed"—A Damara smoking party—Preposterous snuffers—Sanguinary snuff-boxes.

THAT "all men are brothers" is in no way so forcibly shown as by the universality of tobacco smoking. No god, true or false, is so constantly worshipped as the "pernicious weed." Neither creed, nor colour, nor grade, has bearing on the question. The Emperor of France smokes, so probably does the Archbishop of Canterbury, and his holiness the Pope; so does the Hottentot and the cannibal Osheba of Central Africa, and the war-whooping warrior of the Black-feet nation. Each provides a sanctuary for his idol in shape of a box or a bag or a pouch, and each has his censer or pipe in which he makes burnt-offering; each derives from the act the same gratification, and, however much the fashion of the pipe and the quality of the tobacco may differ, of the six curling wreaths that float skyward, it would be impossible to distinguish that of the savage from that of the Emperor. As a smoker, the painted Blackfoot is the equal of the head of the politest nation in the world.

It would be hardly too much to assert that in the matter of tobacco-smoking, the Blackfoot, in common with the rest of his North American Indian brethren, may claim superiority to civilized folks, in as far as piety is preferable to pastime. Of the sacred origin of tobacco the Indian has no doubt, although scarcely two tribes exactly agree in the details of the way in which the invaluable boon was conferred on man. In substance, however, the legend is the same with all. Ages ago, at the time when spirits considered the world yet good enough for their occasional residence, a very great and powerful spirit lay down by the side of his fire to sleep in the

orest. While so lying, his arch enemy came that way and thought it would be a good chance for mischief; so gently approaching the sleeper, he rolled him over towards the fire, till his head rested among the glowing embers, and his hair was set ablaze. The roaring of the fire in his ears roused the good spirit, and, leaping to his feet, he rushed in a fright through the forest, and as he did so, the wind caught his singed hair as it blew off, and, carrying it away, sowed it broadcast over the earth, into which it sank and took root, and grew up tobacco.

If anything exceeds the savage's belief in tobacco, it is that which attaches to his pipe. In life it is his dearest companion, and in death is inseparable; for whatever else may be forgotten at his funeral obsequies, his pipe is laid in the grave with him to solace him on his journey to the "happy hunting ground." "The first pipe" is among the most sacred of their traditions; as well it may be, when it is sincerely believed that no other than the Great Spirit himself was the original smoker.

Many years ago the Great Spirit called all his people together, and standing on the precipice of the Red Pipe stone rock, he broke a piece from the wall, and kneading it in his hands, made a huge pipe, which he smoked over them, and to the north, south, east, and west. He told them that this stone was red, that it was their flesh, that of it they might make their pipes of peace; but it belonged equally to all; and the war-club and the scalping-knife must not be raised on this ground. And he smoked his pipe and talked to them till the last whiff, and then his head disappeared in a cloud; and immediately the whole surface of the rock for several miles was melted and glazed. Two great ovens were opened beneath, and two women (guardian-spirits of the place) entered them in a blaze of fire; and they are heard there yet, and answer to the invocations of the priests, or medicine men, who consult them on their visits to this sacred place.

The "sacred place" here mentioned, is the site of the world-renowned "Pipe Stone Quarry." From this place has the North American Indian ever obtained material for his pipe, and from no other spot. Catlin asserts that in every tribe he has visited (numbering about forty, and extending over thousands of miles of country) the pipes have all been made of this red pipe stone. Clarke, the great American traveller, relates that in his intercourse with many tribes who as yet had had but little intercourse with the whites, he learned that almost every adult had made the pilgrimage to the sacred rock and drawn from thence his pipe stone. So peculiar is

this "quarry," that Catlin has been at the pains to describe it very fully and graphically, and from his account the following is taken.

"The position of the Pipe Stone Quarry is in a direction nearly west from the Fall of St. Anthony, at a distance of three hundred miles, on the summit of the dividing ridge between the St. Peter and the Missouri rivers, being about equi-distance from either. This dividing ridge is denominated by the French the 'Côteau des Prairies;' and the 'Pipe Stone Quarry' is situated near its southern extremity, and consequently not exactly on its highest elevation, as its general course is north and south, and its southern extremity terminates in a gradual slope.

"Our approach to it was from the east, and the ascent, for the distance of fifty miles, over a continued succession of slopes and terraces, almost imperceptibly rising one above another, that seemed to lift us to a great height. There is not a tree or bush to be seen from the highest summit of the ridge, though the eye may range east and west, almost to a boundless extent, over a surface covered with a short grass, that is green at one's feet, and about him, but changing to blue in distance, like nothing but the blue and vastness of the ocean.

"On the very top of this mound or ridge we found the far-famed quarry or fountain of the Red Pipe, which is truly an anomaly in nature. The principal and most striking feature of this place is a perpendicular wall of close-grained compact quartz, of twenty-five and thirty feet in elevation, running nearly north and south, with its face to the west, exhibiting a front of nearly two miles in length, when it disappears at both ends, by running under the prairie, which becomes there a little more elevated, and probably covers it for many miles, both to the north and the south. The depression of the brow of the ridge at this place has been caused by the wash of a little stream, produced by several springs on the top, a little back from the wall, which has gradually carried away the super-incumbent earth, and having bared the wall for the distance of two miles, is now left to glide for some distance over a perfectly level surface of quartz rock; and then to leap from the top of the wall into a deep basin below, and thence seek its course to the Missouri, forming the extreme source of a noted and powerful tributary, called the 'Big Sioux.'

"At the base of this wall there is a level prairie, of half a mile in width, running parallel to it, in any, and in all parts of which, the Indians procure the red stone for their pipes, by digging through the soil and several

slatey layers of the red stone to the depth of four or five feet. From the very numerous marks of ancient and modern diggings or excavations, it would appear that this place has been for many centuries resorted to for the red stone; and from the great number of graves and remains of ancient fortifications in the vicinity, it would seem, as well as from their actual traditions, that the Indian tribes have long held this place in high superstitious estimation; and also that it has been the resort of different tribes, who have made their regular pilgrimages here to renew their pipes."

As far as may be gathered from the various and slightly conflicting accounts of Indian smoking observances, it would seem that to every tribe, or, if it be an extensive one, to every detachment of a tribe, belongs a potent instrument known as "medicine pipe-stem." It is nothing more than a tobacco-pipe, splendidly adorned with savage trappings, yet is it regarded as a sacred thing to be used only on the most solemn occasions, or in the transaction of such important business as among us could only be concluded by the sanction of a Cabinet Council, and affixing the royal signature. Of the scores of European travellers who have made the manners and customs of the North American Indians their study, one only seems to have had the good luck to scrape an intimacy with a "pipe-stem carrier," and the address to glean from the simple custodian full particulars of his precious charge. Mr. Paul Kane is the traveller in question, and from his interesting account the following is abbreviated.

The pipe-stem carrier is elected every four years by the band of the whole tribe to which he belongs, and is not allowed to retain the distinction beyond that period, all being eligible for the situation who have sufficient means to pay for it. But the expense is considerable, as the new officer elect has to pay his predecessor for the emblems of his dignity, which frequently are valued at from fifteen to twenty horses. Should he not possess sufficient means, his friends usually make up the deficiency; otherwise the office would, in many cases, be declined. It is, however, compulsory upon the person elected to serve, if he can pay. The official insignia of the pipe-stem carrier are numerous, consisting of a highly ornamental skin-tent in which he is always expected to reside, a bear's skin upon which the pipe-stem is to be exposed to view when any circumstance requires it to be taken out of its manifold coverings in which it is usually wrapped, such as a council of war, a medicine pipe-stem dance, or on a quarrel taking place in the tribe, to settle which the medicine-man opens it for the adverse parties to smoke out of—their superstitious lead-

ing them to fear a refusal of the reconciling ceremony, lest some calamity should be inflicted on them by the Great Spirit for their presumption;—a medicine rattle which is employed in their medicine dances, and a wooden bowl from which the dignitary always takes his food—this he always carries about his person, sometimes in his hand, and often on his head;—besides numerous small articles. It requires two horses to carry them when on the move. The pipe-stem itself is usually carried by the favourite wife of the official, and should it under any circumstances fall on the ground, it is regarded as a bad omen, and many ceremonies must be gone through to reinstate it. A young man, a half breed, assured me that he had once a pipe-stem committed to his charge by an official who had gone out on a hunting excursion, and that being well aware of the sanctity attributed to it by the Crees, he himself was determined to try the effect of throwing it down and kicking it about, and that shortly after this act of desecration, as it would be considered, the pipe-stem carrier was killed by the Black-feet. From that time he became a firm believer in the sanctity of the pipe-stem, and as may be supposed, told me this story as a great secret.

A pipe-stem carrier always sits on the right side of his lodge as you enter, and it is considered a great mark of disrespect to him if you pass between him and the fire which always occupies the centre of the lodge. He must not condescend to cut his own meat, but it is always cut for him by one of his own wives, of whom he usually has five or six, and placed in his medicine-bowl which, as before said, he has always with him. One of the greatest inconveniences attached to the office, particularly to an Indian, who has always innumerable parasitical insects infesting his person, is that the pipe-stem carrier dares not scratch his head without compromising his dignity, without the intervention of a stick which he always carries for that purpose. The pipe-stem enclosed in its wrappers always hangs in a large bag, when they can procure it, of party-colored woollen cloth, on the outside of the lodge, and is never taken inside, either by night or by day, nor allowed to be uncovered when any woman is present.

About a fortnight after my arrival, Kee-a-kee-ka-sa-coo-way (the man who gives the war-whoop) arrived at Fort Pitt with his sub-chief Muck-e-too Powder. Kee-a-kee-ka-sa-coo-way is the head chief of all the Crees, and was now travelling through all their camps to induce them to take up the tomahawk and follow him on a war excursion in the following spring. He had eleven medicine pipe-stems with him, ten of which be-

to inferior chiefs who had already consented to join in the expedi-
Being curious to witness the opening of these pipe-stems and see
emonial accompanying it, I travelled with him to the camp situated
miles from Fort Pitt. On our arrival the wrappers of the stems
moved and carried in procession, headed by the chief in person,
1 the camp. The procession halted in front of nearly every lodge,

Grand Pipe-stem.

he delivered a continuous harangue, the burden of which was to
hem to take up arms and avenge the death of the warriors who had
illed in former wars. During the whole of this address the tears
ied to stream down his face as if at his entire command. This the
s call crying for war. The weather was most intensely cold, not-
nding which, and his being half naked, so strongly was every
concentrated on the subject, that he appeared altogether insensible
severity, although the thermometer must have indicated at least
or forty degrees below zero. On the day following I endeavoured
ail on him to open the pipe-stems in order that I might sketch
f them; this he at first declined until he had been told that I was
medicine-man, and that my sketching them would very much in-
heir efficiency when opened on the field of battle. He thereupon

opened them with the following ceremonies. He first took a coal from the fire and sprinkled upon it the dried leaves of a plant collected on the Rocky Mountains, the smoke of which filled the place with fragrant odour resembling that of incense burned in Catholic churches; while this was burning he filled the bowls of these pipes with tobacco and some other weed; after which he took off all his clothes with the exception of the breechcloth. On my looking suspiciously at the clothes he had taken off, seeing they were rather old and filthy, he took notice of my doing so and remarked, that although he possessed better he was not allowed by the customs of his tribe to wear them, as he was then mourning the death of four of his relations who had been killed by the Blackfeet the year before. He then threw over his shoulders the skin of a wolf, highly ornamented after the Indian fashion, and immediately removed the wrappers of leather, etc., that covered one of the stems, and inserting it into one of the bowls he had previously filled with tobacco, commenced a song which I could not understand. On finishing he lighted the pipe and inhaled a mouthful of smoke, then turning his face upwards and pointing in the same direction with the stem, he blew upwards a long stream of smoke and called on the Great Spirit to give them success in war, to enable them to take many scalps, and set their enemies asleep whilst they carried off their horses; that their own wives might continue virtuous and never grow old. He then turned the stem to the earth, after blowing out another puff of smoke, and begged of the earth to produce abundance of buffalo and roots for the coming season. He then pointed the stem towards me and requested that if I possessed any influence with the Great Spirit, I would intercede with him for the supply of all their wants. A half-breed woman happening to look into the lodge at this moment, the ceremony was instantly suspended, and she as instantly shrunk back, a woman never being allowed to be present when the medicine pipe-stem is exposed to view.

After some little prolonged ceremony, consisting principally of all present smoking from each stem as it was opened, he permitted me to sketch them, but never left the lodge until I had finished, and he had carefully recovered and removed them. He told me he had been on this war mission to nearly every camp in his tribe, and intended to visit the whole of them; the distance he would have to travel in snow-shoes to accomplish this would not be less than six or seven hundred miles. It is the custom of the Indians after such a call to assemble at a place appointed

n the Saskatchawan River, where they continue feasting and dancing hree days previously to their starting for the enemy's country. Here all heir pipe-stems and medicine dresses are exhibited, and they decorate hemselves with all the finery they can command, in which they continue heir advance until they reach the enemy. But no sooner are they in iew than their ornaments and their whole clothing are hastily thrown side, and they fight naked.

It is related on good authority, that in former times there existed between wo tribes of North American Indians—the Sacs and Foxes—a singular ustom into which tobacco-smoking entered conspicuously, and which was nown as "smoking for horses."

"When a party of the Sac tribe goes on a war excursion, and some of hem are not provided with horses, they can obtain them from another illage only on the condition of going through a humiliating ceremony, which they term "smoking horses." Supposing a party on the eve of leparture should find themselves minus a score of horses, then information s sent to one of the villages on the day before they are required, that twenty young men will be there on the following day, for so many horses, and they must not fail to have them ready. On the next day the men make their appearance, and, sitting down in a circle, commence smoking. Soon after, twenty young men on horses ride up to the spot where the beggars are sitting. They at first describe a circle around the petitioners, and gradually come nearer and nearer in to them. When at last they arrive close up to them, each rider chooses his own man, to whom he intends to make a present of his horse: in his hand he carries a heavy whip, with which he gives tremendous cuts over the naked shoulders of his man. After severely punishing him in this manner, and the blood begins to flow pretty freely, he dismounts from his horse, and leading him to the beggar, he presents him with it, saying at the same time: "Here, you are a beggar; I give you a horse, but you will carry my mark on your back.' In this manner the whole circle is 'polished off,' and each man has a horse to ride to battle. Considering the proud and haughty character of the North American Indian, there is little doubt that his necessity must be very great before he will humiliate himself in this manner, and bear for life the scars and stripes of his benefactor's generosity! while, on the other hand, it can readily be understood how an Indian will sacrifice his horse for the sake of boasting his liberality, in his dances, and other occasions when his oratory is brought into play! This

is, perhaps, a severe check upon pauperism amongst the American Indians, for of all savages he is the most unlikely to fawn and humble himself for a trifle, not even to ask for it. His stoicism is wonderful;—he would rather steal it!

Mr. H. S. Melville, whose pencil adorns these pages, and who in the capacity of draftsman was attached to the exploring expedition of H.M.S. Fly, tells me of an odd sort of pipe in use among the natives of Torres' Straits, and which, if it were somewhat less nasty, might recommend itself to the habitual smoker on the score of economy. Let the reader imagine an hollow tube of reed or some such light material, about sixteen inches long, and full an inch wide in the "bore." In one end of the tube there is a plug, and on its surface, about two inches from the end, there is a small hole; into this fits the tobacco bowl, which is funnel-shaped. The smoker fills the bowl with tobacco in the midst of a select circle of friends, one of whom applies a light, and the man at the other end projecting his great lips snout-wise, buries them in the opening, and pulls away. He does not, however, draw the smoke into his mouth—at least he is not supposed to do so, and would be considered a greedy person and a cheat if he was caught at it—neither does he allow but the smallest possible quantity of fume to escape from the pipe bowl: he quietly and gently sucks at the end of the monster pipe-stem till the tobacco is consumed and the stem is full of smoke, when the bowl is taken out, and the hole pegged up. Then the eager company prepare, literally, to drink up their bottle of smoke. By virtue of his office as distiller, the first man, withdrawing the spigot where the bowl was, takes a long and delicious suck, gulping the smoke with a relish. When he has imbibed as much as he can well hold, his neighbour seizes the vessel, and taking just as hearty a swig, passes it on till all have had their share.

Smoking parties find favour in several other savage regions besides that visited by Mr. Melville. In Patagonia, for instance, Captain Bourne found tobacco in "full blow," but after such an extraordinary fashion that considerable doubt was left on his mind whether it was simply a pastime or a religious ceremony.

"A group of a dozen or more assemble—sometimes in a wigwam, sometimes in the open air. A vessel made of a piece of hide bent into a saucer-shape while green, and afterwards hardened, or sometimes an ox-horn filled with water, is set on the ground. A stone pipe is filled with the scrapings of a wood resembling yellow ebony, mixed with finely cut

bacco. The company then lay themselves in a circle flat on their faces, heir mantles drawn up to the tops of their heads. The pipe is lighted.)ne takes it into his mouth, and inhales as much smoke as he can swallow; he others take it in succession, till all have become satisfied. By the time the second smoker is fully charged, the first begins a series of groanings and gruntings, with a slight trembling of the head, the smoke slowly oozing out at the nostrils. The groaning soon becomes general, and waxes louder till it swells into a hideous howling enough to frighten man or beast. The noise gradually dies away. They remain a short time in profound silence, and each imbibes a draught of water. Then succeeds another interval of silence, observed with the most profound and devotional gravity. All at length arise, and slowly disperse. Now this may or may not have been a form of worship, but the circumstances attending it, the numbers uniformly engaged in it, the formality with which it was invariably conducted, the solemnity of visage, the reverential grimace, the prostration, the silence, the trembling—these, and traits of expression which are more easily discerned and remembered than described, gave me a decided impression that the whole had a superstitious meaning. The natural operation of the tobacco, and of the substance mixed with it, might explain part of the symptoms—the writhing and groaning—but these appeared to be a good deal in excess, and there were other features of the case which appeared to require another solution."

"A quiet pipe" would seem to be equally unappreciated among the chief of the savage tribes inhabiting South Africa; indeed, if the natives of Damara Land may be taken as a fair sample of South African smokers, the custom there may be said to take the maddest and most fanatical form it is possible to conceive, and one that more nearly than anythinge lse approaches—shall the humiliating thing be said?—the deliberate drinking-bouts common to "young bucks" and even elderly gentlemen of a quadrupedal turn, in civilized England in the past century.

"A small quantity of water is put into a large horn—usually of a koodo —three or four feet long. A short clay pipe, filled either with tobacco or 'dacka,' is then introduced, and fixed vertically into the side near the extremity of the narrow end, communicating with the interior by means of a small aperture. This being done, the party present place themselves in a circle, observing deep silence; and, with open mouth, and eyes glistening with delight, they anxiously abide their turn. The chief man has usually the honour of enjoying the first pull of the pipe. From the

moment that the orifice of the horn is applied to his lips he seems to all consciousness of everything around him, and becomes entirely abs in the enjoyment. As little or no smoke escapes from his mouth effect is soon sufficiently apparent. His features become contorted eyes glassy and vacant, his mouth covered with froth, his whole convulsed, and in a few seconds he is prostrate on the ground. A water is then thrown over his body, proceeding not unfrequently fro mouth of a friend; his hair is violently pulled, or his head unce

Damara Smoking Party.

niously thumped with the hand. These somewhat disagreeable ap tions usually have the effect of restoring him to himself in a few mi Cases, however, have been known where people have died on the from over-charging their stomachs with the poisonous fumes."

Mr. Anderson, of Lake Ngami celebrity, and from whom the description is borrowed, informs us how the Bechuanas—another African tribe—manufacture snuff, of which they are as passionately *as are their* Damara cousins of smoking.

"A piece of tobacco being presented to a man, two stones are forthwith procured, between which the weed is carefully ground, and when of sufficient fineness a quantity of wood-ash is added, which, to their nostrils, constitutes the very perfection of snuff. When the amalgamation of the ingredients is perfected, every one present presses eagerly forward to have a pinch. Each fills the palm of his hand with the mixture, and scoops it into the nose with a peculiarly-shaped iron or ivory spoon, hung round the neck, drawing every grain leisurely up into the nostrils in such abundance as to force big tears into their eyes, thus proving the extent of their enjoyment. . . . Their greasy fingers constitute their handkerchiefs on such occasions, and their faces, after one of these 'snuff-floods,' may not inaptly be likened to a furrowed field. Their snuff-boxes are either the kernel of the palm-nut hollowed out, or a diminutive gourd, and are suspended round the neck, though sometimes they are secured to the arm above the elbow." Unless the snuff is of a pungent nature they will not partake of it; so that it seems the whole enjoyment is the acrimonious effect it has on their nostrils—the stronger it is the better! It may, however, have, unknown to them, medicinal qualities, and be of some service to savages, who have so few medicines in use among them.

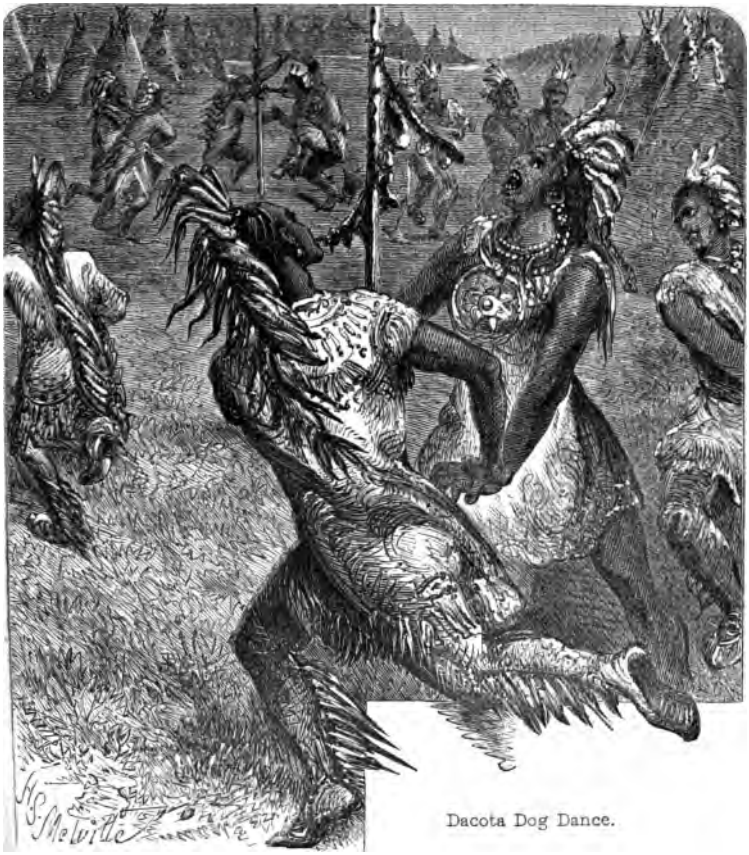
The Caffre is a very remarkable "snuffer," and he has a most ingenious way of carrying his snuff-box. He has no pocket to put it in—indeed it is doubtful if he had whether he would trust so precious a commodity so far from his sight—but he keeps his snuff-box in his ear: not in the cavity, as perhaps it is needless to explain, but inserted in a slit made in the lobe, and which, pulled open, grasps the box as an india-rubber band fixes a bundle of letters. In his other ear, which is likewise slit, he carries a snuff-spoon and a snuff-brush—the first to feed his nose, and the second to brush up the feeding-place, and make all clean and tidy. His snuff-box, however, is made neither of wood, bone, nor iron, but of blood, and is described as follows by Fleming, the African traveller, who has handled a blood snuff-box many a time, and in all probability consumed many a "pinch" therefrom.

"One of their most ingenious methods of making snuff-boxes is from blood. These they call in their language Iquakia. When preparing the skins of animals for karosses, the process of tanning or 'braeing' them, as it is called, is performed by stretching the skin, or hide, tightly on the ground, and pegging it around the edges; they afterwards with the sharp edge of an assegai, go carefully over the surface, scraping away all the

particles of skin or meat that may remain attached to it. These they mix with some of the blood of the animal, and pound into a thick paste, adding a little finely-powdered red clay. Having worked this into proper consistency, they next proceed to form with their fingers in clay, the model of some animal, generally an ox or a sheep; and having moulded this to the size they wish their snuff-box to be, and satisfied themselves as to the symmetry and resemblance of their quadruped to nature, they next place it in the sun until it is baked perfectly hard. They then smear the paste which they have prepared over the surface of this model, and while it is

Group of Pipes.

soft they go over it with the point of a needle, raising small portions of it in imitation of the hair or wool of the animal, as the case may be. They then place it in the sun for two or three days, until it is again hard. When this has been attained, they cut a hole in the forehead of the mimic animal about the size of a bullet, and with the point of a long kaross-needle, or a pointed piece of bone, they pick out through this cavity the baked clay on which the blood has been formed. This being finished, and a grotesquely carved cork fitted into the hole, their snuff-box is completed. They fasten their snuff-spoon and brush together with a small chain or thong of leather round the neck of the animal, and then suspending it by means of the latter to their girdles, and keeping it well supplied with snuff, they have frequent recourse to it, and by means of the appendages already described they supply, irritate, and finally cleanse their noses at their pleasure."



Dacota Dog Dance.

CHAPTER VI.

Jumping for joy—North American Indian dances—The dog dance—Scalp dance—Snow dance—Maize dance—Poor dance—Slave dance—Calumet dance—Sun dance—Australian Kuri dance—Costume of the dancers—Performance of the "koonteroo" man—Another corroberry—The snake dance—Maugut—Dayak head dance—Sword dance—A Hassanyeh belle—Her reward—A ball among the Ottoes—Rio negro dances—A Bushman masked ball.

STRICTLY speaking, dancing can scarcely be called a "pastime," inasmuch as the term implies an invention, —a concocted means of whiling away time in a pleasant way; whereas, and as must be well known to everybody, deliberation and arrangement are no more essential to dancing than to laughter. In the abstract, *dancing is a voluntary exercise of the muscles,*

—an unpremeditated jumping for joy in fact, and was in all probability performed by Adam on his first discovering his lovely companion Eve, and with as much, at least, of natural grace as is exhibited at the most fashionable assembly of modern dancers. Dancing may be said to be the consequence of joyous emotion and none other, which cannot be said of either of the remaining visible emotional tokens, for one may cry with joy, and laugh with bitter spite, he may yell in an excess of pleasure, and he may sing because his heart is so low and so full of melancholy, but no man was ever yet known to dance because of his sorry mood—to cut a caper in mitigation of a heavy grief.

I of course speak of dancing in its fundamental sense, as a natural jumping for joy, which, by-the-bye, is a view I had better withdraw from, unless I would make out—as truth would compel me—that when on the receipt of unexpected and good news I cut a double-shuffle in my private chamber, I am, for the time, as much a "child of nature" as the young Fan who performs the same saltatory feat on discovering that there is roast boy for dinner.

Let us consider modern dances as performed in savage lands, taking the North American savage first, inasmuch as he is among the most respectable; and again, if we would speak of him as a being of the present and not of the past, no time should be lost in discussing him. Besides jumping, or in other words dancing for joy, he dances for almost everything—when he hungers for meat, and when he is full of it—when he can't find his enemy, and after he has found him—when he repines at the dearth of scalps, and when he is the proud possessor of half-a-dozen of them; at christenings, at burials, at weddings, and at births—for war, for peace, for vengeance, for gratitude—the North American Indian dances. Our space will not permit a lengthy account of the dances of every tribe; the chief ones, however, and those observed at the most important ceremonies, have been collected from such credible travellers as Catlin and Domenech and Kohl, and are here set before the reader.

First, then, as regards the dance pictured on the preceding page, and chiefly favoured by the Dacota Indians. It is generally performed in honour of some great stranger's visit (a chief of white men mostly); it therefore seldom takes place, which is really no pity: a more odious sight it would be difficult to behold, and must give strangers who are present at it a very singular and poor opinion of the manners of the desert. The *visitors* are led in procession to the public place of the village, the scene

of this dance (which is even more cruel than savage), and there they are seated on buffalo skins spread on the ground. Two dogs are then brought forward, and their throats barbarously cut under the stranger's eye; the hearts and livers of the poor beasts are then torn out and converted into long thin banners, and the flesh, still warm and bleeding, is twisted round two lances stuck in the earth near each other. The dance then begins, executed by the principal warriors, who all sing together and as loud as they can the different exploits that have rendered them celebrated in the solitudes of the New World. They dance two by two, and hand in hand, sing, scream, and jump in tune, turning round the lances without breaking the ring, endeavouring to seize with their teeth a bit of heart or liver, which they immediately swallow; and this goes on as long as a shred of flesh remains on the lances. He who seizes the last bit does not swallow it, but takes it between his teeth to the medicine man (who acts as the orchestra, by beating time on the solitary drum), who in his turn swallows the morsel thus presented to him without touching it with his hands. Some of the northern tribes are as fond of this dance as the Dacotas. Some colonies only sacrifice one dog, others two, but all attach great importance to the bits of flesh held out as baits for the more dexterous. Dog's liver, as a favourite mess, is even more esteemed than the wild ox's hump; it is supposed that with their flesh are obtained the strength and courage of these noble animals. It is a remarkable circumstance, says Domenech, that in all these entertainments the active part belongs exclusively to the young men. The medicine-man conducts the dance by singing or playing on a percussion instrument. As to the old men, they are mere spectators, their age and dignity forbidding them to take an active part in such scenes. It is also wonderful how easily the Red Skins throw off their wonted gravity to show forth in public all the appearances of grotesque folly. It is this strange contradiction that has given rise to the diverse judgments that have been formed of their character, tastes, and moral tendencies; and yet all this can be very well accounted for. The Indians are the children of nature, and as such, changeable; they have their calm and their stormy days. Of a nervous and impressionable organization, they give way indolently to all the variations of atmosphere and circumstance, without attempting, as more civilized beings do, to wear a happy mask with a sad heart, or to disguise joy with a face of woe. Accustomed to live from hand to mouth, they give themselves entirely up to the impulse of the moment, and enjoy pleasure whenever offered. It is thus

that they pass suddenly from the most perfect stoicism to the eccentric gambols of a buffoon.

The scalp dance is one practised by every Indian, whose delight it is to possess himself of his enemy's "crowning glory;" or in other words, it is a performance favoured by every Red man of warlike propensities. The details of this dance are too terrible for discussion, and it will be enough to say that it signalises the return of a war expedition, and is also performed to consecrate the heads of hair taken from the enemy; it is a public rejoicing, which begins at night by torchlight, and in the presence of the young women of the tribe. Not only does the festival take place on the night of the warriors' return with their bloody trophies, but it is renewed every night for a week, sometimes even for a fortnight. The rejoicings are thus kept up to perpetuate more surely the memory of the exploits they are destined to honour. The men, as in most dances, are almost naked; they hold in their hands their arms both offensive and defensive, which they brandish with great energy, jumping, bounding, making faces and contortions, and uttering the most horrid shrieks. The young women are in the middle of the ring formed by the dancers, and hold up to view on long-handled rackets the heads of hair brought home by the victors. All round, the pantomime of this dance represents the struggle produced by scalping. It is an odious sight to behold, and completely reveals the savage instincts of these warriors, who all sing together the victory just obtained.

The first fall of snow is recognized by a solemnity, called the snow-shoe dance, which is almost a religious ceremony instituted to return thanks to the Great Spirit for the coming of a season so propitious for killing game. All the warriors take part in it, dressed in fur drawers and furnished with their hunting materials, as in all other entertainments. This dance takes place on the village public ground. Three lances stuck in the earth are surmounted with snow-shoes and eagles' feathers. Here the performers are comparatively sparing of cries and contortions. The Indians seldom put on winter clothes before the performance of this ceremony. To do otherwise would be considered effeminate. Besides the religious feeling there is also an agricultural notion of this inauguration of the snow season. The Red Skins know as well as we do that the great white cloak with which nature envelops the soil warms and revives in the bosom of the earth the grain therein planted by them. It is therefore an occasion to render thanks to the Great Spirit for the productions that this

regular return of the season promises—productions as almost indispensable to them as is game, which furnishes them with meat and clothing.

Like the civilized people who cultivate the earth, the Indians pray for good harvests; and when a propitious one has given them abundant crops, they indulge in hymns of thanksgiving to the Great Spirit, and rejoicing: that lasts several days, in which dancing plays as usual a great part. But of all the dances performed, the most curious, without exception, is the green turkey corn or maize dance.

As soon as the first ears of maize begin to ripen in the fields the medicine-man sends women every day to gather a few, which they bring back with respectful care to those who alone have a right to touch them and strip off the first leaves. When it becomes evident that the ears have attained a certain degree of maturity and promise a tolerable crop, criers and messengers are sent round to all the habitations to announce that the Great Spirit has been kind to the population of the tribe, all of whom must assemble the next morning at sunrise to offer thanksgiving for this great bounty. The next day at the appointed hour the tribe assembles in the midst of the largest village, where is hung, over a furnace lighted for the purpose, a large boiler full of ears of green maize, which a medicine-man boils in water. The supports of the boiler are four sticks of about ten feet high, which at the top form a junction, to which the boiler is hung by a strong leather strap. Twelve ears of maize form the ornaments of their supports, round which are ranged twelve wooden bowls. Four medicine-men, almost naked, their bodies painted white, and representing the four seasons, dance and gesticulate in the middle of the circle, singing at the same time hymns of gratitude to the Great Spirit, for whom the maize that is boiling is destined. In one hand they hold a reed of the corn, and in the other a racket, with which they beat time on the edge of the boiler. The principal warriors, also painted white, dance round the medicine-men, singing, like them, hymns of thanksgiving, and holding also maize reeds.

Among the Jemery, where, as in the tribes of North America, the green maize dance is in favour, the costume worn for this solemnity is very simple. The dancers are almost naked, and painted from head to foot. They wear necklaces and bracelets of red piment berries, and hold in their hand dry gourd bottles full of little pebbles, which they shake in time to the music.

One of the most interesting of Indian dances is that known as the

"poor" dance, its object being to move the spectators to pity and charity in favour of the unfortunate members of the tribe, or of the women and children whom war has rendered widows and orphans, and old people, etc. The dancers are generally the richest and most independent young men of the village. At the noise of the orchestra (composed of but one drum, which a medicine-man beats with the whole strength of his wrists), they advance half naked, having no clothing but a belt of crow's feathers. Some hold their lances and their pipes, others rackets and knives or tomahawks, which they brandish and flourish in the air, no doubt as allusions to the crimes, fatal resolutions, and ideas of vengeance that poverty too often engenders. They utter at the same time loud shrieks, and turn up their eyes to heaven, praying the Great Spirit to soften the hearts of all present in compassion for the poor. At the end of this ceremony, less ridiculous than affecting, a medicine-man goes round to gather whatever the spectators are willing to bestow, which is immediately distributed among the poor present. Joy is then depicted in every countenance. Those who give are enchanted with the happiness of those who receive. One cannot but agree with good Abbé Domenech, who says, it is the dawn of a feeling of benevolence—a pious sentiment which the knowledge of the Gospel would fructify with success.

Besides the above performance in aid of poverty, there is another known as the beggars'-dance, which excites feelings of less sympathy than the poor-dance. It is the representation of misery in its most repulsive details; but the Indians understand it, and answer its call by giving to some, pipes, to others, tobacco, knives, or axes, or tools necessary for building wigwams; they also give skins, covering, and clothing. This dance belongs almost exclusively to the northern tribes, and is executed by the beggars themselves, in the large square of the village, or in front of the inhabitants. The dancers make innumerable contortions and grimaces in the form of supplications, exactly as our maimed or amputated expose their stumps in our public places.

There are slaves among the Indians; but slavery is here voluntary, and of short duration. It has already been observed that the Indian men do no kind of work; when in their villages, they leave to the women, not only all the household cares, but even the hardest labours, but when on expeditions of either war or hunting, they are obliged to do everything for themselves—to light their fires, cook their victuals, mend their clothes, etc. The consequence is, that in some tribes young men of the richest

families contract to be slaves for two years, so as at the expiration of this term to be free for life from performing any servile or humiliating office. During these two years of voluntary slavery their taskmasters often try their feelings severely; but they never complain, for at the cost of this sacrifice they buy a whole life of unlimited liberty, and with this consolation before them they support all in silence and with the most perfect resignation. The only enjoyment allowed them during the term of their probation, and of which they do not fail to avail themselves, is once in the year a grand entertainment, instituted to keep alive their instinct of nobility. There the slave draws himself up, remembering that the Great Spirit has created him one of the kings of the creation. They then perform with all the spirit of youth the dance called the slave dance. Those who are bound for another year, here gather courage to bear up to the end in the task they have undertaken. Those whose time of two years (the legal term that it is forbidden to go beyond) is up, here turn from the past to forget it, and no one ever dreams of avenging the pains and insults inflicted on the slave. In this solemnity are combined so many sentiments, that it marks an event in the young men's lives, as in that of their families, and even of their tribe.

The Assinniboins have a peculiar way of performing the calumet-dance of peace, not only bounding and jumping while holding by the hand either their new ally or a member of their own tribe, but performing a very curious gymnastic exercise on the village public place. They light a great fire, near which a juggler or medicine-man with an old man takes his seat, the former singing and smoking the red pipe, ornamented with eagle's feathers, the other beating time on the drum, and all the young men of the tribe lying in the circle round the musicians. On a given signal, one of them jumps up and executes numberless eccentric zigzags, and springs into the interior of the circle, dancing on one foot, singing, passing before the two seated men making wry faces at them, threatening them with his clenched fists, then suddenly catching hold of one of the group by the arm, forces him to rise and dance and caper with him, imitating all his tricks. He in turn drags another into action, and so on till the whole of the performers dance together. This dance lasts an hour, sometimes more, and all the time dancers and lookers-on utter the most deafening shrieks.

The next of the North American Indian dances to be here enumerated, and by no means the least important or interesting, is the dance in

honour of the sun, and which is widely spread amongst the savage tribes towards the west of the rocky mountains in New Mexico, and among the Tomanches, as is also the dance in honour of Hackal the giant and lieutenant of the Great Spirit, who is in great veneration among the Dacotas. The sun is a divinity for the majority of Red Skins, some of whom consider it as the Great Spirit himself, others as his residence, but all agree in bowing before its omnipotence. The Dacotas, to render it propitious, consecrate several days in the year to festivals in its honour, which, in their details, present some analogy to the green maize ceremony.

A little after sunrise the most pious young men of the tribe, or those most inured to bodily pain, assemble in a wigwam round one or several kettles full of boiling meat on a great fire. The dancing is as usual led by one or several medicine-men, who sing or beat the drum; the drum among Indians being almost a sacred instrument, which is only used in public ceremonies. The dancers have for all raiment a belt made of the bark of birch tree; on their heads they wear a kind of mitre, also made of the bark of birch tree, the two points of which are supposed to represent the beams of the sun. They sing and dance altogether round the fire, and as they approach draw bits of meat out of the boilers, which they devour without uttering a cry or manifesting any sign of suffering if they burn their fingers. But what is still more extraordinary, when all the meat is thus consumed, they throw the scalding broth over their shoulders, shouting all the time in every possible tone, "Oh, how cool the water is! what soft sweet dew!" The poor creatures thus sprinkle themselves with greasy boiling water, convinced that the Great Spirit cannot allow them to be scalded in a ceremony instituted in his honour.

Skipping from North America to North Australia, we find a party of scrub natives engaged in a wonderful performance called a "Kuri" dance. It is very peculiar, and altogether inexplicable; and lucky it is that we find a countryman—Mr. F. Angas—on the ground, to whom "Kuri" is no novelty, and who is good enough to volunteer a graphic explanation.

"Of the many corroberries played in the vicinity of Adelaide, when the annual meeting of the different tribes takes place, not one in point of uniqueness and dramatic effect equals the Kuri dance. But here, as with everything else connected with the Aborigines, there seems to be a great deficiency of order and system for the play of the Kuri, when all its movements can be lengthened, shortened, or diversified according to the

caprice of the players themselves, so that no general rules can be given either respecting its *duration* or its *movements;* out of four or five times that the Kuri was performed, each different from the other in many respects, therefore the description of the one must suffice as an example of the whole.

"But first the *dramatis personæ* must be introduced and particularly described. The performers were divided into five distinct classes, the greater body comprising about twenty-five young men, including five or six boys, painted and decorated as follows:—In nudity except the *yoodna*, which is made expressly for the occasion, with bunches of gum leaves tied round the legs just above the knee, which, as they stamped about, made a loud switching noise. In their hands they held a *katta* or *wirri*, and some a few gum leaves. The former were held at arm's length and struck alternately with their legs as they stamped. They were painted from each shoulder down to the hips with five or six white stripes rising from the breast; their faces also were painted with white perpendicular lines, making the most hideous appearance. These were the dancers. Next came two groups of women, about five or six in number, standing on the right and left of the dancers, merely taking the part of supernumeraries. They were not painted, but had leaves in their hands, which they shook, and kept beating time with their feet during the whole performance, but never moved from the spot where they stood. Next followed two remarkable characters, painted and decorated like the dancers, but with the addition of the *palyertatta*, a singular ornament made of two pieces of stick put cross-wise, and bound together by the *mangna* in a spreading manner, having at the extremities feathers opened so as to set it off to the best advantage. One had the *palyertatta* stuck sideways upon his head, while the other, in the most wizard-like manner, kept waving it to and fro before him, corresponding with the action of his head and legs. Then followed a performer distinguished by a long spear, from the top of which a bunch of feathers hung suspended, and all down the spear the *mangna* was wound. He held the *koonteroo* (spear and feathers) with both hands behind his back, but occasionally altered the position, and waved it to the right and left over the dancers. And last came the singers—two elderly men in their usual habiliments. Their musical instruments were the *katta* and *wirri*, on which they managed to beat a double note: their song was one unvaried gabbling tone.

"The night was mild; the new moon shone with a faint light, casting a

depth of shade over the earth, which gave a sombre appearance to the surrounding scene, that highly conduced to enhance the effect of the approaching play. In the distance a black mass could be discerned under the gum trees, whence occasionally a shout and a burst of flame arose. These were the performers dressing for the dance, and no one approached them while thus occupied.

"Two men closely wrapped in their opossum skins noiselessly approached one of the *wurlies*, where the Kuri was to be performed, and commenced clearing a space for the singers. This done, they went back to the singers, but soon after returned, sat down and began a peculiarly harsh and monotonous tune, keeping time with a *katta* and a *wirri* by rattling them together. All the natives of the different wurlies flocked round the singers, and sat down in the form of a horse-shoe, two or three rows deep. By this time the dancers had moved in a compact body to within a short distance of the spectators. After standing for a few minutes in perfect silence, they answered the singers by a singular deep shout, simultaneously. Twice this was done, and then the man with the *koonteroo* stepped out, his body leaning forward, and commenced with a regular stamp; the two men with the *palyertattas* followed, stamping with great regularity, the rest joining in a regular and alternate stamp. The waving of the *palyertatta* to and fro, with a loud switching noise of the gum leaves, formed a scene highly characteristic of the Australian natives. In this style they approached the singers, the spectators every now and then shouting forth their applause. Then one by one they turned round and danced their way back to the place they first started from, and sat down. The *palyertatta* and *koonteroo* men were the last who left, and as these three singular beings stamped their way to the other dancers, they made a very odd appearance. The singing continued for a short time, and then pipes were lighted, shouts of applause ensued, and boisterous conversation followed. After resting about ten minutes the singers commenced again; and soon after the dancers huddled together, and responded to the call by the peculiar shout already mentioned, and then performed the same part over again, with this variation, that the *palyertatta* men brought up the rear instead of leading the way. Four separate times these parts of the play were performed with the usual effect. Others followed, the concluding one as follows:—After tramping up to the singers, the man with the *koonteroo* commenced a part which called forth unbounded applause, with his head and body inclined on one side, his spear and feathers behind his

back. Standing on the left leg he beat time with the right foot, twitching his body, and stamping with the greatest precision. He remained a few minutes in this position, and then suddenly turned round, stood on his right leg, and did the same over with his left foot. In the meanwhile, the two men with the mystic *palyertatta* kept waving their instruments to and fro, corresponding with the motion of their heads and legs; and the silent trampers performed their part equally well. The *koonteroo* man now suddenly stopped, and planting his spear in the ground, stood in a stooping position behind it. Two dancers stepped up, went through the same manœuvre as the preceding party with wonderful regularity, and then gave a final stamp, turned round and grasped the spear in a stooping position, and so on with all the rest until every dancer was brought to the spear, thus forming a circular body. The *palyertatta* men now performed the same movement on each side of this body, accompanied with the perpetual motion of head, leg, and arm, and then went round and round; and finally gave an emphatic stamp, thrust in their arm, and grasped the spear. At the same time all sank on their knees and began to move away in a mass from the singers with a sort of grunting noise, while their bodies heaved and tossed to and fro. When they had got about ten or twelve yards, they ceased, and giving one long semi-grunt or groan (after the manner of the red kangaroo, as they say) dispersed. During the whole performance the singing went on in one continued strain; and after the last act of the performers, the rattling accompaniment of the singing ceased, the strain died gradually away, and shouts and acclamations rent the air."

The "Kuri" is not the only "corroberry," or dance, practised by the aboriginals of Australia. Here, for instance, is one of a widely different character, as witnessed by Mundy, the Australian traveller. A convenient piece of flat land is selected, and thereon is made a huge bonfire of dead wood and green boughs. It is the men only who dance; the women, or "gins," squat on the ground a short distance off, each with a strip of skin stretched over her knees and held beneath her feet, while with a short stick she beats upon it drum-wise, at the same time monotonously screaming a war-song. Gradually the bonfire burns higher, and the skins are beat brisker and the screaming becomes shriller, till the men, who hitherto have sat apart and as though they intended to take no part in the display, leap suddenly to their feet, and joining hands make a great ring round the bonfire.

Every man is armed with a spear, or a club, or a boomerang and a shield, and now that the glare of the fire falls on them, you can see that while they would have but scanty evidence to show as rebutting a charge of nakedness, a sort of skeleton pattern is drawn on every black frame by dotting the position of the ribs and spine with a white pigment; from their hips to their heels broad white lines adorned their legs.

After a turn round in a circle, the party divides, brandishes its swords and boomerangs and spears, and each commences to abuse the other and dare him to combat. Then seemingly they fall on each other tooth and nail, until one party yielding retreats to the nearest clump of trees, while the other party pursues with most appalling whoops and yells. To these are presently added terrible shrieks and groans, significant of the butchery that is being perpetrated on the overtaken. Presently, however, the row subsides, and the belligerents are seen returning in a body and chatting together in the most friendly manner.

Again the ring is formed, and the women beat the skin on their knees to slower time. One dancer steps out from the rest, and volunteers a *pas seul*. He places his hands on his knees and commences to move his legs, at the same time regarding them with an anxiety that leads one to suspect that their owner has not implicit confidence in them. He does not exert himself overmuch, but by a peculiar series of steps communicates to his legs from the thigh downwards a peculiar quivering movement, which seems to convert the white stripes on them into writhing snakes. The effect is magical. Coming suddenly on the view you would have no doubt that the man's legs were encircled by half a dozen slim white serpents, and to complete the delusion, a most snake-like hissing proceeds apparently from the reptiles, but in reality from the dancer's own lips.

Warmed by the applause of the spectators, and, though not quite up to the snake trick, determined on essaying something in the same line, the whole of the dancers presently begin to fidget and skip and cry and squeak, and you see before you a really excellent imitation of a company of dingos and emues and kangaroos, running, hopping, dodging, yelping; and so the fantastic scene continues till either the breath of the performers is spent, or the spectators grow weary.

There is reason to believe that at the time when the Bushmen had the land to themselves, or at least so far that they were justified in regarding the whites as impudent intruders, the corroberry was one of the few war ceremonies observed among them, and practised in much

the same way as the war dance among the New Zealanders. Now, however, the native Australian's occupation as a man of war is at an end, and so deplorably has he become reduced in spirit as to consent, fair occasion permitting, to exhibit for a gift of rum or tobacco, and for the edification of a company of his pale-faced enemies, the savage rite that used to nerve his arm and stir his spirit for battle.

With the hissing of the Australian snake dancers still in our ears, presto! and we are in Borneo, and in company with Mr. Keppel, who is the esteemed friend of Rajah Brooke—a worthy Englishman, and the terror of Dayak pirates and all other head-hunting and lawless savages infesting his dominion. Apropos of head-hunting (of which much that

Dayak Head Dance.

is curious remains to be told), we will call on Mr. Keppel for a description of a Dayak dance, in which the decapitated human cranium forms one of the most prominent features.

"We were fortunate in visiting these Dayaks during one of their grand festivals (called Maugut), and in the evening dancing, singing, and drink-

ing were going on in various parts of the village. In one house was a grand fête, in which the women danced with the men. The d of the women were simple and curious; a light jacket open in front short petticoat not coming below the knees, fitting close, was hung with jingling bits of brass, which kept making music wherever went. The movement was like all other native dances,—gracefu monotonous. There were four men, two of them bearing human s and two the fresh heads of pigs; the women bore waxlights, or j rice on brass dishes. They danced in line, moving backwards ar wards, and carrying the heads and dishes in both hands; the gr part was the manner in which they half-turned the body to the rigl left, looking over their shoulders and holding the heads in the op direction, as if they were in momentary expectation of some one c up behind to snatch the nasty relic from them. At times the v knelt down in a group, with the men leaning over them. After a music was not the only thing wanting to make one imagine one's the opera. The necklaces of the women were chiefly of teeth,—bea most common, human the most prized.

"In an interior house, at one end, were collected the relics of the these consisted of several round-looking stones, two deer heads, and inferior trumpery. The stones are supposed to turn black if the tr to be beaten in war, and red if to be victorious: any one touching would be sure to die; if lost, the tribe would be ruined.

"While in the circular building, which our party named the 'scu a young chief seemed to take great pride in answering our interrog respecting different skulls which we took down from their hooks. belonged to chiefs of a tribe who had made a resolute defence, and ju from the incisions on the heads—each of which must have been mo it must have been a desperate affair. Among other trophies was head,—the skull separated from across between the eyes; this wa division of the head of an old woman which was taken when anot friendly) tribe was present, who likewise claimed their half. I wards saw these tribes share a head. But the skulls, the acco which our informant appeared to dwell on with the greatest delight, those which were taken while the owners were asleep; cunning them being the perfection of warfare."

Here is another Dayak dance, in which the instruments for lopping instead of the ghastly trophies themselves are prominently displaye

"In the evening I requested Sejugah to collect his tribe, and to show me their dances and musical instruments. They readily consented, and about nine at night we went to witness the exhibition. The musical instruments were the tomtom or drum, and the Malayan gong, which were beat either slow or fast according to the measure of the dance. The dances are highly interesting, more especially from their close resemblance if not identity with those of the South Sea Islanders. Two swords were placed on the mat, and two men commenced slowly from the opposite extremities, turning the body, extending the arms, and lifting the legs in grotesque but not ungraceful attitudes. Approaching thus leisurely round and round about, they at length seize the swords, the music plays a brisker measure, and the dancers pass and repass each other, now cutting, now crossing swords, retiring and advancing, one kneeling as though to defend himself from the assaults of his adversary, at times stealthily waiting for an advantage, and quickly availing himself of it. The measure throughout was admirably kept, and the frequent turns were simultaneously made by both dancers, accompanied by the same eccentric gestures. The effect of all this far surpasses the impression to be made by a meagre description. The room partially lighted by damar torches—the clang of the noisy instruments—the crowd of wild spectators—their screams of encouragement to the performers—the flowing hair and rapid evolutions of the dancers—formed a scene I wish could have been reduced to painting by such a master as Rembrandt or Caravaggio. The next dance was performed by a single person with a spear, turning like the last, now advancing, retiring, poising, brandishing, or pretending to hurl his weapon. Subsequently we had an exhibition with the sword and shield, very similar to the others, and only differing in the use of the weapons; and the performance was closed by a long and animated dance like the first by two of the best performers."

Ugh! whoever would have thought, on taking up so pleasant and promising a subject as dancing, that such horrors as the above would have to be encountered? Have we recounted the worst, or does it still remain to be told? Let us, at all events, seek a set of dancers of a mild sort, contemplating whom, we may take breath for further travels. Where shall we seek the "mild" sort? From the banks of the White Nile Mr. Petherick hails us, and in a twinkling we join him.

"A semicircle of the girls formed in front, at about five yards from the couches of Ibrahim Effendi, my Turkish secretary, and myself, placed at

a short distance at right angles to each other, on each of which was spread a mat made of many-coloured dyed palm reeds, worked into neat patterns. Seated cross-legged or reclining on our rugs, supported by cushions, smoking our long Turkish pipes, and well provided with merissa by the hospitable natives, for which they expected no payment, we were prepared for the evening's amusement.

"Standing behind the girls were the young men of the village, and several of their young Hassanyeh admirers. On either side, between me and the group in a variety of positions, were the elder Arab inhabitants of the village, some of them quite grey, with several very pretty children sitting and lying on the ground, all apparently interested in the expected mirth. Musical instruments there were none, and the group of girls clapping their hands to the measure and singing a song, was sufficient to excite the dancers; while many of the young men, although they did not join in the song, clapped their hands, all keeping good time.

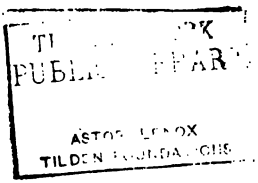
"The singing and accompaniment having continued for some time without any apparent inclination to dance, a very pretty dark-coloured girl, wearing a scarf over her shoulders, thrown open exposing her chest, sprang gracefully into the centre of the open space, and standing erect, she looked coquettishly around, then with her naked right foot she indicated a change in the measure. Throwing her head well back and her finely-moulded chest forward, raising her hands horizontally with her elbows, and keeping time with her right foot, she slowly advanced, moving head and chest backwards and forwards with a most serene countenance, and in a manner not devoid of grace, and retired in the same style.

"One quick movement of her foot changed the music from an *adagio* to an *allegro*, and bounding in the air, disrobing her waist and shoulders of the scarf, she went through a series of performances with legs and arms that spoke volumes for her muscular powers. The measure gradually quickened, which she responded to, until, after dancing *al presto*, one bound forward brought her, I scarcely knew how, up to the couch and almost into my arms, and bending her head to the right and left she saluted my cheeks with her tresses of greasy plaited hair. She showed to much greater advantage at a distance; the exertions she had gone through, and the wretched pomatum exuded odours which I much doubt whether any quantity of eau-de-Cologne could have counteracted. By moistening a small gold coin (representing about fourpence) in my mouth, and sticking it to her forehead, she retired apparently as much pleased as myself."

LONDON

C. DICKENS

THE CONCLUSION OF THE TERRIBLE FARCE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Thank you, Mr. Petherick; after so pleasant a refresher (it was against *your* cheek, O worthy Pilgrim of the White Nile, and not ours, that the fragrant tresses bobbed) we feel strong to face almost any dance, save that most terrible of all, painted by Holbein. How stands the list? There are two Rio Negro dances, and a fancy dress ball among the Ottoe Indians, and a *bal masqué* of the far distant inhabitants of Torres Straites. Mr. Wallace invites us to the first, Mr. Mölhausen to the second, and Mr. Melville to the last. Not to offend either the first or the last-named gentleman, we will "go between," and join Mr. Mölhausen.

"On the second evening of my stay in the Ottoe village, my equanimity was, I must own, put to so severe a trial, that had I seen any possibility of making my escape privately I should certainly have done so, for I thought the scene rather too much for a joke, though, nevertheless, remarkable enough to attract my curiosity. This was on the occasion of a horse-dance, which was performed with an impassioned fervour, solemnity, and effect, that can only be seen among the Indians. Had the performers been all sober, it would have been a real enjoyment.

"Imagine a crowd of finely-formed men, with their naked bodies and faces painted in what is considered the most terrific manner—their limbs covered with fantastic ornaments, their fluttering scalp-locks adorned with feathers, and armed with all the weapons they could muster, dancing, leaping, and yelling round an enormous fire, whose flame blazed up far into the night sky; whilst the dancers, contorting their symmetrical limbs into the most extraordinary attitudes, brandished their weapons furiously, as if against some invisible foe. You will not wonder that my attention was strongly attracted, and I sat down at the beginning of the dance by a small fire on the snow, to look on at the mad revel.

"The songs and yells were accompanied by the beating of three drums and some pipe-blowing, and as the drummers became excited by the remembrance of their warlike deeds, they stamped furiously on the frozen ground, and the perspiration streamed over their painted cheeks, while their weapons flashed in the red light of the fire. A gigantic warrior, in dancing past me, suddenly made a thrust with his lance at my breast, though probably without any intention of hurting me; but I involuntarily started back. This retrograde movement of mine was followed by a general scornful laugh from the whole assembly, which was joined in, to my great vexation, by the women and children, who were looking on at the dance from a modest distance. I had betrayed a weakness that I must en-

deavour, I thought, to make good again, and I took care not to blink when, soon afterwards, a tomahawk was flung and came whistling past me. After this, weapons of various kinds came in this unpleasant manner much nearer than I liked, and I began to fear that the unsteady hand of some drunken fellow might bring a sharp war-hatchet into awkward proximity with my skull.

"I sat still and smoked my pipe with apparent composure, but I was considering in what way I could manage to make my exit from the performance. To walk away openly would have certainly been to get myself branded as a coward; yet it did not seem advisable to stay. That the people were not ill-disposed toward me was evident, even by their behaviour in the dance; but their friendly feeling was but a poor security since a weapon from the hand of a drunkard might put an end to my life in a moment. In such a case the worthy Ottoes would, I do not doubt, have regretted the accident just as we may do, if at one of our dances an awkward fellow spills a glass of wine on a lady's new dress; but it would have been a poor way to lose my life.

"After a little cogitation I hit upon a plan that enabled me to avoid the present danger, and at the same time decidedly raised me in the esteem of the Indians, though my civilized friends may choose to consider it undignified. I threw off my coat, stripped my arms bare, daubed them and my face with red paint, which was offered to me from all sides, and then taking my long hunting knife in my left hand and my revolver in my right hand, leaped into the circle, and began to exercise my feet and my lungs in as complete an imitation of the Indian style as I could get up. The re-doubling of the yells and howls indicated the satisfaction afforded by my behaviour, and I exerted myself not to fall behind my associates. It was hard work, but my performance was applauded, and I had escaped from my former very unpleasant position, besides warming myself with the exercise."

Without pausing to discuss whether or not Mr. Mölhausen took the best means either of saving his skin or asserting European dignity, we will take a more prodigious leap than even a horse-dancing Ottoe is capable of, and landing in Rio Negro, make acquaintance with *la danse* as practised among the gorgeous savages there abiding. Taking Mr. Wallace's arm, we proceed to Ananárapicóma, or "Pine-apple Point," the village where the dance was taking place. It consisted of several small houses besides the large malocca, many of the Indians who have been

with traders to the Rio Negro imitating them in using separate dwellings. On entering the great malocca a most extraordinary and novel scene presented itself. Some two hundred men, women, and children were scattered about the house, lying in the maqueiras, squatting on the ground, or sitting on the small painted stools, which are made only by the inhabitants of this river. Almost all were naked and painted, and wearing their various feathers and other ornaments. Some were walking or conversing, and others were dancing, or playing small fifes and whistles. The regular festa had been broken up that morning; the chiefs and principal men had put off their feather head-dresses, but as caxirí (an intoxicating beverage) still remained, the young men and women continued dancing. They were painted over their whole bodies in regular patterns of a diamond or diagonal character, with black, red, and yellow colours; the former, a purple or blue black, predominating. The face was ornamented in various styles, generally with bright red in bold stripes or spots, a large quantity of the colour being applied to each ear, and running down on the sides of the cheeks and neck, producing a very fearful and sanguinary appearance. The slit in the ears was now decorated with a little tuft of white downy feathers, and some in addition had three little strings of beads from a hole pierced in the lower lip. All wore garters, which were now generally painted yellow. Most of the young women who danced had, besides, a small apron of beads of about eight inches by six inches, arranged in diagonal patterns with much taste; besides this, the paint on their naked bodies was their only ornament; they had not even the comb in the hair, which the men are never without.

The men and boys appropriated all the ornaments, thus reversing the custom of civilized countries and imitating nature, which invariably decorates the male sex with the most brilliant colours and most remarkable ornaments. On the head all wore a coronet of bright red and yellow toucans' feathers, set in a circlet of plaited straw. The comb was ornamented with feathers, and frequently a bunch of white heron's plumes attached to it fell gracefully down the back. Round the neck or over one shoulder were large necklaces of many folds of white or red beads, as well as a white cylindrical stone hung on the middle of a string of some black shining seeds.

The ends of the monkey-hair cords which tied the hair were ornamented with little plumes, and from the arm hung a bunch of curiously-shaped seeds, ornamented with bright coloured feathers attached by strings

of monkey's hair. Round the waist was one of their most valued ornaments, possessed by comparatively few—the girdle of onças' teeth. And lastly, tied round the ankles were large bunches of a curious hard fruit, which produce a rattling sound in the dance. In their hands some carried a bow and a bundle of eurabís, or war-arrows; others a murucú, or spear of hard polished wood, or an oval painted gourd, filled with small stones and attached to a handle, which, being shaken at regular intervals in the dance, produced a rattling accompaniment to the leg ornaments and the song.

The wild and strange appearance of these handsome, naked, painted Indians, with their curious ornaments and weapons, the stamp and song and rattle which accompanies the dance, the hum of conversation in a strange language, the music of fifes and flutes and other instruments of reed, bone, and turtles' shells, the large calabashes of caxirí constantly carried about, and the great smoke-blackened gloomy house, produced an effect to which no description can do justice, and of which the sight of half-a-dozen Indians going through their dances for show, gives but a very faint idea.

I staid looking on a considerable time, highly delighted at such an opportunity of seeing these interesting people in their most characteristic festivals. I was myself a great object of admiration, principally on account of my spectacles, which they saw for the first time, and could not at all understand. A hundred bright pairs of eyes were continually directed on me from all sides, and I was doubtless the great subject of conversation. An old man brought me three ripe pine-apples, for which I gave him half-a-dozen small hooks, and he was very well contented.

On another occasion, and when further advanced into the country, we had an opportunity of witnessing a favorite and singular performance, which may be called a snake dance. We prepared our supper rather early, and about sunset, just as we had finished, a messenger came to notify to us that the dance had begun, and that the Tushana had sent to request our company. We accordingly at once proceeded to the malocca, and entering the private apartment at the circular end, were politely received by the Tushana, who was dressed in his shirt and trowsers only, and requested us to be seated. After a few minutes' conversation, I turned to look at the dancing which was taking place in the body of the house in a large clear space round the two central columns; a party of about fifteen or twenty middle-aged men

were dancing; they formed a semicircle, each with his left hand on his neighbour's right shoulder. They were all completely furnished with their feather ornaments, and I saw now, for the first time, the head-dress or acangatara, which they value highly. This consists of a coronet of red and yellow feathers, disposed in regular rows, and firmly attached to a strong woven or plaited band. All these dancers had also the cylindrical stone of large size, the necklace of white beads, the girdle of oncas' teeth, the garters and ankle-rattles. A very few had, besides, a most curious ornament, the nature of which completely puzzled me; it was either a necklace or a circlet round the forehead, according to the quantity possessed, and consisted of small curiously curved pieces of a white colour, with a delicate rosy tinge, and appearing like shell or enamel. They say they procure them from the Indians of the Japura and other rivers, and that they are very expensive, three or four pieces only, costing an axe. They appear to me more like portions of the lip of a large shell cut into perfectly regular pieces than anything else, but so regular in size and shape as to make me doubt again that they can be of shell, or that the Indians can form them.

In their hands each held a lance or bundle of arrows, or a painted calabash-rattle. The dance consisted simply of a regular sideway step, carrying the whole body round and round in the circle; the simultaneous stamping of the feet, the rattle and clash of the leg ornaments and calabashes, and a chant of a few words repeated in a deep tone, producing a very martial and animated effect. At certain intervals the young women joined in, each one taking her place between two men, whom she clasped with each arm round the waist, her head bending forward beneath the outstretched arm above, which, as the women were all of low stature, did not much interfere with their movements. They kept their places for one or two rounds, and then at a signal of some sort all left and retired to their seats or stools, or on the ground, till the time should come for them again to take their places; the greater part of them wore the tanga, or small apron of beads, but some were perfectly naked. Several wore large cylindrical copper ear-rings, so polished as to appear like gold; these and the garters formed their only ornaments,—necklaces, bracelets, and feathers, being entirely monopolized by the men. The paint with which they decorate their whole bodies has a very neat effect, and gives them almost the appearance of being dressed, and as a garment they seem to regard it; and however much those who have not witnessed this strange

scene may be disposed to differ from me, I must record my opinion that there is far more immodesty in the transparent and flesh-coloured garments of our stage dancers than in the perfect nudity of these daughters of the forest.

In the open space outside the house, a party of young men and boys who did not possess the full costume were dancing in the same manner. Then soon, however, began what may be called the "snake" dance. They had made two huge artificial snakes of twigs and bushes, bound together with sipos, from thirty to forty feet long and about a foot in diameter, with a head of a bundle of leaves of the Umbooba *(Cecropia)*, painted with bright red colour, making altogether a very formidable looking reptile. They divided themselves into two parties of twelve or fifteen each, and lifting the snakes on their shoulders began dancing.

In the dance they imitated the undulations of the serpent, raising the head and twisting the tail. They kept advancing and retreating, keeping parallel to each other, and every time coming nearer to the principal door of the house. At length they brought the heads of the snakes into the very door, but still retreated several times. Those within had now concluded their first dance, and after several more approaches, in came the snakes with a sudden rush, and parting, went one on the right side, and one on the left. They still continued the advancing and retreating step, till at length, each having traversed a semicircle, they met face to face. Here the two snakes seemed inclined to fight, and it was only after many retreatings and brandishings of the head and tail that they could muster resolution to rush past each other. After one or two more rounds, they passed out to the outside of the house, and the dance, which had apparently much pleased all the spectators, was concluded.

During all this time caxirí was being abundantly supplied, three men being constantly employed carrying it to the guests. They came one behind the other down the middle of the house, with a large calabash-full in each hand, half stooping down with a kind of running dance, and making a curious whirring humming noise. On reaching the door they parted on each side, distributing their calabashes to whoever wished to drink. In a minute or two they were all empty, and the cupbearers returned to fill them, bringing them every time with the same peculiar forms, which evidently constitutes the etiquette of the caxiri-servers. As each of the calabashes holds at least two quarts, the quantity drunk during a whole night that this process is going on, must be very great.

Presently the drink called capi was introduced. An old man comes forward with a large newly-painted earthern pot, which he sets down in the middle of the house. He then squats behind it, stirs it about, and takes out two small calabashes-full, which he holds up in each hand. After a moment's pause, two Indians advance with bows and arrows or lances in their hand. Each takes the proffered cup and drinks, makes a wry face, for it is intensely bitter, and stands motionless perhaps for half a minute. They then, with a start, twang their bows, shake their lances, stamp their feet, and return to their seats. The little bowls are again filled, and two others succeed them with a similar result. Some, however, become more excited, run furiously, lance in hand, as if they would kill an enemy, shout and stamp savagely, and look very warlike and terrible, and then like the others return quietly to their places. Most of these receive a hum or nod of applause from the spectators, which is also given at times during the dance.

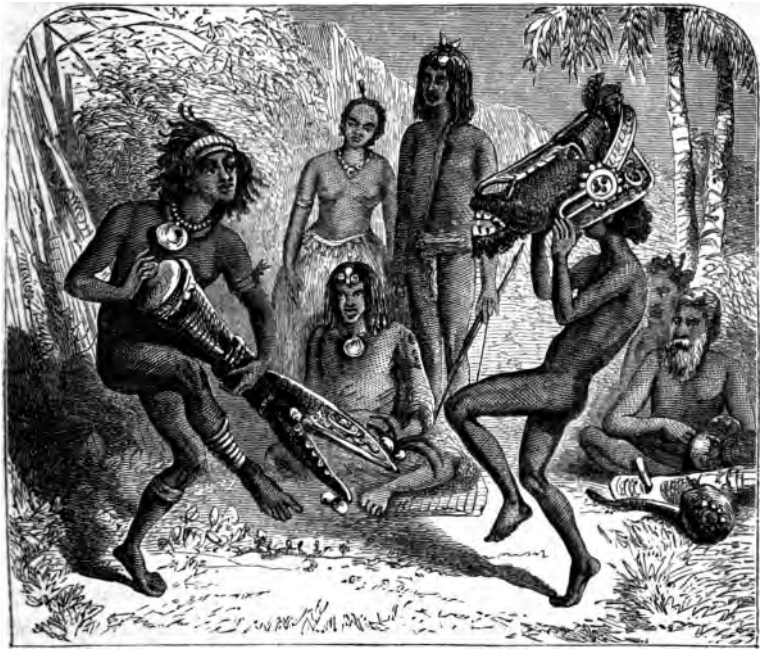
I may as well here as elsewhere make mention of a hotch-potch pastime partaking equally of the natures of dance, song, and swift running, known as the "game of ball." There is scarcely a savage tribe in North America that does not patronize it, and that with a zeal belonging rather to religion than sport. Anyone who has seen the Indian in council—or in his wigwam, or in conversation with strangers—exhibiting all the stoicism and apathy which he knows so well how to assume, would scarcely recognise the same individual at this game. Among the Choctaw tribe it is played in the following manner:—

The game is usually occasioned by two famous players challenging each other. The next step is gathering the men of each party together; each man sends out his officers to muster men to aid in the game. These recruiting-sergeants, having decorated themselves, and carrying with them an ornamented ball-stick, proceed from village to village, enrolling men who intend to take part in the game. This is done by loudly pronouncing to the inhabitants the names of the champions, and the time and place the game is coming off. Each man then chooses the player he fancies, and signifies his assent by simply touching the end of the ball-stick. A great number of men are thus gathered together, sometimes half of the whole tribe. The two parties pitch their tents opposite one another, and the ground is then cleared and made ready for the approaching contest. Four old men are then commissioned to watch the proceedings, and ultimately to act as umpires. The middle of the ground between the two camps is

measured and marked, and 250 paces back from it, each party drives two poles into the ground, six feet from one another, and then connects them by a cross-pole sixteen feet long, so as to form a kind of gate; the two gates being placed directly opposite to each other. So soon as this is done, a great rush takes place, each party choosing their antagonists. A good deal of betting is transacted, principally by the women; and to such an extent is this carried on, that they will often gamble to their last blanket. These goods are placed before the four umpires, who watch them the whole night through, and occasionally sing and howl various songs, or smoke the pipe to the Great Spirit, that He may allow the grand game to come off auspiciously and happily. The day before the game takes place the players spend in arranging themselves for the sport. Very little clothing is worn; simply an apron round the loins, and an embroidered girdle with a long tail of coloured horse-hair attached to it, round the hips. They wear no shoes or mocassins, but paint their feet all manner of colours, as well as the rest of the body. Towards sunset, the preparations being completed, the players, armed with their ball-sticks, which are made of some light wood, and provided at one end with a ring just large enough to admit the ball, march out in procession with torches towards their respective gates. When they arrive there they dance round them, playing their drums, rattling their ball-sticks, and howling their songs. The women, too, dance in a line, and place themselves in rows between the two gates, and shuffle their feet, and rock themselves to and fro, raising their voices in a wild chorus, while the umpires sitting on the frontier line send up great clouds of smoke to propitiate the Great Spirit.

In this manner the whole night is spent, and at sunrise the game begins. The party which first throws the ball through the gates a hundred times, is the winner. One of the umpires commences the game by throwing the ball in the air, and instantly pell-mell and utter confusion take place. They all mingle together: first one man catches it, but only for a moment, in the next it is snatched from his hand, and is sent flying towards the gate. But before it reaches the goal, a quick eye and a rapid hand arrests its onward progress, and once more it is sent on its aërial voyage—this time, perhaps, with more success. From sunrise to sunset this exciting and charming game is often prolonged without cessation (excepting the momentary pause after the ball has passed the gate, ere it is thrown into the air again). Many are trampled under foot, and otherwise roughly handled, but good temper and harmony usually prevail.

Such scenes as these offer a pleasing contrast to the many ferocious and bloodthirsty traits of character too often exhibited by the Indian. If we except the gambling on these occasions, a more simple and healthful game it would be difficult to find. The charm it possesses to these Children of the Forest is wonderful. Many of them who have been civilized, and settled down to sober domesticity, are as ready as the rawest savage to join in the game, which is of itself a sufficient proof of its honesty of purpose and simplicity of character.



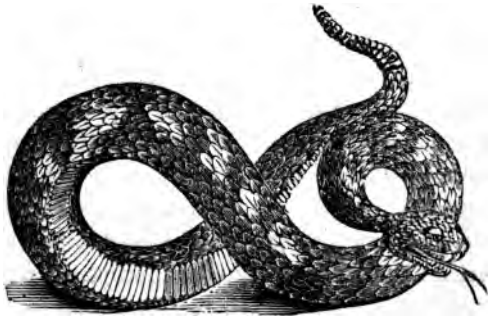
Darnley Island Mask Dance.

The assertion of the negro melodist that Charlestown is a "funny place" might, according to Mr. H. S. Melville, be emphatically applied to Torres Straites. Such an amount of joviality as is there to be met could scarcely be equalled by a nation of "sandboys"—proverbially the jolliest individuals in the world. "Mimicry, droll imitations of each other's personal peculiarities, manners, or gait, are favorite amusements, the youthful branches especially never failing to convert an odd situation into a droll joke, always welcoming a fresh arrival with illustrative buffoonery on his

person, accompanied with such personal remarks—'big-forehead,' 'fat-head,' 'squinny-eye,' etc. etc.—as may 'complete a picture, and adorn a joke.' Their appreciation of a Polynesian Punch would, I should say, be very great, judging from the eagerness with which they besought me to open my sketch-book, and their mad laughter as they recognized there the 'portrait of a friend.' The 'Wally-wally boy' (white man) might learn from his Torres Straites brother how to give a joke, and how to take one."

We do not feel disposed to quarrel with a pen which is first cousin to a pencil for which we have the greatest regard and admiration, otherwise we should dispute the desirability of introducing the Darnley Island style of joking amongst us;—there would be a strong possibility of a "Wally-wally boy" who jocosely addressed his drawing-room acquaintance as "fat-head" or "squinny-eye," finding his wit a passport to a fleet descent over a stair-head.

The Mask Dance pourtrayed on the preceding page is a very common pastime at Torres Straites. The musical accompaniment to the dance is derived from a "drum"—a portion of the stem of a palm-tree hollowed out, in form like the body of a wasp, and shaped at one end to resemble the mouth of an alligator, having the other end covered with a skin of a lizard, and at the two extremities of the mouth termination are two white cowrie shells, with tufts of even feathers. The mask which is worn by the principal performer is composed of tortoise-shell, and in certain respects bears a likeness to the natives; maybe it is their beau ideal of the human countenance. As with themselves, the nostrils of the mask are perforated and the lobes of the ears slit and formed with a loop. Adorned with this lovely thing, the chief man takes a central position, the crocodile drum is made to croak, and the revel begins, and "barring" cocked hat, tinsel, and portable bower, much resemble the fast-declining English sport of "Jack in the Green."



CHAPTER VII.

Savage story-tellers—Algon and the magic circle—The descent of the osier car—Success of the mouse stratagem—Algon's star wife vanishes—The angel bride—Onoswutaquto accompanies his brother-in-law—Polygamy and ruin—The faithful hunter—The perilous voyage—Otter Heart—He sets out to see life—Falls in with mixed company—Runs away and is pursued—Better luck next time—His happiness begets negligence—The man made of snow and rags—A lovely make-up—The young husband melted—Fatal curiosity.

AMONG savage no less than among civilized people, no man is more popular than the teller of entertaining stories; nay, it is questionable if this is going far enough, and whether it would not more justly represent the state of the case to say that the Scott, or Fielding, or Dickens of his tribe is more highly esteemed than are those gentlemen among us. It is only natural that it should be so. Thanks to the printing art, our most celebrated authors are brought within hail of the humblest among us. Any one who has twopence to spend, and a library near, may be entertained by Mr. Thackeray for an hour; and Scott or Dickens—modestly attired in "cloth boards"—is very willing indeed to pay shilling visits to the humble abodes of brickmakers, sweeps, and cabmen. Your savage genius holds himself less cheap. Supposing him to be the author of half-a-dozen stories: there they are and there he is, and inasmuch as he cannot be in two places at the same time, never more than a single circle of admirers can peruse their favorite author; he is the author and the book, and there is no such thing as a cheap edition of him.

Among the Indians of North America, as well as in eastern countries, there are professional story-tellers—men whose sole subsistence is the knowledge of certain famous yarns, armed with which they travel from tribe to tribe, always sure of a welcome, of a meal, and an inch or two of tobacco, as well as of a blanket and a snug sleeping corner at night. There are few more satisfactory or encouraging audiences than a company of American Indians. No matter though they have heard the legend a

hundred times, the most eager and respectful attention is observed by the circle in the centre of which the story-teller is squatting, every eye intently following the slightest accompanying gesture, and setting their countenances doleful or gleeful, according to the character of the narration. Under every circumstance, however, the most perfect silence is observed—a fact worth mentioning, as contrasting strongly with the behaviour of an audience of Southern or Central Africans. Among these people, although a legend—especially when highly spiced with Satanic imps and ghostly apparitions—is listened to with unsurpassed relish, it seems out of the power of the auditory to listen in silence; they must take up the fag of every sentence, chorus fashion, repeating it in exact imitation of the story-teller's tone and manner; as, for example:—Story-teller (in the midst of his yarn): "Well, just as the poor creature was half way across the mangrove swamp,"—Chorus: "Across the mangrove swamp!"—"a great speckled snake, as thick as this part of my leg,"—"This part of my leg!"—"swung itself down with its tail hooked to a high branch,"—"Hooked to a high branch!"—"and taking the poor traveller's head in its awful jaws,"—"Awful jaws! awful jaws!"—"sucked him all down its throat, and he was never seen afterwards!"—"Never seen afterwards!"

It is, however, not an African story that is first on our list; the Indian of North America has hitherto led the way in every advancing section of this work, and most decidedly there is nothing in the quality of his legends and fairy tales to disqualify him at this stage. Let the reader judge for himself from the Chippeway story of "Algon, or the Magic Circle."

Before submitting this pretty legend to the reader, it may be as well to premise that on the great grassy prairies of America may frequently be met exactly such barren circles as we ourselves are familiar with on our commons and meadows, and which—especially in Ireland—are known as "fairy rings." Much that is delightful in shape of fairy lore has been related of them, and which, if it goes but little towards explaining the phenomena, is in this respect nothing at all behind science, which, after years of grubbing and testing and analysing, is no wiser than the early milkmaid, who is overwhelmed with consternation to find that she has unwittingly put her foot within the magic boundary. Of course science scouts the preposterous idea that the sward is worn bald by the dancing footsteps of fairy folk, or indeed that there are such folk as fairies; anyhow there are fairy rings, and that at present is all we have to do with.

The Fairy Car.

ALGON AND THE MAGIC CIRCLE.

"One day whilst in the prairie, the young hunter Algon arrived at a circular pathway, and yet there was not the slightest trace of a footstep to be seen on the surrounding ground. This path was even, well beaten, and appeared to have been recently frequented by numerous visitors. Surprised and puzzled by what he saw, he hid himself in the grass to find out the cause of this mystery. After waiting a few minutes in anxious suspense he fancied he heard melodious music in the air, the sweet sounds of which reached his ears at regular intervals. Amazed, charmed, and with eyes uplifted towards the sky, he stood motionless, listening with still greater attention, and restraining his breath for fear of losing one note of the mellow, rich sounds of that distant harmony which enraptured his soul; still he perceived nothing save an extremely vague white speck,

like an object too far off to be distinguished. Gradually this speck became more visible, and the music more soft and agreeable, and as it approached the place where he lay concealed, he discovered that what he had first taken to be a tiny cloud was no less than an osier basket, containing twelve young girls of exquisite beauty, each having a sort of little drum on which she tapped whilst she sang with superhuman grace. The basket descended into the middle of the circle, and the moment it touched the ground the twelve young girls alighted, and began to dance on the little path, at the same time throwing a ball which was as brilliant as a diamond from one to another.

"Algon had seen many dances, but none were similar to this one, neither was the music like any he had yet heard; and the beauty of these celestial dancers surpassed all that his imagination could conceive in the regions of the ideal. He greatly admired them all, but being particularly fascinated with the graceful manner and lovely complexion of the youngest, he determined to do all in his power to catch her. To effect this purpose he approached the mysterious circle slowly and cautiously, so as not to be perceived, and was just on the point of taking hold of the object of his choice, when suddenly the twelve young girls sprang into the basket, and ascending rapidly into the air, soon disappeared in the azure of the firmament. The poor hunter gave way to the deepest despair, as with heartfelt sorrow he beheld the enchanted basket vanish, and from his dazzled eyes gushed forth abundant tears. He cursed his fate, and exclaimed as he wept, 'They are gone for ever, and I shall behold them no more.' Algon returned to his cabin sad and dejected; his mind was absorbed by this extraordinary apparition, so that on the following day he could not resist returning to the prairie near the magic circle, with the hope that his treasure would again be there. He hid himself in the grass as on the preceding day, and lo! scarcely had he taken up his position, when he heard the same music, and saw the basket re-descend with the same young maidens, who, as soon as they touched the earth, began to dance as on the previous eve. Then for the second time he advanced close to where they were, but the moment they perceived him, they jumped into the basket and were going to recommence their aerial journey, when the eldest said to her sisters, 'Stay, let us see, perhaps he wishes to teach us how mortals dance and play on earth.'—'Oh no!' replied the youngest, 'let us quickly ascend; I am frightened.' Whereupon they all began to sing, and started for the ethereal regions.

"Algon went home more distracted and crest-fallen than before. To him the night appeared so long that he returned towards the prairie before day-break. While he was meditating how he could succeed in his third attempt, he found an old trunk of a tree in which dwelt countless mice. He thought that the sight of so small a creature would cause no suspicion to arise among the young girls; and, thanks to the magic power of his medicine bag, he took the form of a mouse, having first used the precaution of bringing the trunk of the tree as close as possible to the circle. The twelve sisters descended from the skies as they were in the habit of doing, and commenced their accustomed diversions. All of a sudden the youngest said to the others, 'Do you see that trunk of a tree; it was not there yesterday;' and she ran towards the basket: but her sisters began to laugh, and, surrounding the object of her fears, threw it down by way of amusement. All the mice immediately took to flight, but they were pursued and killed, with the exception of Algon, who, retaking his natural form of hunter at the very moment the youngest sister had lifted a stick to strike him, sprang upon his prey, whilst her affrighted companions got into the basket, which carried them up speedily. The happy Algon wiped away the tears that flowed from the eyes of his conquest, he called her his bride, and sought by every means his heart could suggest to prove his affection for her. He loaded her with the most tender caresses and the most delicate attentions; he recounted his adventures in the chase and his exploits in combat; he conducted her to his cabin, using the precaution of putting aside during the route the briars and branches, lest they should knock against or injure the frail and elegant body of his beloved; and when he reached home, he considered himself the most fortunate being on earth.

"Their marriage was at once celebrated amid every imaginable festivity, and the joy of the gallant hunter was still more increased by the birth of a son. But alas! Algon's young wife was the daughter of a star, and the earth was little suited for her celestial nature; her health daily declined, and she wished to see her father once more, yet she carefully concealed her grief and sighs from her spouse, not to afflict his heart, for she loved him dearly.

"One day remembering the charms which could make her return to the skies, and profiting by a hunt in which Algon was engaged, she made a little basket of osier twigs, then gathered all sort of flowers, caught birds, and collected every curiosity that she thought would please her father, took her son with her and went to the magic circle. There she got into

her basket with all her treasures and commenced the song she had chanted with her sisters in bye-gone days during their mysterious journeys. Immediately the basket rose gently in the air; the balmy breath of the prairies wafted the sweet notes of her celestial voice to the ears of her spouse—that voice and that chant were well known to him. Foreboding some misfortune, he at once hastened to the magic circle; but, alas! he arrived too late; he could only see a white speck disappearing in the clouds and hear a feeble and melodious note dying in space like the last whisper of the breeze or the last sigh of a babe. Then with his loudest voice he called upon his wife and son. All was useless, they were in the region of the stars.

"The hunter in despair let his head fall upon his breast; burning tears gushed down his cheeks; his grief was secret and silent, but it was terrible and violent, like the subterraneous throes of a volcano that finds no issue to vomit on earth its frightful fires. After two long winters of indescribable anguish, sorrow had at length made the youthful hunter wax old; but his grief did not grow old, it was ever the same.

"Meanwhile his lovely companion, returned to the brilliant sphere of the stars to the bosom of that bliss which she enjoyed in her luminous country, had almost forgotten the unhappy one she had left on earth, but the presence of her son made her remember him. As he grew up he wished to visit the place of his birth. One day the star said to his daughter, 'Take thy child and return on earth. Ask thy spouse to come with thee and dwell amongst us, and tell him to bring with him a specimen of every animal and every bird he has killed in the chase.' Then the mother, taking her son with her, re-descended into the prairie. Algon, who was always near the magic circle, was so overcome when he saw his wife and son returning towards him, that he thought he should have died with joy; his heart beat with impatience, and shortly after he pressed to his breast the cherished objects of his tenderness and love.

"According to the wish of the star, he hunted with extraordinary activity, so as to collect within the shortest delay as many presents as possible; he spent his days and his nights seeking the most curious animals, taking the wings of some, the tail of another, the paws of the third, and so forth. When he had made an ample provision, he took all his treasures with him, and, in company with his little family, started for the heavens. The inhabitants of the starry regions manifested great delight at seeing them. On their arrival, the chief of the stars invited his people to a

general festival, and when all the guests were assembled, he told them that they could choose among the terrestial curiosities brought by Algon, and take whatever pleased them the most. Some took a wing, others claws, or tails, etc. Those who made choice of claws or tails were changed into quadrupeds, and others were metamorphosed into birds. Algon took a feather of a white falcon; it was his token (heraldic sign). His wife and son imitated him, and also became white falcons. All three then spread their wings and flew down to the prairie, where descendants of the marvellous union are yet to be found."

Under all circumstances Algon must be congratulated on his good luck, but as is proved by another Indian legend, likewise recorded by the talented author of "The Deserts of North America," ethereal alliances are not invariably the most happy. It is to be hoped it will serve as a lesson to young men ambitious of marrying "an angel."

THE ANGEL BRIDE.

"An old Ojibbeway of the tribe of Beavers lived on the banks of Lake Huron, with his wife and his only child, a remarkably handsome lad called Onoswutaquto (he who takes the clouds). The parents, who were proud of their son, looked forward to his becoming one day a great warrior. When he became of an age to prepare his medicine-bag, he left his dwelling and went forth into the woods; there had a dream, in which he saw a beautiful maiden, Nemissa by name, who descended from the clouds and drew near to him. 'Onoswutaquto,' said the fair girl, 'it is for you that I have come; follow me!' He obeyed, and immediately found himself rising above trees, mountains, and clouds; he soon arrived at the very sky, and passed through a hole in the azure vault. Suddenly he found himself with his companion in the midst of a boundless and magnificent prairie. A path, strewn with gay and sweetly scented flowers, led up to a splendid house, which Onoswutaquto entered, following his guide. The dwelling was divided into two parts; the first was stored with bows, arrows, arms, and tomahawks, with silver ornaments; the other, containing all sorts of things for woman's use, was the apartment of the Ojibbeway's mysterious conductress. Scarcely had they entered when Nemissa exclaimed, 'My brother comes! I must hide you!' and she concealed him in a corner, under a many-coloured scarf which she usually wore round her waist.

"The brother arrived soon after, richly dressed, and brilliant as if he were covered with plates of polished silver. He took a fine pipe, which he began smoking, and said to his sister, 'Nemissa, my eldest sister, when will you cease to live in this way? Have you forgotten that the Great Spirit has forbidden you taking the children of the earth? You perhaps fancy you have hidden Onoswutaquto; but do I not know he is here?' And perceiving his sister was unwilling to obey, he said to the young man, 'Come out of your hiding-place, walk about and amuse yourself; for you will become hungry if you always remain in the same place.' Onoswutaquto, thinking himself discovered, came out quickly from under the brilliant-coloured scarf, when Nemissa's brother, having made him a present of a red pipe and a bow and arrows, he was looked upon as legally married to the woman who had transported him from the lower world into the ethereal regions.

"Everything that surrounded the Ojibbeway was bright, good, and beautiful. Flowers were strewn all over the plain; the air was scented with their fragrance. Crystal rivulets of pure and transparent water flowed with gentle rippling on all sides; trees of marvellous shape, and rich with young and tender verdure, grew in clusters here and there, as if planted for beauty's sake by an intelligent hand. Birds in the air or among the trees warbled songs of joy; animals of strange but graceful shape sported among the grass; but whatever way he looked no human beings could he descry. When he had been there some time he observed that Nemissa's brother went away every morning and returned only at evening time. Onoswutaquto became anxious to know the reason of this absence, and he one day requested leave to accompany him in his excursion. The permission was granted, and the two immediately set out together. They proceeded for many hours across an interminable prairie, when Onoswutaquto, uninured to such great fatigue, felt hunger gnawing at his stomach, and he inquired of his companion if he should not soon get something to eat. 'Be patient,' was the reply; 'we shall soon arrive at the place where I am in the habit of taking my repast, and you will see by what means I obtain it.'

"After a long search they at length came to a place where there were some splendid mats, and there they rested. Close to the mats was a hole, through which they were able to see all that was taking place on earth. Onoswutaquto looked down and beheld the great Indian lakes and villages and warriors, some ready for the fight, some lying asleep; and further on,

young men playing ball on the green sward, while near a river women and young girls were cutting reeds for making mats.

"Nemissa's brother pointed out to his companion a group of children playing in the middle of a village, and among them a pretty boy to whom he threw something. The child instantly fell down, and was carried half dead to a neighbouring hut. The Indians gathered together and began chanting a prayer, that the child's life might be spared. From his high place in the heavens, the author of the accident commanded them to sacrifice a white dog. The parents of the dying boy immediately sent for the medicine-men, who assembled and proceeded with the ceremony. The dog was killed, roasted, and placed on a dish, and the medicine-men began crying out, 'We offer thee this sacrifice, Great Manitou! Let not this child go to the land of shadows, but restore him to health.' The dish instantly flew up into the air, and became the dinner of Onoswutaquto and his companion, who spoke to him thus: 'There are men among you whom you believe to be very clever, but they are so only because they listen to my voice. When I strike any one with disease, these men advise the people to have recourse to me; they offer me a sacrifice, and I withdraw my hand from the sick person, who then recovers his health.' Onoswutaquto often returned to the same place, but at length he grew weary of the quiet life he was leading up in the clouds; his thoughts dwelt with his family and friends, and he entreated his wife to allow him to return to earth. With great difficulty she consented, and parted from him with these words: 'Since you prefer the care, misery, and poverty of the world to the sweet happiness of heaven, return to your village. But remember this, you are still, and ever will be, my husband; I am free to recall you here whenever I please, and my authority over you will never be less. And above all, take heed that you never become the husband of another wife, or you will feel the weight of my revenge.'

"A few moments after this Onoswutaquto awoke, and found himself lying on the grass near his father's hut. His mother told him he had been absent a whole year. Although the change to earth seemed to him at first full of hardship and misery, still he soon forgot the warning of his mysterious wife, and married a young and beautiful woman of his own tribe. But she died on the fourth day after her marriage. Onoswutaquto married again; but shortly afterwards he disappeared, and was never heard of from that time forth, nor was it known what became of him."

Once more, a love-story of North American Indian origin; it is extensively known amongst the Northern population, and is well w attention, if only on account of its beautiful and simple moral.

LOST AND FOUND.

A young Algonquin huntsman, distinguished by his heroic qual his manly beauty, and his noble pride, saw his betrothed die on the he was about to marry her. He had given proofs of his impetuous cou in battle, and the warriors of his tribe had admired his intrepidity; now his heart was without power to endure the cruel loss which he sustained. Since the fatal day which destroyed his dearest hope neither knew joy nor repose. He often went to visit the cherished t and remained whole days absorbed in his bitter grief. His family friends urged him to seek diversion for his sorrow in hunting and but his former occupations had lost all attraction, and his tomahawk arrows were forgotten.

Having heard the old men of the village say that a path existed w led into the country of souls, he resolved to follow it, and go in sear her whom he mourned. One morning he departed alone, and tu towards the south, guided only by tradition. For a long time he ceived no change in the aspect of nature; the mountains, valleys, fo and rivers resembled those which he was always used to traverse. day before his departure a heavy fall of snow had covered the ground by degrees as he advanced the snow became rarer, and soon disapp altogether; the trees became green, the forest gay and smiling, th warm and pure, and the cloudless sky resembled a vast blue prairie pended over his head; delicious flowers perfumed the air, and the sang the most delicious songs. By these signs the mourner knew th was on the right road, for they were in accordance with the tradition last, meeting with a pleasing path, he followed it, and after having cr a pretty wood, he found himself before a cabin situated on the top of a

At the door of this dwelling stood an old man with white hair, v eyes, though sunken, shone like fire. He was clothed in a man swan's skin, negligently thrown over his shoulders, and in his ha held a long stick.

The young huntsman began to relate his history, but before he uttered ten words he was interrupted by the old man, who said: "I waiting for you to introduce you to my cabin. She whom you

d a few days since, and as she was much fatigued she rested in my
ling. Come in, sit down, and I will point out to you the road you
take to follow your bride."

hen the young warrior had recovered from his fatigue, the old man
im out of the cabin by another door, and said to him: "Do you see
r, far away beyond that gulf, a great prairie? That is the Island
Bleseed; you are here on its confines, and my cabin is the entrance
but before departing you must leave here your arms, your dog, and
body. On your return you will find them here again."

e traveller felt himself become extraordinarily light; his feet scarcely
ed the ground, and seemed to be transformed into wings. This
n transformation seemed to extend to surrounding objects; the
foliage, flowers, lakes, and streams shone with extraordinary bril-
. The wild animals gambolled around him with a fearlessness
proved that the hunter had never come into these countries.
of all colours unknown to him, sang sweet melodies, or bathed in
mpid waters of the streams and lakes. But what astonished him
than all was to find that he walked freely through thickets of ver-
without being stopped by the objects that stood in his path. Then
derstood that all the things were only images—shadows of the
ial world—and that he was in the abode of spirits.

er having walked for half a day in this enchanted region, he arrived
banks of an immense lake, in the midst of which he saw the Island
Blessed. A canoe, made of a single white stone, and as brilliant
stal, was moored to the shore; he threw himself into it, and seizing
ars began rowing towards the island; but what was his joy when
nly he saw his young and beautiful bride enter a bark like his own,
e all his movements, and row alongside of him! As they advanced,
aves arose threatening and foaming as if to swallow up the two
ers; then they vanished again, to form again as menacing as before.
wo lovers passed through continual alternations of hope and fear,
heir terror was increased on seeing through the transparent water
he bottom of the lake was strewn with the bones of multitudes who
een shipwrecked on the same voyage.

e Master of Life had, however, decreed that they should arrive
ut accident, because the thoughts and actions of both had always
good, and they had lived in innocence. But they beheld many
less happy than themselves struggle in vain against the waves, and

sink in the abyss. Men and women of all ranks and all ages embarked—some reached the port without difficulty, others perished on the way.

At last the betrothed set foot on the shore of the happy island. The breathed with delight the perfumed air which strengthened them lik celestial food. They walked together in meadows always green and fille with flowers which did not fade when trod on. All nature on th enchanting island had been planned by the Great Spirit to charm th innocent souls who were to be its inhabitants. Cold, heat, tempes snow, hunger, tears, war, and death, were here unknown. Animals wer here hunted for amusement, but were not killed. Our young warri would have remained eternally in this happy land with his betrothed, h not the Master of Life commanded him to return to his country to finis his mortal career. He did not see him who spake, but heard a voice lik the sweet murmur of the breeze, which said to him, "Return to yo native land whence you came. The time has not yet arrived for you dwell in this blessed abode. The duties for which I created you are n yet fulfilled. Return, and give to your people the example of a virtuo life. You will be the chief of your tribe for a long time. Your duti will be taught you by the messenger who guards the entrance to th island. He will restore to you your body, and all you left in his cabi Listen to him, and you shall one day rejoin the spouse you came to se and whom you are obliged to leave behind. She is accepted, and he will remain always young, and happier than when I called her from th land of snow."

OTTER-HEART, OR THE GOOD AND BAD SQUAW.

"Far away in a remote forest, on the shore of a solitary lake, the once lived a maiden of fourteen years of age. She had no one in th world but a little brother, whom she took care of, dressed, and gave t requisite food to. The little one could string a bow, and shot in t forests the birds and hares, which he brought to his sister, and she cook for both.

"'Sister, how comes it,' the brother asked one day, when he brou birds home again, 'that we live so alone? Are there no other bei besides us? And where are our parents, our father and our mother?'

"'Our parents were killed by cruel magicians. Whether there any Indians besides us, I know not.'

"When the brother grew older and gained his youth's strength,

also shot deer and other large animals, which he brought to his sister; but the thought continually occupied him, whether there were other Indians in the world besides him and his sister. And one evening he said to the latter, 'Sister, tan the deer-skins I brought thee, and make me ten pairs of mocassins of them.'

"The sister did as her brother ordered, though she was very sorrowful.

"'Wilt thou depart, oh my brother?' she asked him.

"'Yes, sister! I must go. I wish to see if there are not other Indians in the world.'

"The following morning the youth seized his bow and arrow, stuck the ten pairs of mocassins in his belt, and after taking leave of his good sister, wandered forth into the forest.

"He marched the whole day through thickets and deserts without noticing anything remarkable. He passed the night under a tree, on which he hung up the next morning before starting a pair of mocassins, so that he might find the place again if he ever wished to return to his sister. On the evening of the second day he noticed near his camping-ground the stumps of two felled trees.

"'Ah!' he said to himself, 'that is an Indian sign. But,' he added, as he gave the stumps a kick, 'these blocks are rotten, quite soft, and covered with moss. It must be very long since people were here, and I shall have to go far yet before I find them. The next morning he hung up another pair of mocassins, and continued his journey.

"The evening of the third day he saw stumps less covered with moss, and not so rotten.

"In this way he journeyed ten long days, and found on each camping-ground the signs better, the clearings larger, the tree-stumps harder. At length on the eleventh day he found trees only just cut down. He was so full of good spirits and anxious expectation that on the last night he could not close an eye for excitement.

"The next day he came upon a little footpath. He followed it—he heard human voices—he saw smoke and lodges from afar, and soon to his great delight he was among the inhabitants of a village.

"He found them engaged at ball play; and as they seemed pleased at the appearance of the unknown guest, and found him very agreeable and handsome, they bade him welcome, and invited him to play at ball with them. This he did with the greatest zeal, and so distinguished himself by activity and quickness that he gained the general applause. After

the end of the game they led him in triumph to a wigwam, before which the Ogima-wateg (tree of honour) was erected. He at once saw that it was the lodge of the king, and it was a very long house full of men. The Ogima received him very hospitably, and gave him a seat of honour between his two daughters. But the names of the two maidens seemed to the young man very ominous, and gave him much to think of; for one was called Matchi-Koue (the wicked), and the other Ochki-Koue (the good).

"He saw at once the meaning of this, and formed an unfavourable opinion of Matchi-Koue. During the feast he always turned to Ochki-Koue, and declared himself ready to marry her. But the king and the others made it a special condition that he must marry both at once.

"This did not please him, and he fell into a state of sorrow. When the feast was at an end, and the time for sleeping came, he excused himself for a moment, and said he wished first to pay a visit to one of the young men with whom he had played ball. He seized his bow and arrows, hung his mirror on his belt, like a man going to pay a visit, and after assuring the two maidens he would return directly, he retired from the palace. The good and bad princesses sat for a long time over the fire, awaiting the return of their beloved. But he came not. At length they grew weary of waiting, thought he might have fled, and set out to seek him.

"At least a dozen footpaths led in various directions from the village. They followed them all to the point where they entered the desert, and the trail of every wanderer could be noticed. At length, after close inspection, they came on the fresh trail of their flying friend, and they followed it with the quickness of the wind.

"Oshige Wakou (Otter-heart), for such was the name of our hero—I will not conceal it longer—had walked bravely the whole day, and when he fancied himself in the evening far enough to rest a little, he suddenly heard human voices and loud laughter behind him. The two maidens were rejoicing because they had discovered him. He was frightened, and climbed up the nearest fir tree. He clambered up to the top, and would not listen to the maidens' offer, that he should come down and go home with them to the wedding.

"Ochki-Koue and Matchi-Koue were, however, firmly determined on having him. They had brought their hatchets with them, and soon set to work cutting down the tree. They struck as quickly as they had

walked, and the fir soon began to shake. At the last moment Otter-heart thought of a good way of escape by magic. He plucked the topmost cone of the fir-tree, threw it in the air in the direction of the wind, and rode off on it. The wind carried him half a mile off, and he ran away again at full speed. The tree fell down, and the maidens were much surprised that their beloved, whom they had not seen fly away while at work, did not fall with it. They carefully examined the whole tree to find the direction in which Otter-heart had taken his leap. At length they saw the little cone was gone from the top. 'Stay,' they said, 'what is the meaning of this? a fir cone is missing. Without doubt he escaped by its assistance. As they were equally well inspired by the Manitous, they guessed the whole affair, and so they set out in pursuit of Otter-heart in the direction of the wind. As they had lost some time in examining all the fir cones, Otter-heart had a good start, and in the evening of the next day, fancying himself safe, he prepared to rest. Suddenly he again heard the voices and laughter behind him; the two mad girls were still pursuing him. 'Oho, Otter-heart!' he heard them say with a laugh, 'thou imaginest thou canst hide thyself from us. Give up! give up. The earth is not large enough for thee to escape from us.'

"This time Otter-heart avoided the firs, and chose a tall, thick, hollow maple tree. The wood of this tree when dead and exposed for any time to wind and weather, becomes as hard as stone. 'They cannot fell them so easily; their hatchets will break,' he thought to himself, and let himself down from the top into the cavity.

"The two maidens, who had not exactly perceived which tree the fugitive had chosen, went round and tapped each tree with their hatchets, to find out which was hollow, and cried at the same time, 'Thou handsome friend, art thou here?' At length they came to the right tree, and set to work at once to cut it down; but their hatchets made hardly any impression on the tough wood. Resting from their hard work for a moment, the bad squaw said to the good one, 'Let us see, sister, if there is not a little split in the tree.' They examined it, really found a split, and looked in. On seeing their beloved sitting inside, they set to work more eagerly than ever. They struck away bravely; but Otter-heart silently uttered a wish to the spirits that one of their hatchets might break, and he had scarce wished it when the bad one shrieked, 'Woe! woe! my hatchet is broken!' 'Courage! courage!' the other called to her, 'my hatchet is still whole; let us not despair.' But Otter-heart now

made the second wish, that this hatchet might break too, and it really happened.

"Now the maidens saw clearly that they could do nothing by force. They therefore began praying him again, and cried together in a friendly voice, 'Oshige-Wakou, my handsome husband, whom our father, the mighty Ogima, gave us, come out—come here to me!'

"But though they sang this so frequently, the young man within did not stir. 'It is of no use,' the wicked sister whispered to the other, 'we shall not get him out in that way; we must think of other arts. We will separate, and each try her best after her own fashion; and as he will only marry one of us, let it be the one who can catch him.'

"The good maiden was contented; and the sisters soon separated, and went through the forest in different directions.

"When Otter-heart perceived that all was quiet, he looked out of his hollow tree, got down, and continued his journey. He had grown very hungry by this time; and, as he discovered a beaver-pond at mid-day, he determined on spending the night there, and catching a beaver for his supper. He laid his blanket under a tree which seemed a good place for camping, then set to work piercing the dam and letting the water off. A fine fat beaver remained on the dry ground, and he killed it.

"How great was his surprise, though, on returning to his camping-gronnd at finding a beautiful birch-bark lodge where he had left his blanket. 'Ah!' he thought immediately, 'it is those two unlucky squaws again,' and he was about to fly; but he was so tired and hungry, and the lodge looked so comfortable, and the fire sparkled so pleasantly in the gloom. Besides, he was curious to see whether he were not deceived.

"He walked round the lodge, and on looking through a split in the bark covering he saw only one maiden engaged in cleaning and adorning the interior.

"'Perhaps,' he thought, 'it is the good Ochki-Koue.' She seemed to him pretty, but very tall, and rather thin and pale. He walked in as a guest, and laid his beaver before the door. 'Ah!' the maiden said, 'you are surely a traveller. Surely you are tired and hungry. I will prepare your beaver and your bed.' She quickly skinned the animal, cut it in pieces, and prepared his supper; but while stirring the meat in the kettle she tasted some of it. Otter-heart even noticed that she ate a great deal of it, and greedily looked out the best pieces, as if she could not conquer her evil nature. Hence he nearly lost his appetite, and ate

y little. And as he did not find the tid-bits which an Indian hunter wont to look for on his squaw's plate, this put him in a very bad nour. He manfully resisted her hypocritical caresses, wrapped himself is blanket, and retired to rest in a corner of the lodge, after ordering to remain in the other.

In the morning, when about to start, there was not the slightest trace reakfast in the kettle, though it is the regular custom of all good an housewives to put a couple of pieces of meat overnight in the le, so that the hunter, when he rises early and goes out to the chase, refresh himself before starting: his squaw had eaten it all. This e him furious, and he scolded her so violently that she turned pale, features changed, her long figure sank in, and at last she was con-ed into a long-haired she-wolf, who sprang out of the lodge with a le of bounds, and disappeared in the forest, probably to escape the teous wrath of her angry husband.

When Otter-heart saw this he could explain everything. It was ently the bad sister Matchi-Koue. She had on the previous evening med a changed and attractive form, although with all her magic art could not remove a certain leanness and pallor. She had caressed and ered him; but her greedy nature had been more powerful than her , and induced her to swallow the best pieces of the beaver. And n he attacked her for it, she showed herself in her true form as a . He was no little pleased that he had discovered her manœuvre, he continued his journey in all haste.

In the evening he again rested by the beavers' pond, and laid his ıket under a tree which seemed to him suited for his camp; then he ceeded to kill a beaver. When the water all flowed out, the beavers l to escape through a hole, but he waited for them and killed three. v great was his surprise when, on returning with his booty to the p bank, he again saw a pleasant lodge built, and a female form moving ıd the fire. 'Ah!' he thought, 'who will it be this time? Perhaps Ochki-Koue, the good one! I will go into the lodge, and see where has laid my blanket: if I find it near her own bed it is she, and she ıtended for my wife.' He went in, found everything very clean and tly arranged, and his blanket lay near the deer-skin she had laid out herself. 'Good!' he muttered to himself, 'this is my wife.'

She was little, but very pretty and graceful, and she did not move so riedly about in the lodge as the squaw of the previous evening, but

cautiously and thoughtfully, which pleased him very much. She prepared him a famous supper of the beavers, and placed the best pieces before him. He enjoyed them, and told her to eat with him. 'No,' she said modestly, 'there is time enough for me; I will eat presently my usual food.' 'But Ochki-Koue,' he said, 'I do not like to eat alone what I shot for myself and my wife.' But she adhered to what she had once said. 'I will,' she repeated modestly, 'eat presently what I am accustomed to take.'

"He left her at peace; but during the night a noise aroused him, as if mice or beavers were gnawing wood: *krch! krch! krch!* such was the rustling in the lodge. To his surprise he fancied he saw by the glimmer of the fire his wife gnawing the bark of the little birch twigs with which he had tied up the beavers. He supposed it was only a dream, and slept again till morning. When he awoke his breakfast was ready, and his little wife stood by his side, and handed it to him.

"He told her of his dream, but she did not laugh at it so much as he had expected. 'Holloa!' he thought, 'was it really no dream, but the truth? Listen, Ochki-Koue,' he said, 'come hither; tell me, yesterday when I brought home the beavers, why didst thou examine them so seriously, and look at every limb so closely when thou didst cut them up? Speak, why didst thou this?' 'Oh!' she spoke, sighing, 'have I not reason to look on them seriously? I know them all. They are my relations. One was my cousin, the other my aunt, and the third my great uncle.' 'What! thou belongest to the beaver family?' 'Yes; that is my family.'

"Who was happier than Otter-heart? for the Otters and the Beavers have ever been related. The character and way of the beavers pleased him greatly. And then his young wife was so modest and attentive to him; and that she had sacrificed her relations was a striking proof of her love. Still, he promised to respect her well-founded scruples, and in future only shot roebuck and birds and other animals, and left the beaver at rest, so that he and his wife might enjoy their meals in common. And she for her part left the birch twigs at peace, disturbed him no longer at night by her nibbling, and accustomed herself to flesh food. Thus they lived very agreeably the winter through. He was a bold hunter, and she a quiet, careful housewife, busy and peaceful after the manner of the beavers. By-and-bye a little son was born to them, and they were happy indeed.

alas! their happiness was but short-lived. It should have been
d that among the peculiarities arising out of the beaver extrac-
tter-heart's bride, was that she must on no account wet her feet.
reason she made her husband promise that when they were tra-
ogether he would always take especial care of her in crossing
nd rivers. Of course Otter-heart promised.
one day when they and their child were out together—he leading
and they following—they came upon a little stream scarcely six
oad. 'Surely she can jump so narrow an impediment,' thought
art. In a moment, however, a strange noise startled him, and
back, he found the little stream changed to a mighty roaring
nd in the midst of it were his wife and child changed to a beaver
erling, and swimming rapidly away. Otter-heart was in despair
ght. He implored her to return to him, but she replied that she
t do so: 'I sacrificed to thee my relatives and all, and I only
thee to build me bridges and keep me dry-footed over the waters.
lst cruelly neglect this. Now I must remain for ever with my
.' Her husband begged her at least to allow him to kiss his
, but this she was obliged to refuse, and so they parted for ever."

MOOWIS, OR THE MAN MADE OF SNOW AND RAGS.

rge village of the North there lived a young girl named Ma-mou-da-
so exquisitely beautiful that she excited the admiration of all the
and huntsmen who beheld her. One of her most devoted admirers
ung warrior, whom his noble features, the richness of his costume,
reat particularity about his person, caused to be surnamed Ma-mou-

da-gin-en-e, that is to say "The Elegant." One day, having confided to his best friend the secret of his love for Ma-mou-da-go-kwa, he said to him, "Come with me! we will go to see the fair one; she may perhaps choose one of us for her spouse." But nothing could win the coquette, who dismissed her two adorers with a disdainful gesture. This misadventure, which was soon known throughout the village, became the general topic of conversation. Ma-mou-da-gin-en-e, who was very sensitive, felt so mortified at having been publicly refused, and in so humiliating a manner, that he fell ill, and became quite taciturn. He would remain entire days in a distracted state, with his eyes fixed on the ground, and could not be prevailed upon to taste any food. He thought himself dishonoured, and despite all the efforts of his relations and friends, could not be roused from the lethargy which hung over him, so that when his family were preparing for the annual migration customary with the tribe, he remained in his bed even when they rolled up the tent to place it on the horses.

When they had left, and Ma-mou-da-gin-en-e heard no more noise around him, he arose and resolved to make use of the power given him by his spirit or monedo to punish or humiliate the young girl, who treated every one else as she treated him. To accomplish his object he gathered all the rags that were in the camp, and which had been thrown into the mire as useless; then with snow and the bones of animals he made a man, whom he dressed up in all these miserable tatters, taking care meanwhile to arrange them in the form of mocassins, gaiters, robes, etc., which he ornamented with beads and feathers, so as to give them a grand appearance. In fine, after having animated this singular statue, he put a bow and arrows into its hands. Such was the origin of Moowis.

Moowis, accompanied by the poor distracted lover, set out for the new encampment of the tribe. Introduced into each tent by him who had formed him, he was received everywhere with marks of distinction. The various colours of his costume, the profusion of his ornaments, and his noble bearing, attracted universal attention; the young and the old wished to have him constantly with them. The chieftain invited him to his lodge, and entertained him sumptuously. But none was so charmed at the arrival of the handsome stranger as Ma-mou-da-go-kwa; she was smitten with him from the first moment she beheld him, and he became her mother's guest from the very first day of their acquaintance. Ma-mou-da-gin-en-e, who was as much enamoured as before, had introduced

Moowis to her whom he loved, with the hope that she would return to him; but it was in vain, the former alone attracted the attention of the ungrateful girl. Moowis, not being able to approach too close to the fire for fear of melting, placed a boy between him and the hearth, and by his cleverness he eluded all such invitations as might have exposed his fragile existence; he declined with so much dexterity the pressing solicitations made to him to warm himself, that he avoided the immediate dissolution of his entire being.

This visit proved that Ma-mou-da-gin-en-e had well calculated the effect of his plan. He withdrew from the lodge, leaving Moowis triumphantly seated at the feet of the beauty. The marriage was soon decided, and the young maiden, who in turn had become captivated, espoused Moowis. The morning after the nuptials, Moowis arranged his warrior-plumes, took his arms, and said to his spouse: "I must leave on important business, and many a hill and stream lie yet between me and the end of my journey." "I will go with you," replied the fair one, grieved at hearing so unexpected an announcement. "It is too far," answer Moowis, "and you would not be able to go through the fatigues and dangers of the route." "There is no distance that I would not go over, nor danger that I would not encounter with you!" added the young woman. On the same day Moowis departed, followed by his wife. The road was hard, rugged, and encumbered by obstacles, so that Ma-mou-da-go-kwa had great difficulty to follow her husband, who was going on rapidly before her. When the sun appeared in the horizon, Moowis vanished from her sight; he melted gradually, and fell to pieces. As his wife advanced she found the remnants of his mocassins and garments, which had resumed their first form. She saw plumes, beads, and bones, but she no longer beheld Moowis. In vain did she seek him until nightfall: Moowis was no more. Then, exhausted from fatigue and sorrow, she wept and sighed, saying, "Moowis! Moowis! thou hast left me!" and in a distracted state she continued her course through the forest, repeating the same words as she went along, until wearied to death, she sank down and never again rose.

THE EVIL OF CURIOSITY.

Sayadio had long wept for the loss of his sister, who had died young and beautiful. At length, not being able to reconcile himself to his sorrow, he resolved on going into the land of souls, and bringing back the

one he mourned. His journey was long and adventurous, and would have proved unfruitful had he not met with an old man at the very moment when he was falling into despair. This old man gave him a magnificent calabash, in which he might shut up his sister's spirit, should he succeed in finding her. Sayadio, delighted with this rencontre, went off with a gay heart and thoughts full of hope; and discovering Torenyawago, the master of the ceremonies, that personage gave him a mysterious rake, which had the magic influence of bringing back his sister. In a minute the spirit-drum was beaten to unite all the souls in a solemn dance, and the sweetest and most melodious notes of the Indian flute were also heard. The effect of this music was instantaneous, and all the spirits approached to commence a merry round.

Sayadio soon perceived his sister, and penetrating rapidly into the midst of the dancers, seized upon the one whom he had been seeking, and shut her up in his calabash, despite her efforts to regain her liberty. He then returned homeward with his precious burden. When he reached his cabin, all his relations and friends came to assist at the ceremony which still remained to be performed, and which was to disinter the body of the deceased, and to resuscitate it by uniting it to the soul that was shut up in the calabash. Unfortunately, at that moment a woman, more curious than prudent, having a great wish to see how a spirit separated from the body was made, opened the calabash, and the spirit at once vanished in the air. Thus was the unhappy Sayadio frustrated of his hopes, and the fruit of his journey and fatigues, through the curiosity of a woman.

Calabashes.

The Monkey exposing the Hare's imposture of the "Sprouting Teeth."

CHAPTER VIII.

The artful hare—The dodge exposed—The magic leg and the mystery bird—The treacherous Macile—Murder will out—A termination for the tale of the white cow—Death and the Compadre—No shirking the "great debt"—The Abyssinian Bouda—An intelligent son—Novel fraud in the cattle trade—The benevolent toddy-maker—The princess seeks a husband—She selects the toddy-maker's adopted son—The good toddy-maker raised to high estate.

IT is very tiresome to discard a mine exhaustless as to its wealth of romance, such as is afforded by Indian North America, but there is no help for it; already has more than its fair share of space been devoted to it, and we must proceed to "lend our ears" elsewhere. Mr. Casalis gives us a helping hand, and we are straight lifted to Africa, where the gentleman just mentioned introduces us to a celebrated story-teller of the Basuto tribe. Would you like to hear the renowned story of the "Artful Hare"? inquires Mr. Casalis. We would very much indeed. Here it is then.

THE ARTFUL HARE.

A woman longed to eat the liver of the niamatsane (a fabulous animal). Her husband said to her, "Wife, thou art mad! the flesh of the niamatsane is not good to eat, and the animal is difficult to catch, for it leaps three sleeps at one bound." The woman persisted, and her husband, fearing she would fall ill if he did not satisfy her, went out a-hunting. He saw in the distance a herd of niamatsanes; the back and the legs of these animals were like a live coal. He pursued them for several days, and at last succeeded in surprising them as they slept in the sunshine. He drew near, cast a powerful spell upon them, killed the finest, took out the liver, and carried this wished-for morsel to his wife. She ate it with great pleasure, but soon afterwards felt her inside devoured by a burning fire. Nothing could quench her thirst. She ran to the great lake in the desert, drank all the water, and then lay stretched on the ground unable to move. The next day the elephant, the king of the beasts, was informed that his lake was dry. He called the hare, and said to him, "Thou who art a swift runner, go and see who has drunk my water." The hare set off as swift as the wind, and soon returned to tell the king that a woman had drunk the water. The king assembled the animals together—the lion, the hyena, the leopard, the rhinoceros, the buffalo, the antelopes, all the animals great and small came to the council. They ran, they leaped, they gambolled about their prince, and made the desert tremble. All repeated together, "They have drunk the water of the king! they have drunk the water of the king!" The elephant called the hyena, and said to him, "Thou who hast good teeth, go and pierce the stomach of the thief." The hyena answered, "No; thou knowest that I am not accustomed to attack people openly." Then the king called the lion, and said to him, "Thou who hast such sharp claws, go and tear the stomach of the thief." The lion replied, "No; thou knowest that I only injure those who attack me." The animals again began to run, leap, and sport around their prince. They made the desert tremble. All repeated together, "No one will go and fetch the water of the king." The elephant then called the ostrich, and said to her, "Thou who kickest so violently, go and find my water." The ostrich set off, and came near to where the woman was; it turned leaning on one side, spreading its wings to the wind and making the dust fly; at length it approached the woman, and gave her such a violent kick that the water spouted up into the air, and rushed in torrents to the lake. All the animals

again began to sport around their prince, repeating, "The water of the king is found!" Though they had now slept three times without drinking in the evening, they lay down near the lake, not daring to touch the water of the king. The hare, having rose in the night, drank, and then took some mud and besmeared the lips and the knees of the jerboa that was sleeping at his side. In the morning the animals perceived that the water had diminished, and exclaimed altogether, "Who has drunk the water of the king?" The hare said, "Do you not see that it is the jerboa? Its knees are covered with mud, because it knelt down to reach the water; and it has drunk so much that the mire of the lake has stuck to its lips." All the animals arose and sported around their prince, saying, "The jerboa deserves to die; it has drunk the water of the king!" A few days after the execution of the jerboa, the hare, having made a flute of the shin-bone of the victim, began to play it, and sing, "Tuh! tuh! tuh! see the little flute of the leg of the jerboa: Little hare, how clever thou art, and how silly of the jerboa."

The animals heard him, and set out in pursuit of him, but he escaped and hid himself. After some time, he went to the lion, and said, "Friend, thou art thin; the animals fear thee, and thou succeedest rarely to kill any of them; make an alliance with me, and I will provide thee with game." The alliance was formed; and following the directions of the hare, the lion surrounded a large space of ground with a strong paling, and dug a tolerably deep hole in the centre of the enclosure; this being done, the hare placed the lion in the hole, and covered him up so that only his teeth appeared; then he went and cried in the desert, "Animals! animals! come, I will show you a prodigy; come and see a jaw that has grown up in the earth!" The credulous animals came from every side. First came the gnus rushing into the enclosure, turning on their heels, and repeating in chorus, "Oh wonder! Oh wonder! teeth have sprung up in the earth!" Then came the quaggas, a stupid race of animals; and lastly, the timid antelopes were persuaded to enter. Meanwhile the monkey came, carrying his young one on his back; he went straight to the hole, took a pointed stick, and gently moving the earth away, said, "What is this dead body? Child, hold fast to my back, this body is still formidable." With these words he climbed to the top of the paling, and escaped as fast as possible. At the same instant the lion came out of the hole, the hare shut the door of the enclosure, and all the animals were killed. The friendship of the hare and the lion did not last long. The

THE ARTFUL HARE.

A woman longed to eat the liver of the niamatsane (a fabulous animal). Her husband said to her, "Wife, thou art mad! the flesh of the niamatsane is not good to eat, and the animal is difficult to catch, for it leaps three sleeps at one bound." The woman persisted, and her husband, fearing she would fall ill if he did not satisfy her, went out a-hunting. He saw in the distance a herd of niamatsanes; the back and the legs of these animals were like a live coal. He pursued them for several days, and at last succeeded in surprising them as they slept in the sunshine. He drew near, cast a powerful spell upon them, killed the finest, took out the liver, and carried this wished-for morsel to his wife. She ate it with great pleasure, but soon afterwards felt her inside devoured by a burning fire. Nothing could quench her thirst. She ran to the great lake in the desert, drank all the water, and then lay stretched on the ground unable to move. The next day the elephant, the king of the beasts, was informed that his lake was dry. He called the hare, and said to him, "Thou who art a swift runner, go and see who has drunk my water." The hare set off as swift as the wind, and soon returned to tell the king that a woman had drunk the water. The king assembled the animals together—the lion, the hyena, the leopard, the rhinoceros, the buffalo, the antelopes, all the animals great and small came to the council. They ran, they leaped, they gambolled about their prince, and made the desert tremble. All repeated together, "They have drunk the water of the king! they have drunk the water of the king!" The elephant called the hyena, and said to him, "Thou who hast good teeth, go and pierce the stomach of the thief." The hyena answered, "No; thou knowest that I am not accustomed to attack people openly." Then the king called the lion, and said to him, "Thou who hast such sharp claws, go and tear the stomach of the thief." The lion replied, "No; thou knowest that I only injure those who attack me." The animals again began to run, leap, and sport around their prince. They made the desert tremble. All repeated together, "No one will go and fetch the water of the king." The elephant then called the ostrich, and said to her, "Thou who kickest so violently, go and find my water." The ostrich set off, and came near to where the woman was; it turned leaning on one side, spreading its wings to the wind and making the dust fly; at length it approached the woman, and gave her such a violent kick that the water spouted up into the air, and rushed in torrents to the lake. All the animals

again began to sport around their prince, repeating, "The water of the king is found!" Though they had now slept three times without drinking in the evening, they lay down near the lake, not daring to touch the water of the king. The hare, having rose in the night, drank, and then took some mud and besmeared the lips and the knees of the jerboa that was sleeping at his side. In the morning the animals perceived that the water had diminished, and exclaimed altogether, "Who has drunk the water of the king?" The hare said, "Do you not see that it is the jerboa? Its knees are covered with mud, because it knelt down to reach the water; and it has drunk so much that the mire of the lake has stuck to its lips." All the animals arose and sported around their prince, saying, "The jerboa deserves to die; it has drunk the water of the king!" A few days after the execution of the jerboa, the hare, having made a flute of the shin-bone of the victim, began to play it, and sing, "Tuh! tuh! tuh! see the little flute of the leg of the jerboa: Little hare, how clever thou art, and how silly of the jerboa."

The animals heard him, and set out in pursuit of him, but he escaped and hid himself. After some time, he went to the lion, and said, "Friend, thou art thin; the animals fear thee, and thou succeedest rarely to kill any of them; make an alliance with me, and I will provide thee with game." The alliance was formed; and following the directions of the hare, the lion surrounded a large space of ground with a strong paling, and dug a tolerably deep hole in the centre of the enclosure; this being done, the hare placed the lion in the hole, and covered him up so that only his teeth appeared; then he went and cried in the desert, "Animals! animals! come, I will show you a prodigy; come and see a jaw that has grown up in the earth!" The credulous animals came from every side. First came the gnus rushing into the enclosure, turning on their heels, and repeating in chorus, "Oh wonder! Oh wonder! teeth have sprung up in the earth!" Then came the quaggas, a stupid race of animals; and lastly, the timid antelopes were persuaded to enter. Meanwhile the monkey came, carrying his young one on his back; he went straight to the hole, took a pointed stick, and gently moving the earth away, said, "What is this dead body? Child, hold fast to my back, this body is still formidable." With these words he climbed to the top of the paling, and escaped as fast as possible. At the same instant the lion came out of the hole, the hare shut the door of the enclosure, and all the animals were killed. The friendship of the hare and the lion did not last long. The

latter took advantage of his superior strength, and his little friend resolved to be revenged. "My father," said he to the lion, "we are exposed to the rain and hail; let us build a hut." The lion, too lazy to work, left it to the hare to do; and the wily runner took the lion's tail, and interwove it so cleverly into the stakes and reeds of the hut, that it remained there confined for ever, and the hare had the pleasure of seeing his rival die of hunger and rage. Then he stripped off his skin and disguised himself in it. The animals came trembling from all sides to bring him presents; they knelt before him and loaded him with honours. The hare became proud, and ended by forgetting his disguise, and boasting of his tricks. After this he was pursued and hunted on every side, and detested and cursed by all quadrupeds. As soon as he appeared they exclaimed, "There is the murderer of the jerboa, the inventor of the pit with the teeth, the cruel servant who caused his master to die of hunger." In order to enjoy a little repose in his old age, the unfortunate creature, the object of universal detestation, was reduced to the necessity of cutting off one of his ears, and only after this painful amputation could he venture to appear among his fellow-citizens without fear of being recognized.

"A very pretty story, indeed; does he know another?" Does he? One might as well inquire of an eight-day dial recently wound up whether it is capable of ticking.

THE MAGIC LEG AND THE MYSTERY BIRD.

Two brothers left the hut of their father one day to go and get rich. The eldest was called Macilo, and the youngest Maciloniane. After a few sleeps they came to a place where two roads lay before them, one leading to the east and the other to the west. The road in the direction of the rising sun was covered with traces of cattle, while upon the other nothing was seen but innumerable foot-prints of dogs. Macilo chose the latter, while his brother took the opposite direction. After a few days Maciloniane came to a hill which had once been inhabited, and was much surprised to find there a number of pots turned upside down. It came into his head to turn them up again, and see if any treasure were hidden beneath them. He had already turned up a great many, when he came to a pot of immense size. Maciloniane pushed it violently, but the pot remained immovable; the young traveller redoubled his efforts, but without success. Twice he was obliged to desist to fasten his girdle, which had broken; the pot seemed to have taken root in the ground. All at

nce it yielded as if by magic to a very slight impulse, and a monstrous man presented himself to the view of Maciloniane, who shrank back with terror. "Why dost thou trouble me," demanded this unknown being in a hoarse voice, "while I am busy pounding my ochre?" Maciloniane looked at him attentively, and saw with horror that one of his legs was as large as the trunk of a tree, while the other was of the right size. "For thy punishment thou art condemned to carry me," continued the unknown. At the same instant he sprang upon the back of the poor boy, who tottered, then went on a few steps, and tottered and fell again, feeling his strength give way under the weight of the horrible monster. Nevertheless, the sight of some deer that appeared in the distance suggested to him a way of escape. "My father," said he, in a trembling voice, "sit down on the ground for a moment. I cannot carry thee for want of something to fasten thee to my back. I will go and kill a deer, and we will make thongs of its skin." His request was granted, and he disappeared with his dogs. After having run a great distance he hid himself at the bottom of a cavern. Big-leg, tired of waiting for the return of Maciloniane, set out in pursuit of him, carefully following the track of the fugitive in the sand. He took one step, saying, "There is the little foot of Maciloniane; there is the little foot of my child." He took another step and said, "There is the little foot of my child." He took another step and said, "There is the little foot of Maciloniane; there is the little foot of my child." As he went on he constantly repeated the same words, which were carried on by the wind. Maciloniane heard him coming; he felt the earth tremble under his weight. In despair he came out of the cavern, called his dogs, and set them on his enemy, saying, "Kill him; devour him whole; but leave his great leg for me!" The dogs obeyed, and their master soon approached the extraordinary limb without fear. He cut it up with his axe, and there came out an immense herd of cows, beautiful to behold. There was one among them as white as snow. Maciloniane, in a transport of joy, drove the cattle before him, and took the road leading to his father's hut.

Macilo on his side returned with a pack of dogs, the fruit of his expedition. The two brothers met at the place where they had separated. The younger, considering himself the most fortunate, said to the elder, "Take as many of my cattle as thou likest, only know that the white cow can belong to no other person but myself." Macilo coveted it passionately; he asked repeatedly that it might be given him, but his entreaties

were useless. The travellers slept twice, and the third day they ca
a spring. "Let us stop," said Macilo, "I am devoured with thirst
us dig a deep hole, and turn a little stream of water into it, so that it
become cold." When this labour was completed, he went to the n
bouring mountain to fetch a large flat stone, which he put over the
to preserve the water from the rays of the sun. When the water wa
enough Macilo drank, and seeing his brother leaning over the ho
quench his thirst in his turn, seized him by the hair, and held his
under water until he was dead. This done, he emptied the pit, b
the corpse in it, and covered it up with the stone. Being master c
the herd, the murderer set off, keeping his eyes fixed on the ground.
had hardly taken a few steps when a little bird with a timid and plai
voice, came and perched on the horn of the white cow, and said, "T
Tsiri; Macilo has killed Maciloniane because of his white cow of w
he was so fond." The murderer, much surprised, flung a stone, k
the bird and threw it away; but he had no sooner resumed his m
than he again perceived the little singer on the horn of the white
and heard it say again, "Tsiri! Tsiri! Macilo has killed Macilo
because of his white cow of which he was so fond." Another stone
thrown, and the bird killed a second time, and crushed with a club
there remained no vestige of it. At some distance, however, it re
peared upon the horn, and again repeated, "Tsiri! Tsiri! Macilo
killed Maciloniane because of his white cow of which he was so fo
"Sorcerer," cried the criminal, full of rage, "wilt thou hold thy pea
He knocked down the bird with a side-blow of his stick, lighted a
burnt the bird, and threw the ashes to the winds. Hoping that it w
not appear again, Macilo proudly entered his native village, and all
inhabitants gathered together to look at the rich booty he brought
him. They cry to him from all sides, "Where is Maciloniane?"
answered, "I do not know; we did not go the same way." The cur
multitude surround the white cow. "Oh, how beautiful she is!"
say; "how fine her coat is! how pure her colour! Happy is the
who possesses her." All at once there is a profound silence. A l
bird has perched on the horn of the animal they are admiring, and it
spoken. "What?" they ask with terror, "can it have spoken? Im
sible! let us listen again." "Tsiri! Tsiri! Macilo has killed Ma
niane, because of his white cow of which he was so fond." "W
Macilo has killed his brother!" The crowd disperse, struck with ho

and unable to account for what they have heard and seen. During this moment of confusion, the little bird finds the sister of the victim, and says to her, "I am the heart of Maciloniane; Macilo has murdered me; my corpse is near the fountain in the desert."

So far so good; but, curious to relate, here the story ends, or rather, here it breaks off without ending. It is frequently the way with these savage story-tellers; they launch their legend all trim and taut, spread the sails of it, and spank along in the most satisfactory manner, with a full cargo and a fair wind, when all of a sudden, and even before port is in sight, they shoal, stick in the mud, and there remain without a word of explanation. What became of Macilo? What steps did the sister take after the wonderful little bird which was Maciloniane's heart, or, as we should say, soul, had informed her of the terrible tragedy? Was there a council of the tribe convened, and did the bereaved sister, mounted on the white cow, and with the faithful winged witness perched on its horn, demand justice? Did some clever Basuto barrister, engaged for Macilo's defence, argue that since the white cow had sprung from so questionable a source as a magician's leg, and the little bird seemed on terms of such close intimacy with the white cow, was not this presumptive evidence that the whole business was brought about through the machinations of the evil one—that the father of iniquity, having consumed Maciloniane, sought by this master-stroke to befool the people, and obtain the destruction of Maciloniane's brother? Then the other side may have called attention to the peculiar sort of bird that on the white cow's horn was; no living man had ever seen the like; it was crimson as blood itself, with feet and beak white as snow, but with eyes like miniature human eyes, and with a human tongue that spoke distinctly, and with nothing of the twang of bird language in it. "Granted," urge Macilo's friends; "when Satan takes a trick in hand he seldom bungles so that it may be easily discovered. That the bird is an emissary of the evil one may be proved this way: let the council declare its belief in Macilo's innocence, and the bird will slink off and never be afterwards seen." "Good!" say Macilo's friends, and they suddenly set up a shout that Macilo is innocent. When the crimson bird heard this, it rose from off the white cow's horn, and the council, thinking it was about to slink off, as Macilo's pleader had predicted, all set up a great shout that Macilo was innocent. But the crimson bird did not slink off; it only flew upwards ten yards or so, flying round in a little circle, and crying "Revenge for

Maciloniane! revenge on the murderer of Maciloniane!" and the white cow, hearing her little friend, looked up to see, and having once fixed her eyes on the bird, seemed unable to withdraw them, but followed the circles that it made until its ears twitched, and the white spume hung about its mouth; still the crimson bird continued to cry, and now the white cow—previously so gentle and docile—began to cry as well, to bellow and reek with sweat and to tremble; its muscles seemed to swell out, and its eyes to grow fierce and flame, and its nostrils to heave and fall and become the colour of the bird. It was a wild beast; and when, as the crimson bird gradually mounted higher and higher, and finally became so small a speck as to be invisible, the mad cow withdrew its flaming eyes, only, however, to fix them on Macilo, who stood transfixed with horror; and in an instant the beast was on him, trampling him, goring him, pounding him in the red mud his welling carcase made. Then, without hurting any one else present, it made a dart into the forest and never again was seen or heard of.

If any Basuto feels disposed to resent this liberty taken with the tale of his white cow, I shall be happy to give him satisfaction. But my obliging friend the Basuto story-teller is not at all offended. I may say what I like and do what I please, so that I only stay and listen to some more stories. Here, now, is a delightful one concerning ——

But we mustn't stay. We are due in Abyssinia, where Mr. Parkyns is anxiously awaiting us with a *Bouda* yarn. On the road, however, we meet Mr. Wallace of Rio Negro celebrity, and call on him for a tale to beguile the tedium of the journey. "Something cheerful shall it be?" says Mr. Wallace. "Decidedly," reply we. "Well," replies he, with a malicious twinkle in his eyes, "the best of that sort that occurs to me at the moment is one that was told me by the wife of the man who piloted my boat across the Tocantius." It is called—

DEATH AND THE COMPADRE.

A man and his wife were conversing together, and discussing the unpleasantness of being subject to death. "I should like to make friends with Death someway," said the man; "then perhaps he will not trouble me." "That you may easily do," replied his wife; "invite him to be godfather to our little boy, who is to be baptized next week; you will then be able to talk to him on the subject, and he surely will not be able to deny so small a favour to his 'compadre.'"

So Death was invited accordingly and came; and after the ceremony and the feast were over, and as he was going away, the man said to him, "Compadre Death, as there are many people in the world for you to take, I hope you will never come for me." "Really, Compadre," replied Death, "I cannot promise that, for when God sends me for anyone I must go. However, I will do all I can; and I will at all events promise you a week's notice, that you may have time to prepare yourself."

Several years passed on, and Death at last came to pay them a visit. "Good evening, Compadre," said he; "I have come on a disagreeable business; I have received orders to fetch you this day week, so I'm come to give you the notice I promised you." "Oh! Compadre," said the man, "you have come very soon; it is exceedingly inconvenient for me to go just now. I am getting on very nicely, and shall be a rich man in a few years if you will but let me alone. It is very unkind of you, Compadre; I am sure you can arrange it if you like, and take some one else

Death and the Compadre.

instead of me." "Very sorry," replied Death, "but it can't be done anyhow; I've got my orders, and I must obey them. Nobody ever gets off when the order is once given, and very few get so long a notice as I have been able to give you. However, I will try, and if I succeed you won't see me this day week; but I don't think there is any hope; good-bye."

When the day came, the man was in a great fright, for he did not expect to escape; his wife, however, hit on a plan which they resolved to try. They had an old negro man in the house, who generally used to be employed in the kitchen. They made him exchange clothes with his master, and sent him away out of the house; the master then blacked his face, and made himself as much like the old negro as he could.

On the evening appointed Death came. "Good evening," said he; "where is my Compadre? I'm obliged to take him with me." "Oh, Compadre," said she, "he didn't at all expect you, and has gone on some business into the village, and won't be home till late." "Now I am in a pretty mess," said Death; "I didn't expect my Compadre would have served me so; it is very ungentlemanly of him to get me into such a scrape, after all I have done for him. However, I must take somebody—who have you in the house?" The woman was rather alarmed at this question, for she expected he would have started off immediately for the village to find her husband; however, she considered it best to be civil, and so replied, "There's only our old nigger that's in the kitchen getting supper ready. Sit down, Compadre, and take a bit, and then perhaps my husband will be in; I'm sorry he should have given you so much trouble." "No, I can't stay," said Death; "I have a long way to go, and must take somebody, so let us see if your old negro will do;" and he walked into the kitchen, where the old man was pretending to be busy over the fire. "Well, if Compadre won't come, we must make the nigger do." So saying, Death stretched forth his finger, and the man fell dead. So you see when a man's time has come go he must; the cunning of ten thousand cunning men will not save one.

Now for Mr. Parkyns and the Abyssinian *Bouda*. First of all, however, what is a Bouda?

We are informed by Mr. Parkyns, that in Abyssinia the trade of blacksmith is hereditary, and considered as more or less disgraceful from the fact that blacksmiths are, with very rare exceptions, believed to be all sorcerers, and are opprobriously called *Bouda*. They are supposed to have the power of turning themselves into hyænas, and sometimes into

other animals. "I remember," says the gentleman in question, "a story of some little girls, who, having been out in the forest to gather sticks, came running back breathless with fright, and on being asked what was the cause, they answered that a blacksmith of the neighbourhood had met them, and entering into conversation with him, they at length began to joke him about whether, as had been asserted, he could really turn himself into a hyæna. The man, they declared, made no reply, but taking some ashes which he had with him tied up in the corner of his cloth, sprinkled them over his shoulders, and to their horror and alarm they began almost immediately to perceive that the metamorphosis was actually taking place, and that the blacksmith's skin was assuming the hair and colour of the hyæna, while his limbs and head took the shape of that animal. When the change was complete, he grinned and laughed at them, and then retired into the neighbouring thickets. They had remained, as it were, rooted to the place from sheer fright, but the moment the hideous creature withdrew they made the best of their way home."

It would not, however, be nearly so terrible a business if the power of the *Bouda* was limited to turning *himself* into whatever animal shape he pleased; but it seems that he has the frightful ability to transform his human neighbours for the gratification of his spite, his profit, or his mere whim. The Bouda, one of whose performances are about to be chronicled, was of the mercenary sort.

THE DONKEYFIED WOMAN.

A woman having died, was buried with all due ceremony in the churchyard. Next day a man came to one of the priests, who I suppose was a bad man, such indeed being occasionally found in holy orders, and offered him a sum of money for the body, pledging himself to the strictest secrecy. The priest doubtless thought that as the body could not be of use to any one else, there could be no harm in his making it useful to himself by the gain of an honest penny, especially as nobody was to know what had occurred. The bargain was accordingly concluded to the satisfaction of both parties, and the corpse was disinterred and carried off by the stranger. Nothing more transpired, nor indeed did these facts become known until some time after. The stranger, who was a blacksmith, was in the habit of passing, on his way to market, the house where the departed old woman's family lived. After her death he had been seen to ride and drive a remarkably fine donkey, which, strangely enough, on

passing the house or any of the old lady's children, brayed loudly, and endeavoured to run towards them. At first no notice was taken of this singular propensity, but at last one of the sons (a fine, intelligent young man) exclaimed, "I feel convinced that that ass is my mother!" Accordingly Bouda, ass and all, were seized and brought to the hut, much to the apparent satisfaction of the quadruped, who rubbed her nose against the young man, and, if I was rightly informed, shed tears of joy on this occasion. Being charged with the offence, the Bouda at first pretended to make light of it, denying the accusation as absurd, but at last, by dint of threats and promises, he was induced to confess the facts I have related, and how he had by his art turned the old woman into a donkey, she having been not really dead, but in a trance into which he had purposely thrown her. His power, he said, was sufficient to change the external appearance, but not to alter the mind of his subject. Hence it was that the old woman, or rather donkey, possessed human feelings, which she had displayed in her endeavours to enter her former habitation, and in her recognition of her children. The Bouda, moreover, agreed to restore to her her human appearance, and began his exorcism. As he proceeded, she by degrees assumed her natural form, and the change appeared to be complete, when one of the sons, blinded by his rage, forgot the promises of pardon which the Bouda had exacted from them all, and drove his spear through his heart. Alas for impatience! The incantation not being entirely completed, one foot yet remained asinine, and continued so until her death actually occurred, which was not till many years afterwards."

A rather amusing way of turning this art into a more profitable and less offensive line of business than killing people or making them sick, or even turning them into beasts of burden, came under the notice of Mr. Parkyns, and concerned two brothers who lived in some part of Gojam. One of them, having submitted to be turned into a horse, ass, or cow, was sold by his brother at the market, and conducted by his purchaser out of the town. As soon, however, as night closed the eyes of his new master, the Bouda resumed his humanity, and walked quietly home. It so often occurred that one or other of the brothers sold some animal in the market, that people began to inquire whence their cattle were obtained, as they were never known to keep any stock, nor even to have any beast in their yard till the day of sale arrived. Still more extraordinary in the eyes of the suspicious was the fact that every animal they sold made its escape the same night, and was never more

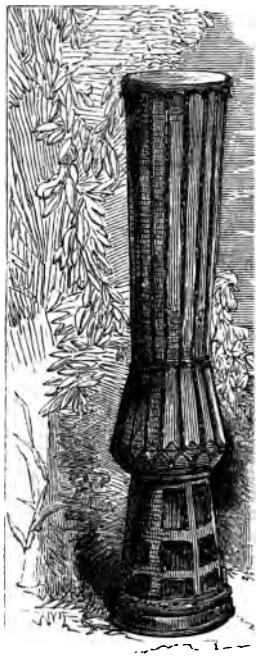
heard of. At last a warrior, or chief, rather more ingenious than the rest, and probably with his wits sharpened by the fact of his having already been taken in twice, determined to risk his money a third time, in hopes of discovering the fraud. Accordingly, one market day he bought a very fine-looking horse from one of the brothers, and took it away with him. Instead, however, of allowing him to wait till night should favour his escape, no sooner was he outside of the town than he drove his lance through the heart of his new purchase, and returned to the town to watch the effect which the news might produce on the seller. Meeting him as it were accidentally, he told him (cursing his own heat of temper) how he had in a passion killed the beautiful animal he had just bought of him. The Bouda started, but managed to conceal his emotion till he arrived at home, when, closing the door, he gave vent to his lamentations, wailing and rubbing the skin off his forehead as is customary at the death of a near relation. On being questioned by the neighbours as to the cause of his grief, he replied that news had reached him of the death of his brother, who, he said, had been robbed and murdered in the Galla country, whither he had gone some few days before in quest of horses. He never again offered animals for sale in the market.

Last of the yarns here to be spun is one of Malay origin, and with the promising title of

THE BENEVOLENT TODDY-MAKER.

The Raja of Majapahit died without leaving any son to inherit the throne, but he left a daughter named Radin Galah Wi Casoma, who was raised to the succession by Pati Gaja Mada. Some time after, there was a toddy-maker who went to amuse himself on the sea, where he found a young boy on a plank, and took him into his prahu; perceiving that he was insensible of his state from his having been so long on the sea without meat or drink. He was not quite dead, but just at the point of expiring, or as the Arabs say, the angel of death had just reached him, but not death himself. The toddy-maker dropped rice water into his mouth, and the boy opened his eyes and perceived he was in a prahu. He then carried him home, and maintained him according to his circumstances. When the boy had recovered, the toddy-maker asked him what was his name, who he was, and how he came to be floating on that board. The boy said he was the son of the Raja of Tanjong Pura, the great-great-grandson of Sang Manyaya, the son of the first raja who descended from the mountain

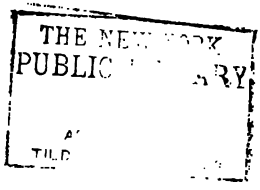
Majapahit, I should be the Pati Ari Gaja Mada." Then said the Bita "Father, wait, and I will certainly consider how it may be accomplished He was greatly distressed, however, and for two or three days suffered one to see him. When the Pati Ari Gaja Mada perceived this, he we in to the Bitara, and inquired the cause of his shutting himself up. T Bitara pretended that he was not well. The other said, "I perceive y have some secret uneasiness; if you can confide it to me, perhaps by r advice it may be easily removed." The Bitara said, "My father is rig in his conjecture. I am not the son of the toddy-man, but of the Raja Tanjong Pura." He then related to him the agreement into which he h entered with the toddy-man; and added that his present distress originat from his desiring to fulfil the same. Pati Ari bade him not to be c down, and represented that he was very ready to resign his office, being now old. The Bitara said he did not wish him to resign, being conscious that the business could not be performed by his adopted father. Pati Ari then advised him that if he should again come to claim his promise, he should tell him, "No doubt the office of Pati Ari is a very high one, but it is also extremely troublesome, so that it can never be executed by my father; but I have found another office for you of the same dignity. I will set you to preside over all the toddy-men of the country, and you shall have the same place of dignity with the Pati Ari Gaja Mada." There is no doubt, said he, he will accept it, for he will comprehend the advantage of it. The very next day the toddy-man appeared to claim his promise. The Bitara proposed to him his new office, with which he was extremely delighted, and all the toddy-men of Majapahit were straightway put under him.



Polynesian Drum.

W. DICKES. LONDON

WIFE-SNATCHING AMONG THE TOWKAS.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Some Savage Costumes.

PART III.

SAVAGE ADORNMENT, COURTSHIP, AND MARRIAGE.

CHAPTER IX.

Black and white—Climate and colour—Origin of personal adornment—Shaving with mussel shells—The art of tattooing—Hiki Tangaroa—Trafficking in heads—Lucky escape of Tonga women—Tattooed to the bones—A Port Essington swell—A Pawnee dandy—The art of face painting—Symbolism in the use of colour—Figian hair-dressing—Monstrous mops—Heads dressed with butter—The Africans and the looking-glass—How to cure a biting wife—Heads and tails.

BEFORE proceeding to discuss the various modes of adornment adopted by savage peoples, it may not here be out of place to offer a few observations as to the difference between "black and white." If I may be permitted to judge boys from my own case, their notions of a "black-man" are somewhat erroneous. It may be that I was a very silly boy, but my idea of a "black-man" was a man black through and through, though I must confess that this impression was shaken on the occasion of my seeing a divided block of india-rubber, and which while it was sooty black without was merely light brown within. This discovery, coupled with a recollection of the pathetic Indian poem in which occur the lines

"Although he is a negro boy,
And has a *sooty skin*,"

made me yield a shade or two as to the colour of the nigger's "inner man;" but I firmly believe that not all the scholastic argument, or birch either, that the world could produce, would have shook me from the "light brown" to which I had so reluctantly receded. If there should happen among my readers a boy equally benighted, but less obstinate, he may be the wiser for reading what follows, and for which Dr. Winterbottom, of Sierra Leone celebrity, is responsible.

In all warm climates we see the skin has a tendency to a darker colour; the French are browner than the Swedes, Danes, English, and Germans; the inhabitants of the southern parts of Spain are darker than the French; and the Portuguese in complexion differ but a few shades from the Mulatto. As we approach the equator, the skin assumes in general a darker colour, and the complexion of the inhabitants, for the most part, bears a relative proportion to the heat of the climate. Exceptions, however, occur; local circumstances such as the elevation of the land, its vicinity to the sea, the nature of the soil, the state of cultivation and civilization, the course of winds, etc., have a great power in counteracting climate, and we even find that the skin assumes a darker hue in the high latitudes, as is shewn in the Laplander and Esquimaux. An alteration of complexion also often follows a change in the habit of body, and thin people of a dark complexion appear to turn fairer on becoming more plump. Professor Zimmerman supposes, that if a certain number of generations be requisite to change an European into a negro, a much greater number will be necessary to change the African into a white; for he adds, a dark-coloured spot is easily produced upon the skin by burning, but a long time is required to efface it; and porous bodies receive a tinge more readily than they part with it. In order to know, he continues, how long a time and how many generations would be required to make a race of Senegal negroes as white as the northern races of Europe, they ought to be placed not in Pennsylvania, nor even in France, but in Denmark or in Sweden. There they should be exposed as much as possible to the open air, prevented from having any communication with whites, and be nourished with food adapted to such a northern climate. Were this done, the changes, he thinks, would certainly be brought about, though perhaps slowly. From this cause negroes carried from their own hot country into other warm climates suffer no change.

If, as an intelligent writer observes, the human race be divided into species merely from their colour, it must necessarily follow that, if the

negroes form a specific class because they are black, those of an olive and tawny complexion must form another class, because they are not white, and from the same cause the Spaniards and Swedes would form two distinct species of men.

Children of the same family in Europe very frequently are of different complexions, some being fair and others brown; the same variety occurs in Africa, independently of any admixture of white blood, and while some are of a jet black, others are sometimes only a dark brown. In a family of six persons, seen by Winterbottom, one-half were almost as light-coloured as Mulattos, while the other were jet black. The father of these people was of a deep black, but the mother was a mulatto. The offspring of the darkest coloured African and fairest European, successively intermarrying with Europeans, become white in the fourth generation; and in the West India islands they are allowed to enjoy the same privileges as whites. The reverse takes place in intermarriages with blacks. The child of a European and African is called a "mulatto;" the European and mulatto produce a "quadroon;" this last, with the European, produces the "mestee," which, in the succeeding generations, becomes white. The offspring of the black and mulatto is called a "sambo," which is the only gradation marked between them, though there appears to be as much reason to distinguish a shade between the sambo and black as between the quadroon and white. A distinction of this kind is probably used by the Dutch, as Captain Stedman places the "mongroo," as it is called, between the black and sambo. These gradations of colour are chiefly characterised by the hair, which retains more or less of its woolly nature, for some mulattos are nearly as fair as brown people in Europe; and it is well known that some of the mestees in the West Indies have as fine complexions as many even fair people in England.

The very striking difference of colour between the African and European is merely superficial, and resides in a part so extremely delicate as to require the skill of the anatomist to detect it. The skin, or that part which corresponds to the hide of animals, is covered by two thin membranes or skins; the outermost is called the cuticle, or scarf skin, which we daily see broken by accidents, raised by blisters, and renewed without any trouble; it is devoid of sensibility, and in the African, as well as European, is nearly colourless and transparent. Immediately below the cuticle, or between it and the true skin, is a delicate membrane called the *rea mucosum*, in which the whole distinction of colour exists in the

European; but it is white or brown, according to his complexion: in the African, it is of a firmer texture than in fair people. When this middle membrane is destroyed by extensive wounds, burns, etc., it is never reproduced; and the cicatrix, or scar, remains white through life. It is worthy of observation, that negro children are also of a light colour, and preserve somewhat of a bluish tinge for several days after birth, or, as Ligon expresses it, not unlike the eyes of a young kitling. The palms of the hands and soles of the feet are nearly as white as in Europeans, and continue so through life.

Among what people or at what period of the world's history personal adornment became an institution is a question involved in the completest obscurity. Did it originate in vanity, caprice, accident, necessity, or what? Did the custom which has at length become bone of humanity's bone, and flesh of its flesh, owe its birth to Fashion's most humble-servant flunkeyism? It is possible some renowned though rude and barbaric chief, in the pursuit of war or the chase, may have been gored by a horned beast, or have received from a club or a stone-headed javelin a gash of a curious pattern across his visage, and which in healing left a cicatrice conspicuously red, or purple, or crimson. To show how they gloried in the scars of their lord, his household may have heroically resolved to bark their loyal countenances to the same figure; and equally loyal and with an eye to future favours, the chief men of the land may have followed suit—at least to the extent of a decent imitation of the pattern in coloured clay. Perhaps—at least as regards face painting, which in all probability was the precursor of tattooing—our savage forefathers found it convenient to give their bare hides a coating for the same reason that the buffalo mixes for himself a huge bath of mud and rolling therein creeps out and stands in the sun till the pasty bakes, forming a clay coat invulnerable to bites and stings. More likely than all, the first human "decorator" was a woman; perhaps a middle-aged and fading squaw—an ancient savage of the Madam Rachael sort—who essayed to conceal the ravages of time by aid of a little fancy mortar; or perhaps again some blooming maiden, the pearl of the tribe, seeing how beautiful were the flowers and how dazzling the crimson and orange plumage of birds, sought to add their beauties to her own. Perhaps it was among ourselves that painting and tattooing originated; indeed the latter practice is not altogether extinct in England at the present day; if any one doubts it let him take a trip to the nearest sea-port, and it might be safely

wagered that at least one "Jack Tar" out of every twenty could show some pretty specimen of tattooing—an anchor, a ship in full sail, or a pair of turtle doves, or possibly all these and as many more fantastic shapes as may find room from the wrists to the elbows;—mysterious enough to the beholder, but significant to "Jack" as is his birch-bark picture-book to the North American Indian.

The custom of tattooing is observed in a greater or less degree throughout Polynesia. Mr. Taylor, in his valuable work on New Zealand, furnishes us with some curious particulars respecting tattooing as practised in that country but a very few years since.

The grand ornament is the moko, or tattoo. All ranks were thus ornamented; a *papatea* or plain face was a term of reproach. Some were more fully tattooed than others, but all were more or less so. The grand chiefs had their faces and thighs entirely covered with this ornamental renting

New Zealand Tattooed Head.

of the skin. The ladies had their lips and chins operated upon, with a little curl at the corner of the eye. Frequently their persons also were covered with small strokes of tattooing; these might be called beauty-patches, such as the ladies used to wear on the face, made of a bit of court-plaister, and which were once thought ornamental.

To set off the *moko* to advantage, it was necessary to give up the beard, which was not considered in the light of an ornament. In former days a pair of mussel-shells were generally employed, but since their acquaintance with Europeans, a pair of large tweezers an inch and a-half wide, and three or four inches long, will generally be seen hanging from the garment or neck, and whenever the gentleman can find no other employment he will occupy himself with them.

Before they went to fight, the youth were accustomed to mark their countenance with charcoal in different lines, and their traditions state that this was the beginning of the tattoo; for their wars became so continuous, that to save the trouble of thus continually painting the face, they made the lines permanent by the moko.

The substance generally used as colouring matter is the resin of the *kauri* or *rimu*, which when burnt is pounded and converted to a fine powder. At Taupo, I went to see the place where this pigment was manufactured. A narrow pit was sunk at a little distance from a precipice, and from the face of the cliff a passage was cut to the bottom of it, over the mouth of which pieces of wood containing the resin were burnt, and the residuum falling within was taken away by means of the passage.

The *uki*, or instrument used, was a small chisel made of the bone of an albatross, very narrow and sharp, which was driven by means of a little mallet quite through the skin, and sometimes completely through the cheek as well, so that when the person undergoing the operation took his pipe, the smoke found its way out through the cuttings. The pain was excruciating, especially in the more tender parts, and caused dreadful swellings. Only a small piece could be done at a time. The operator held in his hand a piece of *muku* (flax) dipped in the pigment, which he drew over the incision immediately it was made. The blood, which flowed freely from the wound, was constantly wiped away with a little bit of flax. The pattern was first drawn, either with charcoal, or scratched in with a sharp-pointed instrument. To tattoo a person fully was therefore a work of time, and to attempt to do too much at once endangered the life. I remember a poor *porangi*, or insane person, who during the war was tattooed most unmercifully by some young scoundrels. The poor man's wounds were so dreadfully inflamed that they occasioned his death.

During the time that any one was being tattooed, all persons in the *pa* were tapu until the termination of the work, lest any evil should befall them. To have fine tattooed faces was the great ambition of young men, both to render themselves attractive to the ladies and conspicuous in war; for, even if killed by the enemy, whilst the heads of the untattooed were treated with indignity and kicked on one side, those which were conspicuous by their beautiful moko were carefully cut off, stuck on the *turuturu* (a pole with a cross on it), and then preserved; all which was highly gratifying to the survivors and the spirits of their late possessors.

person operated upon was stretched all his length on the ground, ncourage him manfully to endure the pain, songs were continually him. The following is one which was used on such occasions:

He who pays well, let him be
beautifully ornamented;
But he who forgets the operator.
let him be done carelessly.
Be the lines wide apart.
O hiki Tangaroa!
O hiki Tangaroa!
Strike that the chisel as it cuts
along may sound.
O hiki Tangaroa!
Men do not know the skill of the
operator in driving his sounding
chisel along.
O hiki Tangaroa!

song was chiefly to remind the gentleman of the duty he owed to rator, who not having any regular professional charges, chiefly d on the liberality of his patient, who was expected not only to n with the best, but to make him a very handsome present as well. ien the operator suspected that he should not be remembered, he tly became very careless in his work, and rendered the person an or life. Some of the mokos are very coarsely done, whilst others shed with an artist's touch, by which we are able to judge of the ey have severally paid the owner of the "sounding chisel."

st the males had every part of the face tattooed, and the thighs as ie females had chiefly the chin and lips, although occasionally they l a few smaller marks on different parts of the body. There were rules for tattooing, and the artist always went systematically to beginning at one spot, and gradually proceeding to another, each lar part having its distinguishing name.

ected with tattooing is the art of embalming. This was done in hat great warriors might show the heads of all the distinguished hey killed. But this art was not employed for that purpose alone; led them to preserve the heads of those who were dear to them, and these remembrances of beloved objects ever near. It was no non thing to embalm in this way the head of a beloved wife or I have seen several instances of this kind.

repare them for drying was called *paki-paki*, or *popo*, which sig-

nifies the taking out of the brain; they were then subjected to repeated steamings in the oven. After each steaming the heads were carefully wiped with flowers, and every portion of flesh and brain was removed. A small thin manuka stick was thrust between the skin and bone of the nose to preserve its form. When this process was ended, they were dried in the sun, and afterwards exposed to the smoke of their houses. One of the first things, however, was to extract the eyes, and fill the sockets with flax, and then sew the lids together. These heads, thus prepared, seemed to be exempt from the attack of insects, being thoroughly impregnated with pyroligneous acid. In former days the preparation of heads was very general; they were done for sale to the Europeans, and so great was the demand, that many a murderous attack has been made solely to obtain heads for the market, and those who were the most finely tattooed were chiefly sought for. How many of the sins of these savage islanders have been participated in by their European visitors! Few are aware to what extent this abominable traffic has been carried, but it has now totally ceased. I have, however, been assured that not a few of the heads thus preserved were those of Europeans, and some of them of the very individuals who came to purchase such things for the European market. If the person to whom the head had belonged was a relative or friend, the operators had to remove to some distance from the pa, and neither they nor the relations were allowed to touch any food until it was cured, for if the process were witnessed by the friends of the dead they would be unable to repress their tears, and the head would be spoiled; but if it were only the head of an enemy, the operation was performed before all the people.

These preserved heads of relatives were kept in baskets carefully made and scented with oil. When brought out to be cried over, they were ornamented with feathers, and placed in some conspicuous place.

Throughout Figi genuine tattooing is only found on the women; but not much of it is seen, as it is covered by the *liku*. Young women have barbed lines on their hands and fingers; and the middle-aged, patches of blue at the corners of the mouth. The custom of tattooing is said to be in conformity with the appointment of Ndengei, and its neglect punished after death. The native name is *qia*, and, as it is confined to women, so the operators are always of the same sex. An instrument called a "tooth," consisting of four or five bone teeth fixed to a light handle six inches long, is dipped in a pigment made of charcoal and candle-nut oil;

ttern having been previously marked on the body, the lines are ɜd permanent by the blackened comb, which is driven through the ı the same manner as a fleam, though with less violence. Months en occupied in the process, which is painful, and only submitted to ıotives of pride and fear. Feasts are held also in connection with The command of the god affects but one part of the body, and the are only marked to excite the admiration of the chief, who sees ɪn the act of presenting his food. The spots at the corners of the notify, on some islands, that the woman has borne children, but : are for the concealment of the wrinkles of age.

Tattooed Chief.

ns account humorously for the Tongan practice of tattooing being l to the men instead of the women. They say that the Tongan ɜt reported the custom to his countrymen, being anxious to state ɜtly, repeated, in a sing-song tone, as he went along, "Tattoo the but not the men; tattoo the women, but not the men." By ill-

luck he struck his foot violently against a stump in the path, and, in the confusion which followed, reversed the order of his message, singing, for the rest of his journey, "Tattoo the men, but not the women." And thus the Tongan chiefs heard the report; and thus it came to pass that the smart of the *qia* tooth was inflicted on the Tongan men instead of their wives.

"The Tigrean ladies," observes a well-known Abyssinian traveller, "and some men, tattoo themselves; though, as this mode of adorning the person is not common excepting among the inhabitants of the capital and persons who have passed some time there, I should judge it to be a fashion imported from the Amhara. The men seldom tattoo more than one ornament on the upper part of the arm near the shoulder, while the women cover nearly the whole of their bodies with stars, lines, and crosses, often rather tastefully arranged. I may well say nearly the whole of their persons, for they mark the neck, shoulders, breasts, and arms down to the fingers, which are enriched with lines to imitate rings nearly to the nails. The feet, ankles, and calves of the leg, are similarly adorned, and even the gums are by some pricked entirely blue, while others have them striped alternately blue and the natural pink. To see some of their designs, one would give them credit for skill in the handling their pencil, but in fact their system of drawing the pattern is purely mechanical. I had one arm adorned; a rather blind old woman was the artist. Her implements consisted of a little pot of some sort of blacking, made, she told me, of charred herbs; a large home-made iron pin, about one-fourth of an inch at the end of which was ground fine; a bit or two of hollow cane, and a pile of straw—the two last-named items were her substitutes for pencils. Her circles were made by dipping the end of a piece of cane of the required size into the blacking, and making its impression on the skin, while an end of the straw bent to the proper length and likewise blackened, marked all the lines, squares, diamonds, etc., which were to be of equal length. Her design being thus completed, she worked away on it with her pin, which she dug in as far as the thin part would enter, keeping the supply of blacking sufficient, and going over the same ground repeatedly to ensure regularity and unity in the lines. With some persons the first effect of this tattooing is to produce a considerable amount of fever from the irritation caused by the punctures, especially so with the ladies, from the extent of surface thus rendered sore. To allay this irritation they are generally obliged to remain for a few days in a case of vegetable matter which is plastered all over them. When the

operation is complete the marks are indelible; nay more, the Abyssinians declare that they may be traced on the person's bones even after death has bared them of their fleshy covering."

The aboriginals of Australia have a custom of "adorning" the body by slitting the fleshy parts loopwise and underlaying the semi-detatched piece with clay, producing a sort of "ridge and furrow" pattern more curious than pleasing. Mr. H. S. Melville, while attached to Captain Blackwood's exploring expedition, made the acquaintance of one of these cicatrised gentry, named Neinmal.

"Neinmal was a native of Port Essington, and was taken on board the 'Fly' on an experimental tour. He adopted 'Jack's' costume and much of 'Jack's' manners, for it was 'Jack' who had most to do with Neinmal's civilization. A great element in Neinmal's personal make-up were his cicatrices being scored according to native custom horizontally across the

Neinmal.

body, much as a cook would serve a loin of pork—the operation, I am told, was performed by some sharp instrument; but an oyster-shell sometimes may supply the want of a better—the wound is then filled up with clay, and the skin healing over forms raised ropy ridges, giving to the body much the resemblance of an old tree which has suffered from the

mutilations of the schoolboy's knife at different stages of its growth. Neinmal's trunk had much this aspect, and he was very proud of the adornment, although it must have reminded him of the torture he had undergone (many die under it). When he was exhibited to some of the Torres Straits natives they regarded him with veneration, their admiration being expressed by the most emphatic 'Whi-wawg!'"

Face painting, although practised in several savage regions, nowhere finds such favour as among the North American Indians. Talk of the vanity of women, what does the reader think of a grown man, a brave and the father of a numerous family, spending *several hours* before a bit of looking-glass daubing his face with as many of the colours of the rainbow as he can muster, and with such fantastic devices as are seldom seen out of a kaleidoscope?

A well-known Moravian missionary relates that on the occasion of his paying a visit to the tent of a chief with whom he was on friendly terms, he found him plucking out the hairs of his beard, preparatory to painting his face for a ball that was to take place the ensuing evening. Having finished his head-dress about an hour before sunset, the chief looked in at the abode of the worthy missionary, to show him the result of the day's labour. "To my utter astonishment I saw three different paintings or figures on one and the same face. He had, by his great ingenuity and judgment in laying on and shading the different colours, made his nose appear, when we stood directly in front of him, as if it were very long and narrow, with a round knob at the end like the upper part of a pair of tongs. On one cheek there was a red round spot, about the size of an apple, and the other was done in the same manner with black. The eyelids, both the upper and lower ones, were reversed in the colouring. When we viewed him in profile, on one side his nose represented the beak of an eagle, with the bill rounded and brought to a point precisely as those birds have it, though the mouth was somewhat open. The eye was astonishingly well done, and the head upon the whole appeared tolerably well, showing a great deal of fierceness. When we turned round to the other side, the same nose now resembled the snout of a pike, with the mouth so open that the teeth could be seen. He seemed much pleased with his execution, and, having his looking-glass with him, he contemplated himself with great pride and exultation. He asked me how I liked it? I answered that if he had done the work on a piece of board, bark, or anything else, I should like it very well, and should often look at it, but that

I would rather see his natural face than so disguised that I hardly knew him. I think he was a little huffed at my reply, for curtly observing that if I didn't know him it was not worth while to stay any longer, he took his departure rather hurriedly."

"I have seen some dandies in my life," writes Mr. Murray,—"English, Scotch, French, German, aye, and American dandies, too; but none of them can compare with the vanity or coxcombry of the Pawnee dandy. Lest any of the gentry claiming this distinction, and belonging to the above-mentioned nations, should doubt or feel aggrieved at this assertion, I will faithfully narrate what passed constantly before my eyes in our own tent, namely, the manner in which Sâ-ní-tsâ-rish's son passed the days on which there was no buffalo hunt.

"He began his toilet about eight in the morning by greasing and smoothing his whole person with fat, which he rubbed afterwards perfectly dry, only leaving the skin sleek and glossy, then he painted his face vermilion, with a stripe of red also along the centre of the crown of the head; he then proceeded to his *coiffure*, which received great attention, although the quantum of hair demanding such care was limited, inasmuch as the head was shaved close, except one tuft at the top, from which hung two plaited tresses. (Why must I call them pig-tails?) He then filled his ears—which were bored in two or three places—with rings and wampum, and hung several strings of beads round his neck, then sometimes painting stripes of vermilion and yellow upon his breast and shoulders, and placing armlets above his elbows, and rings upon his fingers, he proceeded to adorn the nether man with a pair of mocassins, some scarlet cloth leggings fastened to his waist-belt, and bound round below the knee with garters of beads four inches broad. Being so far prepared, he drew out his mirror fitted into a small wooden frame (which he always, whether hunting or at home, carried about his person), and commenced a course of self-examination, such as the severest disciple of Watts, Mason, or any other religious moralist never equalled. I have repeatedly seen him sit for above an hour at a time examining his face in every possible position and expression, now frowning like Homer's Jove before a thunder-storm, now like the same god described by Milton smiling with superior love, now slightly varying the streaks of paint upon his cheeks and forehead, and then pushing or pulling each particular hair of his eyebrows into its most becoming place. Could the youth have seen anything in that mirror half so dangerous as the features which the glassy wave gave back to the gaze

of the fond Narcissus, I might have feared for his life or reason; but, fortunately for these, they had only to contend with a low receding forehead, a nose somewhat sinuous, a pair of small sharp eyes, with high cheek bones and a broad mouth, well furnished with a set of teeth, which had, at least, the merit of demolishing speedily everything, animal or vegetable, that came within their range.

"His toilet thus arranged to his satisfaction, one of the women or children led his buffalo-horse before the tent, and he proceeded to deck his steed by painting his forehead, neck, and shoulders with stripes of vermilion, and sometimes twisted a few feathers into his tail. He then put into his mouth an old-fashioned bridle, bought or stolen from the Spaniards, from the bit of which hung six or eight steel chains about nine inches long, while some small bells attached to the reins contributed to render the movements of the steed pleasantly musical."

It is satisfactory to learn, however, that face painting among the American Indians is not invariably weakness and frivolity. That such is not the case, at least among the Sioux, we have the valuable evidence of Mr. Kohl:—

"Daily, when I had the opportunity, I drew the pattern their faces displayed, and at length obtained a collection, whose variety even astonished myself. The strange combinations produced in the kaleidoscope may be termed weak when compared to what an Indian's imagination produces on his forehead, nose, and cheek. I will try to give some account of them as far as words will reach. Two things struck me most in their arrangement of colour. First, the fact that they did not trouble themselves at all about the natural divisions of the face; and, secondly, the extraordinary mixture of the graceful and the grotesque. At times, it is true, they did observe those natural divisions produced by nose, eyes, mouth, etc. The eyes were surrounded with regular coloured circles, yellow or black stripes issued harmoniously and equidistant from the mouth; over the cheeks ran a semicircle of green dots, the ears forming the centre. At times, too, the forehead was traversed by lines running parallel to the natural contour of that feature; this always looked somewhat human, so to speak, because the fundamental character of the face was unaltered; usually, however, these regular patterns do not suit the taste of the Indians. They like contrasts, and frequently divide the face into two halves, which undergo different treatment; one will be dark—say black or blue—but the other quite light yellow, bright red, or white;

ll be crossed by thick lines made by the forefingers, while the other
esque, with extremely fine lines, produced by the aid of a brush.
is division is produced in two different ways. The line of demarca-
metimes runs down the nose, so that the right cheek and side are
in gloom, while the left looks like a flower-bed in the sunshine.
es, though, they draw the line across the nose, so that the eyes
out of the dark colour, while all beneath the nose is bright and
s. It seems as if they wished to represent on their faces the diffe-
nases of the moon. I frequently inquired whether there was any
ance in these various patterns, but was assured it was a mere
of taste. They were simple arabesques, like their squaws work on
cassins, girdles, tobacco pouches, etc.

ll, there is a certain symbolism in the use of the colours. Thus, red
ly typifies joy and festivity; and black, mourning. When any
elancholy death takes place, they rub a handful of charcoal over
ire face. If the deceased is only a distant relative, a mere trellis-
f black lines is painted on the face; they have also a half-mourn-
d only paint half the face black. Red is not only their joy, but
eir favourite colour. They generally cover their face with a coating
ht red, on which the other colours are laid; for this purpose they
vermilion, which comes from China, and is brought them by the
traders. However, this red is by no means *de rigueur*. Frequently
ound colour is a bright yellow, for which they employ chrome-
obtained from the trader.

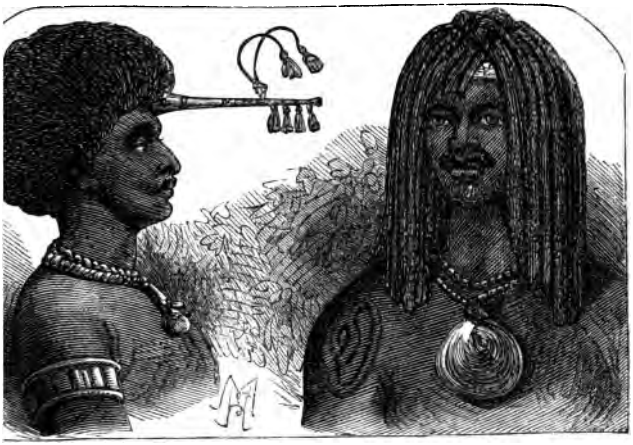
ey are also very partial to Prussian blue, and employ this colour not
their faces but as a type of peace on their pipes; and as the hue
sky, on their graves. It is a very curious fact, by the way, that
any Indians can distinguish blue from green. I have seen the sky
they represent on their graves by a round arch, as frequently of
our as the other. In the Sioux language *toya* signifies both green
ue; and a much-travelled Jesuit father told me that among many
tribes the same confusion prevails. I have also been told that
have their favourite colours, and I am inclined to believe it, al-
I was not able to recognise any such rule. Generally all Indians
hold their own native copper skin in special affection, and heighten
vermilion when it does not seem to them sufficiently red.

liscovered during a journey I took among the Sioux, that there is a
national style in this face painting. They were talking of a poor

Indian who had gone mad, and when I asked some of his countrymen present in what way he displayed his insanity, they said, 'Oh, he dresses himself up so funnily with feathers and shells; he paints his face so comically that it is enough to make one die of laughing.' This was said to me by persons so overladen with feathers, shells, green and vermilion, Prussian blue, and chrome-yellow, that I could hardly refrain from smiling. Still, I drew the conclusion from it that there must be something conventional and typical in their variegated style which might be easily infringed."

The various savage methods of wearing the hair is highly curious and interesting. The missionary, Thomas Williams, relates that most of the Figian chiefs have a hairdresser, to whose care his master's head is intrusted, often demanding daily attention, and at certain stages of progress requiring several hours' labour each day. During all this time the operator's hands are *tabu* from touching his food, but not from working in his garden. The hair is strong, and often quite wiry, and so dressed that it will retain the position in which it is placed even when projecting from the head to a distance of six or eight inches. One stranger, on seeing their performance in this department, exclaims, "What astonishing wigs!" another, "Surely the beau ideal of hair-dressing must reside in Figi!" a third, "Their heads surpass imagination!" No wonder, then, that they defy description. If in anything the natives have a claim to originality and versatility of genius it is in hair-dressing. Whatever may be said about the appearance being unnatural, the best coiffures have a surprising and almost geometrical accuracy of outline, combined with a round softness of surface and uniformity of dye which display extraordinary care, and merit some praise. They seem to be carved out of some solid substance, and are variously coloured. Jet black, blue black, ashy white, and several shades of red prevail. Among young people bright red and flaxen are in favour. Sometimes two or more colours meet on the same head. Some heads are finished both as to style and colour nearly like an English counsellor's wig. In some the head is a spherical mass of jet black hair, with a white roll in front as broad as the hand, or in lieu of this a white oblong occupies the length of the forehead, the black passing down on either side. In each case the black projects farther than the white hair. Some heads have all the ornamentation behind, consisting of a crowd of twisted cords ending in tassels. In others, the cords give place to a large red roll, or a sandy projection falling on the neck. On one head all the hair is of a uniform height, but one-third in front is ashy or sandy and the rest black,

defined separation dividing the two colours. Not a few are so
ly grotesque as to appear as if done purposely to excite laughter.
ı large knot of fiery hair on his crown, all the rest of the head
d. Another has most of his hair cut away, leaving three or
ı of small clusters, as if his head were planted with small paint
A third has his head bare, except where a large patch projects
temple. One, two, or three cords of twisted hair often fall from
temple a foot or eighteen inches long. Some men wear a num-
ıse braids, so as to form a curtain at the back of the neck reaching
ear to the other. A mode that requires great care has the hair
into distinct locks radiating from the head. Each lock is a per-
about seven inches long, having the base outwards, so that the
: the hair is marked out into a great number of small circles, the
g turned in in each lock towards the centre of the cone. In
ındred style the locks are pyramidal, the sides and angles of each
regular as though formed of wood. All round the head they
square black blocks, the upper tier projecting horizontally from
ı, and a flat space being left at the top of the head. When the
'ever, is not more than four inches long this flat does not exist,
urface consists of a regular succession of squares or circles. The



Torres Straits Natural Head Dress and Papuan Wig.

otions of the dance do not disturb these elaborate preparations,
care is taken to preserve them from the effects of the dew or rain.

Married women often wear their hair in the same style as the men, but not projecting to quite the same extent. A large woollen mop of a reddish hue falling over the eyes, will represent the hair as worn by the younger women.

Mr. Williams relates that he has often girted Figian heads which were three feet ten inches, and one nearly five feet, in circumference. A coating of jet-black powder is considered superlatively ornamental, but its use is forbidden to the women, who, however, in common with the men, paint themselves with vermilion, applied in spots, stripes, and patches. White and pink armlets, and others made of a black wiry root, or white cowries, ivory and shell finger-rings, knee and ankle-bands with a rose-shaped knot, are much worn. Ivory, tortoise-shell, dogs' teeth, bats' jaws, snake vertebræ, native beads ground out of shells, and foreign beads of glass are formed into necklaces, the latter being generally braided into neat bands. Breast ornaments are pearl shells, as large as a dessert plate, plain, or edged with ivory, orange, and white cowries, and crescents or circles formed by a boar's tusk. Chiefs and priests sometimes wear across the forehead frontlets of small scarlet feathers fixed on palm leaf, while a long black comb or tortoise-shell hair-pin, *alias* scratcher, projects several inches beyond the right temple. Ear ornaments are used by both sexes, not pendent, but passing through the lobe of the ear, and varying in size from the thickness of the finger to that of the wrist. Some insert a white cowry, and a few have the opening so distended as to admit a ring ten inches in circumference.

Turning to Abyssinia we find that in general neither sex wear any covering on the head, preferring to tress and butter that with which nature has provided them. The hair of the Abyssinians is admirably adapted for this purpose, being neither short and crisp like a negro's, nor yet of the soft elasticity of a European's, but between the two—sufficiently long to tress well, and even often to hang luxuriantly over the shoulders, but at the same time sufficiently woolly to prevent its being liable to come out of plait as soon as it is done, which ours always does. "I had the greatest bother in the world with mine," says Mr. Parkyns; "in the first place it required twice as much pulling as anybody else's, otherwise it would not have remained a moment in its place, and then it had to be tied at the ends, and stuck with a fixature of boiled cotton-seeds, and after all it never lasted in plait more than a week.

"The operation of tressing is a very tedious one, usually occupying an

hour or two per head; therefore, of course it is repeated as seldom as possible—by some great dandies once a fortnight; by others once a month, or even less frequently. In the interim, large supplies of fresh butter are employed when obtainable, in order to prevent the chance of a settlement of vermin; and a piece of stick like a skewer is used for scratching.

"The hair is gathered in plaits close over the whole surface of the head, the lines running fore and aft, and the ends hanging down in ringlets over the neck. In both sexes the patterns chosen are various. Some will have only five or seven plaits, while others will prefer as many as thirty or more. Some again have the whole of the head tressed backwards; others wear the front part plaited towards the sides, with the ends hanging over the temples. Formerly young soldiers were not allowed to tress their hair until they had killed a man, when they shaved the whole of the head, leaving only a single plait. Another was added for each man killed, till they had reached the fifth, when they were privileged to wear a whole head of hair. Now-a-days, excepting in some of the remote Galla districts, the number of tresses depends on the age of the wearer rather than on his prowess. Youths and young women usually shave the crown like a priest, while mothers and full-grown men tress the whole. Some ladies have their butter daubed on nicely, and then some scent, but the great go among the dandies is to appear in the morning with a huge pat of butter (about two ounces) placed on the top of the head, which, as it gradually melts in the sun, runs over the hair, down the neck, over the forehead, and often into the eyes, thereby causing much smarting.

You can't offend an African by telling him that he squints or that his mouth is awry; he will receive the information in the best humour and as indifferently as though—which after all is the fact—it were no affair of his.

"They came frequently," says Dr. Livingstone, "and asked for the looking-glass, and the remarks they made—while I was engaged in reading, and apparently not attending to them—on first seeing themselves therein were amusingly ridiculous: 'Is that me?' 'What a big mouth I have!' 'My ears are as big as pumpkin leaves!' 'I have no chin at all!' Or, 'I would have been pretty, but am spoiled by these high cheek-bones!' 'See how my head shoots up in the middle!' laughing vociferously all the time at their own jokes. They readily perceive any defect in each other, and give nicknames accordingly. One man came alone to have a quiet gaze at his own features once, when he thought I

was asleep; after twisting his mouth about in various directions, he remarked to himself, 'People say I am ugly, and how very ugly I am indeed.'"

Londa Lady.

To return, however, to the subject of African hair dressing, we refer once more to Dr. Livingstone:

"The men of a village came to our encampment, and, as they followed the Bushukulompo mode of dressing their hair, we had an opportunity of examining it for the first time. A circle of hair at the top of the head, eight inches or more in diameter, is woven into a cone eight or ten inches high, with an obtuse apex bent in some cases a little forward, giving it somewhat the appearance of a helmet. Some have only a cone four or five inches in diameter at the base. It is said that the hair of animals is added; but the sides of the cone are woven something like basket-work. The headman of this village, instead of having his brought to a point, had it prolonged into a wand which extended a full yard from the crown of his head. The hair on the forehead, above the ears, and behind, is all shaven off, so they appear somewhat as if a cap of liberty were cocked upon the top of the head. After the weaving is performed it is said to be painful, as the scalp is drawn tightly up, but they become used to it. Monze informed me that all his people were formerly ornamented in this way, but he discouraged it. I wished him to discourage the practice of knocking out the teeth too, but he smiled, as if in that case the fashion would be too strong for him, as it was for Sebituane."

In a former part of this book reference is made to the religious ceremony of Kebarrah, practised among the aborigines of Australia, and which mainly consists of knocking out the front teeth; the same practice, though unaccompanied by any religious ceremony, prevails among certain savage tribes of Southern Africa. "All the Batoka tribes follow the odious

om. This is done by both sexes, and though the under teeth, g relieved from the attrition of the upper, grow long and some- t bent out, and thereby cause the under lip to protrude in a most ghtly way, no young woman thinks herself accomplished until has got rid of the upper incisors. This custom gives all the Batoka ncouth old-man-like appearance. They are so attached to the

Bushukulompo Hairdressing.

ice that even Sebituane was unable to eradicate it. He issued rs that none of the children living under him should be subjected to ustom by their parents, and disobedience to his mandates was usually shed with severity; but, notwithstanding this, the children would ar in the streets without their incisors, and no one would confess to deed. When questioned respecting the origin of this practice, the ka reply that their object is to be like oxen; and those who retain : teeth they consider to resemble zebras. Whether this is the true n or not it is difficult to say, but it is noticeable that the veneration xen which prevails in many tribes should here be associated with ed of the zebra, as among the Bakwains; that this operation is per- ed at the same age that circumcision is in other tribes, and that here ceremony is unknown. The custom is so universal, that a person has his teeth is considered ugly, and occasionally when the Batoka owed my looking-glass the disparaging remark would be made respect- boys or girls who still retained their teeth, 'Look at their great h!' Some of the Makololo give a more facetious explanation of the om. They say that the wife of a chief, having in a quarrel bitten her

husband's hand, he in revenge ordered her front teeth to be knocked out, and all the men in the tribe followed his example; but this does not explain why they afterwards knocked out their own."

Once more a savage mode of dressing the hair—the Malagaseys—and then "no more on that head." "Their hair," says Madam Pfiefer, "is coal black, as woolly as the negro's, and much coarser and longer, sometimes attaining a length of two feet. When this hair is worn in all its native luxuriance, it has a horribly disfiguring effect. The face seems quite lost in a virgin forest of thick frizzled hair, standing out in all directions. Fortunately, few wear it in this way. The men often have their hair cut off quite short at the back of the head, and leave only a length of six or eight inches in front, which looks comical enough, as the hair stands upright, and forms a woolly topknot, but it is not so bad as the virgin forest. The women, and some of the men too, who are exceedingly proud of their hirsute ornaments, and cannot make up their minds to shorten them, plait them into a number of little tails. Some let these tails hang all about their heads, while others unite them into bands or bunches, so as to cover the whole head. This kind of head-dress takes a good deal of time in preparing, particularly in the cases of the richer Malagaseys, who have their hair plaited into an infinite number of these little tails. On the head of one of these native beauties I counted above sixty plaits. The good lady's slaves must have had a good day's work in bringing them to the right pitch of perfection. On the other hand, it may be urged that such a head-dress does not require renewing continually, but will remain in all its pristine loveliness for several days.

New Guinea Skull.

Ashira Belle.

CHAPTER X.

life of Ojibbeway women—Figian women and Figian hogs—Delights of Mormonism—rings to her "beau"—Savage mothers-in-law—Fate of Figian bachelors—The drying of -A Savage marriage feast—A Royal wedding—Marriage of King Finow's daughter—mble for baked pork—Concerning love-letter-writing—A Savage monarch's first writing —"Tarky blind of an eye"—A cannibal wedding—Borrowing the trousers—A wedding r the wrist.

HAVING faithfully accompanied our Savage thus far,—having nursed him, and rocked him in all sorts of queer cradles, and found him fantastic playthings to keep him in good temper, and called in the medicine-man and the gree-gree, iddy, to cure him when he was sick; having set him on his little l taken him to school, and seen him switched and scored with ithes, and hung up by skewers, and with his hands plunged into s' nests, and with his front teeth knocked out, and all to show stout-hearted little man he was, and how fit to claim the title fect Savage;" having known him as a frolicsome youth, tall and limb, the neatest of dancers, the boldest of wrestlers and surf rs, the swiftest of runners, the most inveterate of smokers, and ous of yarn spinners; having observed him at his toilet, and ow he paints himself, and oils himself, and daubs himself with d slits his ears, and his nose, and his lips, and traces gorgeous and g patterns on his dusky skin by aid of mallet and spikes, and l pigments,—having done all this, we come to a most momentous f his existence—his Courtship and Marriage.

h forces us to the unpleasant confession that, as a married man, rage does not cut a highly creditable figure. His notions of the

rights of women are limited. She is worked like a horse, and treated worse than a dog. To show how universal is this ill-treatment of women throughout all savage lands, it may be worth while to take the evidence of a few credible eye-witnesses.

Writing concerning the Ojibbeway Indians, says the Rev. Peter Jones, who, be it borne in mind, is himself an Ojibbeway, and should therefore know what he is writing about:—"In accordance with the custom of all Pagan nations, the Indian men look upon their women as an inferior race of beings, created for their use and convenience. They, therefore, treat them as menials, and impose on them all the drudgeries of a savage life, such as making the wigwam, providing fuel, planting and hoeing the Indian corn or maize, fetching the venison and bear's meat from the woods where the man shot it: in short, all the hard work falls upon the women, so that it may truly be said of them, that they are the slaves of their husbands. In the wigwam the men occupy the best places, leaving such parts as are most exposed to the inclemency of the weather to the poor women. In regard to their food, the women eat the coarsest parts of the meat, or what the men leave. When travelling the men always walk on before. It would be considered great presumption for the wife to walk by the side of her husband; she therefore keeps at a respectful distance. I have often seen the husband start with nothing but his gun or bow and arrows, while the poor wife, at some distance behind, would be seen bending under the weight of all their goods, often with a child packed in the midst of materials for building the wigwam. These burdens they carry about with them in all their journeying, which soon makes them decrepid. The men have an idea that it is unmanly and disgraceful for them to be seen doing anything which they imagine belongs to the women's department. I have scarcely ever seen anything like social intercourse between husband and wife, and it is remarkable that the women say very little in the presence of the men."

Murray, in his "Travels in North America," follows suit, and thus summarizes the daily life of a "squaw."

"She rises an hour before daylight, packs up the dried meat, the corn, and other bales, strikes the tent, loads and saddles all the horses and mules, and at dawn the march commences. They generally go from twelve to fifteen miles before their mid-day halt; the husband rides; some animals are loaded, many run loose; she travels on foot, carrying on her back either a child or a package of considerable size, in one hand a bundle

or a can of water, with the other leading one or two pack-horses. On arriving at the camping place, she unpacks the animals, and proceeds to pitch the tent or lodge, as before described. But in order to appreciate the extreme labour of this apparently simple operation, it must be borne in mind that she has to force eight or ten poles sharpened at the point into ground baked nearly as hard as bricks by a vertical sun, and that they require to be driven at least six inches deep by the mere strength of her arms, as she is not assisted by the use of any iron-pointed instrument, or any mallet. As soon as the tent is pitched and arranged, she goes in search of wood and water,—water is generally within half-a-mile of the camping-place selected, but wood I can positively affirm, from my own observation, she frequently has to seek and carry on her back three or four miles.

"From mingled commiseration and curiosity I have once or twice raised the wood bundles thus brought in, and am afraid to hazard a conjecture of their weight, but I feel confident that any London porter would charge high for an extra load if he was desired to carry one of them half-a-mile. She then proceeds to light the fire, cut up the meat and pound the corn, for which latter purpose she is obliged to use a heavy club, round at the extremity, and a mortar hollowed by herself from the trunk of a walnut tree. As soon as the meal is finished, she has to strike the tent, reload the horses, and the *whole foregoing work is to be repeated*, except that the afternoon journey is generally no more than eight miles.

"This is the ordinary routine of a travelling day, but on the day of a hunt and on its successor her labour varies in kind, not much in degree, as besides bringing wood and water, cooking, etc., she has to cut up all the meat into thin flakes or layers, to be dried in the sun, dress the skins and robes, to make the mocassins, leggings, and in short whatever *clothing* is wanted by any part of the family. To perform this incredible labour there were only three women in our lodge, and I never saw any of the three either grumble or rest a moment, although plagued with the additional care and ceaseless crying of two ill-conditioned brats. Lest it may be supposed that in the permanent or winter lodge, they enjoy more rest, it is as well to mention that in addition to their domestic duties the whole of the agricultural labour in their coarse system of raising maize falls to their share."

From North America to Australia. There, says Mr. Angas, one of the surest marks of the low position of the Australian savage in the scale

of the human species is the treatment of their women. The men walk along with a proud and majestic air, while behind them, crouching like slaves and bearing heavy burdens on their backs, with their little ones astride on their shoulders, come the despised and degraded women. They are the drudges in all heavy work, and after their lords have finished the repast which the women have prepared for them, these despised creatures contentedly sit at a distance and gather up the bones and fragments which the men throw to them across their shoulders, just as we should throw meat to a dog.

In man-eating Figi, women, as a rule, are regarded as mere articles of luxury and convenience—pretty much as we are accustomed to regard carpets, dinner services, and such like household gear. Indeed the Figian displays the quality of his taste in his matrimonial selections as do we in our choosings at the china shop or the draper's; the flighty and spend-thrift savage preferring beauty before all other qualities, and the steady-going staid Figian, declaring for "colour, pattern," and durability. "My wife is not pretty," a Figian will exclaim with pride, "but she is as tough as tortoise-shell." The low estimate in which Figian women are held may be judged from the following fact narrated by one of our missionaries, "A chief of Viti Levee was very desirous to have a musket, which an American captain had shown him. The price of the coveted piece was two hogs; the chief had only one, but he sent on board with it a young woman as an equivalent."

It is almost needless after this example of the condition of Figian woman-hood, to mention that courtship is a pastime seldom indulged in. Where polygamy reigns, courtship, as we accept the term, must be altogether out of the question, for the man already possessed of four wives who makes up to a fifth and declares that his heart is wholly hers, in the same breath declares himself a remorseless ruffian and a traitor to his existing spouses. Not that such trifling considerations would stand in the way of a Figian; if he fancies another wife, he coolly brings her home and leaves her to settle down as best she may among the termagant crew, into whose society she is cast. Writing on the subject, the missionary Thomas Williams says, "The herd of women brought together by polygamy under the will of one man, are robbed of the domestic pleasures springing from reciprocated affection, and are thus led literally to 'bite and devour' each other. The testimony of a woman who lived two years in my family, after having been one among several of a chief's

wives, is that they know nothing of comfort; contentions among them are endless, the bitterest hatred common, and mutual cursing and recrimination, of daily occurrence. When their quarters become untenable, they generally run. Indeed, I was told by a chief's lady that it was a settled point that an offensive under-wife must be made to fly by abundant scolding and abuse. When a woman happens to be under the displeasure of her master as well as that of his lady-wives, they irritate the chief by detailing her misdemeanour until permission is gained to punish the delinquent, when the women of the house—high and low—fall upon her, cuffing, kicking, scratching, and even trampling on the poor creature so unmercifully as to leave her half dead."

There is no rule without an exception, it is said, and as in the matter of woman's treatment the axiom holds good, it is a duty as well as a pleasure to record it. Strangely enough too, the exception is to be met in Southern Africa, one of the very last places one would have guessed. Nevertheless we have Dr. Livingstone's word for it, so it is true. "The Makololo women work but little. Indeed the families of that nation are spread over the country, one or two only in each village as the lords of the land. They all have lordship over great numbers of subjected tribes who pass by the general name Makalaka, and who are forced to render certain services, and to aid in tilling the soil, but each has his own land under cultivation and otherwise lives nearly independent. They are proud to be called Makololo, but the other term is often used in reproach as betokening inferiority. This species of servitude may be termed serfdom, as it has to be rendered in consequence of subjection by force of arms, but it is necessarily very mild. It is so easy for any one who is unkindly treated to make his escape to other tribes, that the Makololo are compelled to treat them to a great extent rather as children than slaves. Some masters who fail from defect of temper or dispositions to secure the affections of the conquered people, frequently find themselves left without a single servant, in consequence of the absence and impossibility of enforcing a fugitive slave-law, and the readiness with which those who are themselves subjected, assist the fugitives across the rivers in canoes. The Makololo ladies are liberal in their presents of milk and other food, and seldom require to labour except in the way of beautifying their own huts and court yards. They drink large quantities of boyalva oalo, the buza of the Arabs, which being made of the grain called holcus sorghum or durassafi, in a minute state of subdivision is very nutritious, and gives

that plumpness of form which is considered beautiful. They dislike being seen at their potations by persons of the opposite sex. They cut their woolly hair quite short and delight in having the whole person shining with butter. Their dress is a kilt reaching to the knees, its material is ox hide made as soft as cloth. It is not ungraceful. A soft skin mantle is thrown across the shoulders when the lady is unemployed, but when engaged in any sort of labour, she throws this aside and works in the kilt alone. The ornaments most coveted are large brass anklets as thick as the little finger, and armlets of both brass and ivory, the latter often an inch broad. The rings are so heavy that the ankles are often blistered by the weight pressing down, but it is the fashion, and is borne as magnanimously as tight lacing and tight shoes among ourselves. Strings of beads are hung around the neck, and the fashionable colours being light-green and pink, a trader could get almost anything he chose for beads of these colours.

"A maidservant of the chief, Sekeletu, pronounced by the Makololo to be good-looking, was sought in marriage by five young men. Sekeletu happening to be at my waggon, when one of these preferred his suit, very coolly ordered all five to stand in a row before the young woman that she might make her choice. Two refused to stand, apparently because they could not brook the idea of a repulse, although willing enough to take her if Sekeletu had acceded to their petition without reference to her will. Three dandified fellows stood forth and she unhesitatingly decided on taking one who was really the best looking. It was amusing to see the mortification exhibited on the black faces of the unsuccessful candidates, while the spectators greeted them with a hearty laugh."

According to the same authority, the ladies of certain parts of Southern Africa are as supreme as among us, even to the extent of tyrannical mothers-in-law.

"The person whom Nyakoba appointed to be our guide having informed us of the decision, came and bargained that his services should be rewarded with a hoe. I had no objection to give it, and showed him the article: he was delighted with it, and went off to show it to his wife. He soon afterwards returned, and said that though he was perfectly willing to go, his wife would not let him. I said, 'Then bring back the hoe;' but he replied, 'I want it.' 'Well, go with us, and you shall have it.' 'But my wife won't let me.' I remarked to the men, 'Did you ever hear such a fool.' They answered, 'Oh! that is the custom of these

parts; the wives are the masters.' And Sekeletu informed me that he had gone to this man's house and heard him saying to his wife, 'Do you think I would ever leave you?' then turning to Sekeletu, he asked, 'Do you think I would leave this pretty woman. Is she not pretty?' Sekeletu had been making inquiries among the people, and had found that the women indeed possessed a great deal of influence. We questioned the guide whom we finally got from Nyakoba,—an intelligent young man, who had much of the Arab features,—and found the statements confirmed. When a young man takes a liking to a girl of another village, and the parents have no objection to the match, he is obliged to come and live at their village. He has to perform certain services for the mother-in-law, such as keeping her well supplied with firewood; and when he comes into her presence he is obliged to sit with his knees in a bent position, as putting out his feet towards the old lady would give her great offence. If he becomes tired of living in this state of vassalage and wishes to return to his own family he is obliged to leave all his children behind—they belong to the wife. This is only a more stringent enforcement of the law from which emanates the practice which prevails so very extensively in Africa, known to Europeans as buying wives. Such, virtually, it is; but it does not appear quite in that light to the actors. So many head of cattle or goats are given to the parents of the girl to give her up as it is termed, *i.e.* to forego all claim of her offspring and allow an entire transference of her and her progeny into another family. If nothing is given, the family from which she has come can claim the children as part of itself—the payment is made to sever this bond. In the case supposed, the young man had not been able to advance anything for that purpose; and from the temptations placed here before my men, I have no doubt that some prefer to have their daughters married in that way as it leads to the increase of their own village."

Among at least one more tribe of Southern Africans, this rule holds, for when in Damara land Mr. Galton found occasion to record—"The women here have not much to complain of; they are valuable helpmates, and divorce themselves as often as they like. The consequence is that the marital rule depends not upon violence, nor upon interest, but upon affection. A wife costs a Damara nothing, for she 'crows' (digs for) her own pig nuts, and she is of positive use, because she builds and plasters his hut, cooks his victuals, and carries his things when he moves from place to place. A Damara seldom beats his wife much; if he does she

decamps. This deference of husband to wife was a great difficulty in the way of discipline; for I often wanted to punish the ladies of my party, and yet I could not make their husbands whip them for me, and of course I was far too gallant to have it done by any other hands. They bored me to death with their everlasting talking; but I must own that there were many good points in their character. They were extremely patient, though not feminine according to our ideas; they had no strong affections either for spouse or children, in fact the spouse was changed almost weekly, and I seldom knew without enquiry who the *pro tempore* husband of each lady was at any particular time. One great use of women in my party was to find out any plan or secret that the natives I was encamped amongst were desirous of hiding. Experience tells us of two facts—first, that women delight in communicating everybody else's secrets to each other; secondly, that husbands and wives tell one another all they know. Hence the married women of my party, whenever I staid near a werft, had very soon made out all the secrets of the inhabitants, which they retailed directly to their husbands, and they to me. It was a system of espionage which proved most effectual."

Spinsters and bachelors are, it would seem, creatures unknown to savagery. Indeed, as regards bachelorhood—at least in cannibal Figi—it is looked on as a crime that will be severely punished in the next world. A very fierce spirit indeed—Nangganangga by name—looks after the paltry souls of such, lurking on the road to the Figian paradise and denying them passage. According to their belief no unwedded spirit ever yet reached Elysium. These hapless ones know that it would be vain to try to escape the avenging god at high tide and therefore avail themselves of low water to steal round to the edge of the reef opposite Nai Thombothombo, trusting to the Charon of that district to see, pity, and ferry them over. Nangganangga sits by the fatal stone, and as he laughs at their vain efforts to escape, tauntingly asks them whether they suppose that the tide will never flow again and how they will elude him if it does. And with these gloomy monitions in its ears the poor ghost wanders until the returning tide lessens its range and at last drives him shivering to the beach where he is pursued and seized by Nangganangga and for the unpardonable offence of bachelorhood is dashed in pieces on the large black stone, just as one shatters rotten firewood.

In a recent published work, "Figi and the Figians," and which is just one great awful wonder from beginning to end, is to be found a graphic

t of the "marriage contract" as observed in the least savage parts
t terribly savage region. The *Veidomoni* or "mutual affection" is
st step. In this the young man asks the girl of her parents, taking
nt, or not, as he judges best. When anything is given it is not
ered in the light of a price paid, but merely as a matter of form.
l the request meet with a favourable reply the girl's friends take her
house of her intended husband's parents, presenting at the same
roperty—teeth, cloth, or mats. A custom which is certainly pretty
e observed. Not even a heathen can leave the scenes of her child-
nd careless joy without tears. The friends of the bridegroom en-
r to solace her by presenting trinkets as expressions of their regard.
called the *vakamamaka*, or "the drying up of tears." Then follows
atakata, or "warming." This is food made by the man and taken
friends of the bride, who still remains where her friends left her.
e parts she enjoys a holiday for four days, sitting in her new home
nd covered with turmeric powder. At the end of four days she
accompanied by a number of women—generally married women—
lp her to fish.

eturning home one fish is cooked, and when ready an intimation to
fect is sent to the young man, who dresses himself in style, and,
anied by a number of his companions oiled and dressed, directs his
the house in which his betrothed awaits his arrival. The bride-
and his companions take off their new dresses which are given to
atives of the bride. The fish-soup is then served with good yam,
spective wife commencing her duties by pouring out and handing
future lord a dish of soup, which he drinks, eating yam with it. A
the yam he gives to his wife, who drinks with him. Probably they
were so near or spoke to each other before, and very likely this their
al passes in silence. This ceremony is called *na sili*, "the bathing."
leeward islands this generally concludes the form of marriage. To
rd such is not the case; but the girl goes back to her parents, and
nds on both sides make cloth and mats to present to the young
on the wedding-day. Meantime the young man is expected to
house to which to take his wife, who undergoes now the painful
of tattooing, if it has not already been done. Some chief ladies,
r, defer the performance of this operation until they have become
. During this period the bride is kept from the sun to improve
nplexion. These preliminaries over, the grand feast takes place,

when the friends of each party try to outdo the others in the food and property presented. As in other native feasts, so here, it is easier to specify the good cheer by yards and hundred-weights than by dishes. When Tausa gave his daughter to Agavindi, the Laksasau chief, there was provided for the entertainment of the friends assembled a wall of fish five feet high and twenty yards in length, besides turtle, and pigs, and venison in proportion. One dish at the same feast was ten feet long, four feet wide, and three deep, spread over with green leaves, on which were placed roast pigs and turtles. Whatever is prepared by the friends of the man are given to those of the woman, and *vice versâ*. The conclusion of this day is the *vaqasea*, when the marriage is complete, the announcement of which, in some tribes, is by tremendous shoutings; and arrangements are made for the *veitasa*, or "clipping," which, to windward, consists of clipping off a bunch of long hair worn over the temples by the woman while a spinster. To leeward, however, the woman is deprived of all her hair, and thus made sufficiently ugly to startle the most ardent admirer.

This is the conclusion of the Figi wedding. It is merely a civil contract, and the services of a priest are not at all necessary to its celebration. Then begins the woman's misery. If she be young and pretty, the old big-fisted wives turn their venom against her and do all they can by mauling and ill-treatment to render her as unsightly as themselves. If she be of the brawny sort and as well able to give as to take a thrashing, then she is hated, and all sorts of secret means are used to work her ruin. As may be easily imagined, these domestic brawls occasionally interfere with the peace of the lord of the establishment. What does the despotic husband do on such emergencies? Does he go out and reason with the brawlers? does he use gentle persuasion to make them desist from their biting and scratching? No; he has by him a stout stick kept for the purpose, and rushing among his women he lays about him till order is restored. Royalty itself in Figi finds it necessary to retain such a "persuader." Williams says: "Near to the King of Lakemba, and afterwards to the King of Mbua, I saw lying a stick of heavy wood about the size of a broom-handle. On enquiry I found that the free use of this truncheon was very effective in subduing the wayward wills of the women when they became disorderly. Tanoe's staff used for this purpose was inlaid with ivory, but did not on that account give less pain.

"I once saw a young girl of good family who was given to the daughter of Tuikilakila brought in form to that chief. As she was pre-

sented in the way usually observed in giving a bride I will describe the ceremony. She was brought in at the principal entrance by the king's aunt and a few matrons, and then, led only by the old lady, approached the king. She was an interesting girl of fifteen, glistening with oil, wearing a new *liku*, and a necklace of carved ivory points radiating from her neck and turning upwards. The king then received from his aunt the girl with two whale's teeth she carried in her hand. When she was seated at his

How the [illegible] his wife.

feet, his majesty repeated a list of their gods and finished by praying that the girl might live and bring forth male children. To her friends—two men who had come in at the back door—he gave a musket, begging them not to think hardly of his having taken their child as the step was connected with the good of the land in which their interests, as well as his own, were involved. The musket, which was about equivalent to the necklace, the men received with bent heads muttering a short prayer. Tuikilakila then took off the girl's necklace and kissed her. The gayest moment of her life, as far as dress was concerned, was past, and I felt that the untying of that polished ornament from her neck was the first downward step to a dreary future. Perhaps her forebodings were like mine,

for she wept and the tears which glanced off her bosom and rested in distinct drops on her oily legs were seen by the king, who said, 'Do not weep. Are you going to leave your own land? You are but going a voyage soon to return. Do not think it a hardship to go to Mbua. Here you have to work hard; there you will rest. Here you fare indifferently; there you will eat the best of food. Only do not weep to spoil yourself.' She reminded him of a sister of hers who had been taken to Mbua in years past, and the mention of whose name seemed to have a talismanic effect on the aged aunt. . . . . Just then the king's women appeared with their nets, and he ordered the poor girl to go and try her hand at fishing."

Crossing over to Tonga, or the Friendly Isles as they are named, and consulting Mr. Mariner, we learn the particulars of a wedding in which a savage princess was concerned, and at which it would seem that the European traveller was invited. Finow the king had three daughters, the eldest of whom, now about eighteen years of age, had been long betrothed to Tovitonga, who having expressed his wish that the marriage should take place, Finow gave orders for the necessary preparations. Tovitonga was now about forty years of age.

The young lady having been profusely anointed with cocoa-nut oil, scented with sandal-wood, was dressed in the choicest mats of the Navigators islands, of the finest texture, and as soft as silk; so many of these costly mats were wrapped round her, perhaps more than forty yards, that her arms stuck out from her body in a ludicrous manner, and she could not, strictly speaking, sit down, but was obliged to bend in a sort of half sitting posture, leaning upon her female attendants, who were under the necessity of again raising her when she required it. A young girl about five years of age was also dressed out in a similar manner, to be her immediate and particular attendant. Four other virgins, about sixteen years of age, were also her attendants, and were dressed in a manner nearly similar, but not with quite so many mats. The lady and her five attendants being all ready, proceeded to the marly of Tovitonga, who was there waiting for their arrival, together with a number of other chiefs and matabooles (priests) sitting before him. The lady and her attendants being arrived, seated themselves on the ground before Tovitonga. After the lapse of a little time, a woman entered the circle with her face covered up with white gnatoo; she went into the house of the marly, and proceeded towards the upper end, where there sat another woman-in-waiting, with a large roll of gnatoo, a wooden pillow, and a basket containing bottles of oil. The woman whose face was

veiled took the gnatoo from the other, wrapped herself up in it, and laying her head upon the wooden pillow, went or pretended to go fast asleep. No sooner was this done than Tovitonga rose up, and taking his bride by her hand, led her into the house and seated her on his left hand. Twenty baked hogs were now brought into the circle of the marly, and a number of expert cooks came with knives, procured from European ships (formerly they used bamboo), to try their skill in carving with speed and dexterity, which is considered a great accomplishment. A considerable part was shared out for the chiefs, each taking his portion and putting it in his bosom. The remainder of the pork was then heaped up and scrambled for at an appointed signal. The woman who had laid herself down, covered over with gnatoo, now rose up and went away, taking with her the gnatoo and the basket containing the bottles of oil as her perquisites. Tovitonga then took his bride by her left hand and led her to his dwelling, followed by the little girl and the other four attendants. The people now dispersed each to his home. Tovitonga being arrived with his bride at his residence, accompanied her into the house appropriated for her, where he left her to have her mats taken off and her usual dress put on, after which she amused herself in conversation with the women. In the meantime a feast was prepared for the evening of pigs, fowls, yams, etc., and cava; this was got ready on the marly, where, about dusk, Tovitonga presiding, the company sat down to receive their portions, which the generality reserved to take home with them; the lower orders, indeed, who had but a small quantity, consumed theirs on the spot. Afterwards the *cava* was shared out and drunk. The musicians (if so they can be called) next sat down at the bottom of the ring, opposite to Tovitonga, in the middle of a circle of flambeaus, held by men who also held baskets of sand to receive the ashes. The musical instruments consisted of seven or eight bamboos of different lengths and sizes, (from three to six feet long,) so as to produce, held by the middle and one end being struck on the ground, different notes according to the intended tune (all the knots being cut out of the bamboo, and one end plugged up with soft wood). The only other instrument was a piece of split bamboo, on which a man struck with two sticks, one in each hand, to regulate the time. The music was an accompaniment to dancing, which was kept up a considerable time. The dancing being over, one of the old matabooles addressed the company, making a moral discourse on the subject of chastity. The company then rose, and dispersed to their respective homes. The bride was not present at this entertainment.

Tovitonga being arrived at his house, sent for the bride, who immediately obeyed the summons; then a man appointed at the door for the purpose, announced it to the people by three hideous yells (similar to the war-whoop), which he followed up immediately by the loud and repeated sound of the conch.

In few things more than in the matter of courtship have we so great an advantage over the savage. With us even though the "ladye fayre" live five hundred miles away, sound and purposeful love may be made to her. You may offer her your hand and heart, and she may accept them, and the whole business be arranged while you are at the extremities of one country, and she at the further end of another—thanks to the art of writing. With the savage it is different; unless he has a very trusty friend indeed (*very* trusty he must be) to carry to the beloved a verbal tale of the lover's devotion and heartquake, with a faithful and detailed account of how he looks, and how he feels, and how his soul with love is faint, and how the long night through he sighs till morning breezes catch his plaint, and sighingly do sympathise—unless he has a friend who will perform for him this delicate mission, he must wait his opportunity to pour his tender petition direct from his lips into the ear of enamorata. Should she belong to a hostile tribe, or even one far distant, his difficulties rise in proportion.

Nothing excites so much wonder amongst barbarous nations as the arts of reading and writing. The reader may possibly never have heard of the African who was sent by one missionary to another with a present of cocoa nuts, with a note, which, among other matters, mentioned the number of nuts sent. It was a hot day, and the journey was long, so by way of a refresher the porter stopped by the wayside, and after leisurely discussing two of the cocoa nuts, went on again and completed his journey. The note was received and the nuts were counted. "How carelessly you must have carried the basket," said the missionary. "Twenty nuts were sent, here are but eighteen." Since the matter promised to blow over so smoothly, the thief did not think it worth while to enter into embarrassing particulars; nevertheless, he was dreadfully perplexed. How did the missionary know how many nuts were sent? It was clear enough that the note had told him, for as soon as he looked at it he began counting the nuts. The paper must have watched all the time the nuts were being taken!

Singular, however, as the circumstance appeared to the savage, it

would, probably, never have occurred to him again, had he not, a short time afterwards, been again sent on a precisely similar errand. This time, however, he resolved to take in the "fetish paper;" so before he proceeded to open the basket he hid the letter under a stone, and then ran away a hundred yards or so and grinned, as he devoured the flesh of three cocoa nuts, to think how nicely he had managed the trick this time. The meal over, back he goes to the tell-tale under the stone, and some time after marches with confident jauntiness into the missionary's house.

"All the nuts here, massa; took tickler care ob em dis yer time."

"Except the three you ate coming along," observed the missionary, again consulting the fetish paper.

The reader will require no assistance in realizing Mungo's amazement; you might have trusted him with uncounted cowries ever afterwards, so long as you gave him a scrap of paper with them.

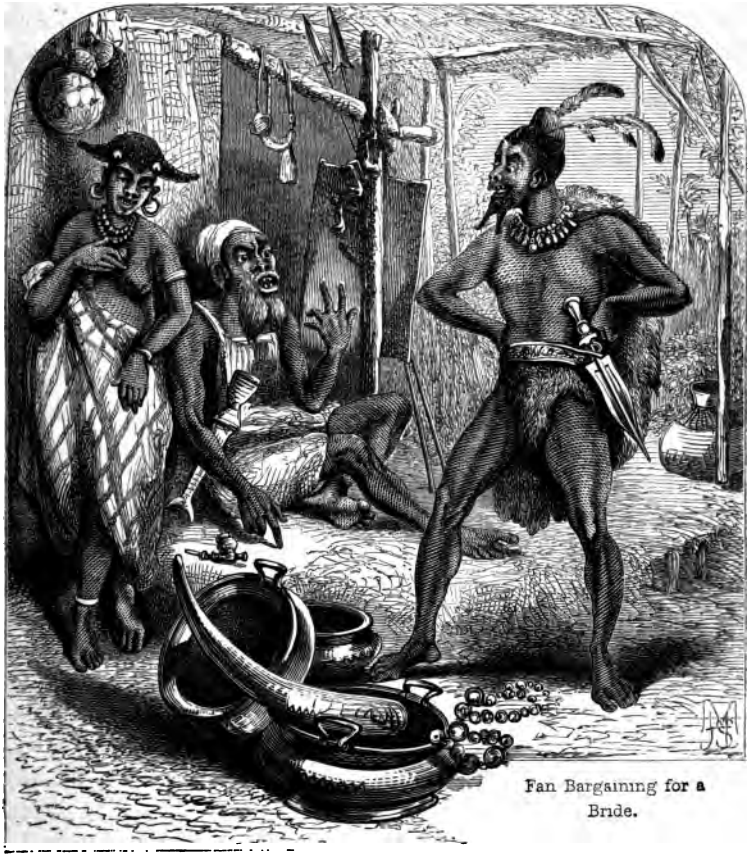
Even more ridiculous than the above is a story told by Mr. Mariner, of a circumstance that occurred while he was a captive in the dominions of His Majesty of Tonga.

Mr. Mariner having heard that European ships more frequently touched at Tonga than at any of the other islands, had written an English letter (with a solution of gunpowder and a little mucilage for ink) on some paper which one of the natives had had a long time in his possession, and addressed it to whomsoever it might be, stating the circumstances of his situation, and that of his companions. This letter he had confided to the care of the chief of Mafanga, with directions to give it to the captain of any ship that might arrive at Tonga. Finow somehow heard of this letter, and believed it to be a notice to European ships of the fate of the Porte au Prince, and a request to take revenge for the destruction of her crew. Finow immediately sent for the letter, and under some pretext or another, obtained it from the chief of Mafanga. When it was put into his hands he looked at it on all sides, but not being able to make anything of it, he gave it to one of the Englishmen who was at hand, (Mr. Mariner not being present,) and ordered him to tell him what it meant. The man took the letter and translated it into the Tonga language, judiciously representing it to be merely a request to any English captain that might arrive, to interfere with Finow for the liberty of Mr. Mariner and his countrymen, stating that they had been kindly treated by the natives, but nevertheless, wished to return, if possible, to their native country. This was not, indeed, the true substance of the letter, but it was what was least

likely to give offence: and the chief accordingly remarked that it was very natural for these poor fellows to wish to go back to their native country and friends.

This mode of communicating sentiment was an inexplicable puzzle to Finow; he took the letter again and examined it, but it afforded him no information. He thought a little within himself, but his thoughts reflected no light upon the subject. At length he sent for Mr. Mariner and desired him to write down something: the latter asked what he would choose to have written? he replied "put down me," he accordingly wrote Feenow (spelling it according to the strict English orthography); the chief then sent for another Englishman, who had not been present, and commanding Mr. Mariner to turn his back and look another way, he gave the man the paper and desired him to tell what that was; he accordingly pronounced aloud the name of the king, upon which Finow snatched the paper from his hand, and with astonishment, looked at it, turned it round and examined it in all directions; at length he exclaimed, "This is neither like myself nor anybody else; where are my eyes? where is my head? where are my legs? How can you possibly know it to be I?" and then without stopping for any attempt at an explanation, he impatiently ordered Mr. Mariner to write something else, and thus employed him for three or four hours in putting down the names of different persons, places, and things, and making the other man read them. This afforded extraordinary diversion to Finow, and to all the men and women present, particularly as he now and then whispered a little love anecdote, which was strictly written down and audibly read by the other, not a little to the confusion of one or other of the ladies present, but it was all taken in good humour, for curiosity and astonishment were the prevailing passions. How their names and circumstances could be communicated through so mysterious a channel, was altogether past their comprehension. Finow at length thought he had got a notion of it, and explained to those about him that it was very possible to put down a mark or sign of something that had been seen both by the writer and reader, and which should be mutually understood by them, but Mr. Mariner immediately informed him that he could write down anything that he had never seen; the king directly whispered to him to put Toogoo Ahoo (the king of Tonga whom he had assassinated many years before Mr. Mariner's arrival). This was accordingly done and the other read it, when Finow was yet more astonished, and declared it to be the most wonderful thing he had ever heard of. He then

desired him to write Tarky (the chief of the garrison of Bea, whom Mr. Mariner and his companions had not yet seen); this chief was blind in one eye. When Tarky was read, Finow enquired whether he was blind or not. This was putting the art of writing to an unfair test, and Mr. Mariner told him that he had only written down a sign, standing for the sound of his name, and not for the description of his person. He was then ordered to write *Tarky blind in his left eye*, which was done and read to the increased astonishment of everybody.



Fan Bargaining for a Bride.

To return, however, to the subject of matrimony. Among the Fans, a race of cannibals inhabiting the western coast of Africa, the taking a wife is a particularly prosaic matter. Like the Figians, they are sometimes

betrothed at a very early age—while mere infants in fact; and in the scrupulous attention paid to the behaviour of the females before marriage the resemblance between these two barbarous nations holds equally true. Among the Fans, however, a female is not considered eligible for marriage until she is well and thoroughly grown.

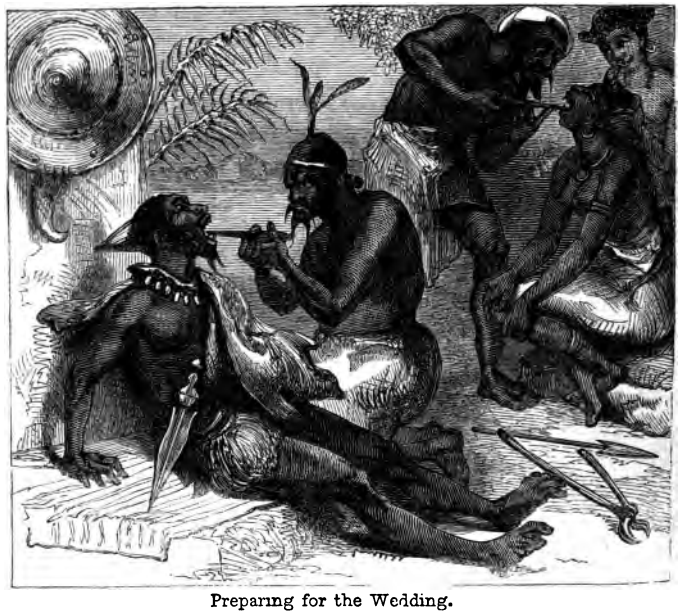
Again, courtship is quite out of the question; and no wonder, for the young Fan has to *buy* his wife, and the young woman's father is privileged to assess her value and to keep the proceeds. Therefore the shrewd Fan is careful to make no great display of affection towards his intended—well knowing that for every endearing sentence he may address to her—the more he avows that he cannot exist without her—the more her business-like papa will "stick on" her price. The subject is approached with the utmost caution. Ivory, copper pans, beads, etc., are legal tenders for wives among these savages, and the opening of a matrimonial negociation between the young cannibal and the father of the damsel on whom his heart is fixed must be very instructive. "Beads and pans are very scarce," observes the young one. "Truly," answers the 'cute old gentleman; "almost as scarce as pretty women." "Women! Oho!" replies the young savage lightly; "women are plentiful as plantains. A young man—not ugly, and who has slain his elephant—would be a fool to give more than a string of beads, three copper pans, and a big tusk for the prettiest woman in the village—aye! though she were as pretty as your daughter." "A man who is blessed with such a daughter as I have," says the old bargain-driver—"young, beautiful, and chaste as the rain—would of course accept no other as a husband for her than a great hunter and warrior as you yourself may be. But three pans, a string of beads, and a big tusk placed in the scale of worth against her, move her not. Another tusk and two more pans would hardly do it." And so they higgle and haggle till finally a bargain is struck, and each goes his way to lay up a great store of smoked elephant meat and palm wine to feed and refresh the wedding guests. When the appointed day arrives, the town assembles, the father produces his daughter and the bridegroom his copper pans and ivory; the exchange of property takes place, and the happy fellow with his body oiled till you might almost see to shave on its glistening surface, with his teeth filed to needle sharpness and dyed black as jet, with a plume of gaudy feathers nodding above his proud head, and his tremendous hunting-knife dangling at his side, tucks his equally-magnificent bride under his arm, and they are man and wife.

elated by Valdez that at a place called St. Louis, in Central
a young lady falls in love with a gentleman, she sends one of
s to the highly-favoured one to inform him that she has been
of him, and requests to know if there has been any correspond-
unication made to him; and also to ask the favour of a pair of
that she may place them under her pillow, in order to ascertain
nature of the case. Of course, the envied individual gallantly
with the request. As might be expected, most pleasing dreams
hich each succeeding night become more delightful,—the *fair*
fully issuing her daily bulletin to her beloved, until at length
es on taking him as her husband.

me well-known traveller, on penetrating a little deeper into the
came upon a tribe known as the Mandingoes, whose marriage
he has also been at the pains to describe at some length. The
es marry very early. The only article of dress worn by the un-
nen is an apron, which is usually ornamented with yellow buttons
of beads, with pieces of coral, amber, or copper; they also deco-
r arms and legs with *manilles*,—that is, bracelets or rings of
ut and prepared by their native smiths. In ornamenting the
siderable care and ingenuity are shown even by the poorest of
e hair being cut into a variety of figures, from which are sus-
s many bits of brass as they can obtain.

males, up to the age of seven or eight years, are suffered to re-
state of complete nudity, their only adornment being strings of
After this age they wear an apron, which they retain until they
ed, when they wrap the body, from the waist downward, in fine
ight from Cape Verde; this garment, denoting a state of matri-
worn by the inhabitants all along the coast. It is bound with
el or scarlet cloth, which is sometimes so divided as to form a
nd is ornamented with cowries fastened in the form of stars.
e young women become mothers, they cover the bosom with a
ck cloth. The wealth of the husband is usually calculated by
tity of beads which adorn the bosom of his wife, and by the
f manilles which she wears on her arms; the latter are some-
numerous that they prove cumbersome and painful, especially
paring the rice, which is the principal occupation of the females.
usual to pierce the cartillage of the ear in different places all
to which they put beads studded with small pins. When male or

female are about to be married they call in the smith, who, with a sharp instrument (they have no files), prepares and sharpens their teeth.



Preparing for the Wedding.

After the young man has fixed his choice on a girl, he asks her father's consent; if this is obtained, he sends to his intended a copper ring, and then despatches a formal message to the father's relations and friends, informing them that he is going to build a house. They all assemble together and render him every assistance, the father of the maiden supplying materials, and paying all expenses. When the house is finished and ready to be occupied, the young man, if his means admit of it, sends a present of minced pork to his father-in-law elect, who immediately calls together the friends and relations, and divides with them the present just received.

On the auspicious morning, the bridegroom makes an offering to each of the idol-houses of the locality of a bottle of palm wine for libations; and having spent the day in festivity, proceeds with his bride to the magic den of the Jambacoz,—the priest or sorcerer,—to whom they offer a fowl, in the hope that it may propitiate him so far that he will deign to receive and bless a thin iron manille, which is to be worn on the pulse of the right hand. The marriage ceremony is then complete.

CHAPTER XI.

ffre weddings—The ox of the nurse—Caffre wives advocates for polygamy—A wife abduction case—Wife snatching—A fight for a bride—A Towka wedding—A boat-full of wine—Music hath charms, so hath beads and coloured calico—The bride-hut gained—Marriage in Borneo—The ceremony of *blah-pinang*—Love story of a Balan chief—Ditto of a citizen of Tanah Putih—Ditto of Si Tundo—Marriage in Abyssinia—The wedding guests and the feast—The "Arkees" or brideamen—The rite of finger crooking—Privileged robbers—A wedding at Fernando Po—Grandmother priests—The bride's marriage helmet—Polygamy among the North American Indians—The love-charms of a young brave—The cunning Menaboju—Courtship among the Giants of Patagonia.

AMONG the Caffres, says Mr. Casalis in his lately published book, when the young people have scarcely attained their fourteenth year their parents begin to think of their marriage. This is an all-absorbing affair, and several months generally elapse between the preliminaries and the final conclusion of he contract. As we have already seen, the choice of the first wife generally rests with the father. It is he who goes to ask her hand or his son, and if his proposal is well received, an ox is killed and partaken of in common, as a sign of mutual acquiescence. Soon after his the kindred of the young man go and present the cattle necessary, in rder to obtain his bride. On that day the head of the family, arrayed in is finest mantle, invites his relations and his intimate friends to accompany him. The sister of the bridegroom leads off the procession; she olds in her hand a long white staff, a symbol of peace and concord, which he throws, without saying a word, at the door of the hut where her future ister-in-law resides. Meanwhile the rest of the party seat themselves in group at a respectful distance, and wait until their arrival is perceived. The father of the bride now makes his appearance. He comes, accompanied by his family, and seats himself a few steps from his guests; the atter then send the youngest of the party to bring forward the cattle, which have been left not far off. The animals pass one after the other between the two groups, and if there happens to be one which does not give satisfaction, a shake of the head procures its immediate dismissal. At length the shepherd himself appears, driving the last ox. A pause

ensues, during which the suitors make lengthy protestations of poverty, affirm that it has cost them considerable effort to procure so large a portion, and have recourse to all the most flattering expressions in their language to obtain a sign of satisfaction. They seldom succeed, for it is generally known that not far from the spot where the business is being transacted, some head of cattle are kept in reserve. The parents of the bride do not fail in their turn to give vent to expressions of regret and surprise; they had expected more generosity. It is assuredly known what it costs to bring up a child, and how valuable are the services of a strong and laborious young person; they are not tired of her; and however poor an opinion they may have of themselves, still they feel that they are of too honorable extraction to have any doubt of a suitable match for their daughter. At a given signal the herdsman again departs, and a few more horned heads soon make their appearance. Then come a troop of women covered with rent mantles. This is the mother coming with her friends, lamenting that her child is taken from her, and asking if they will not, at least, enable her to cast away the rags she wears, as they are depriving her of services of which she stands in the greatest need. Every one knows what this means, and a fine ox which was set apart for the purpose, and which bears the name of *the ox of the nurse*, is added to the others. This part of the ceremony over, the brothers of the bride jump up, shouting with joy, fetch a long plume of feathers, and dart off into the fields to collect their father's cattle. He selects a fat ox, sacrifices it to the tutelary deities, and regales his guests, and the affair is concluded.

Some months generally elapse before the bride leaves the paternal roof, and during this interval the young husband is busy preparing for a new mantle, and in procuring for her some ear-rings and necklaces of copper, or glass beads. He pays her a visit from time to time, but without allowing himself to consider that she belongs to him. There are still certain formalities to be observed, which the young ladies of that country would on no account dispense with on the part of their suitors. One fine morning a necklace falls into the court of the father-in-law, who immediately understands that his daughter is sent for. The latter picks up the necklace, calls together the friends of her childhood, and begins slowly to follow the persons sent to conduct her to her new abode. She soon sits down with her companions, and refuses to advance a step. A second necklace is given her, and she resumes her course, but soon stops again. The same remedy gives her strength once more to proceed.

In this manner she manages with a little skill, and by putting on the rettiest airs in the world, to obtain quite an assortment of trinkets. The emands of the fair travellers are sometimes so exorbitant that in order to ake sure of them, one is obliged to run to the neighbours to borrow ome additional ornaments.

After the arrival there is a new source of embarrassment. The young trangers pretend to be delicate and squeamish; they scorn the food that s offered them; a sheep is brought, and if it appears to them of a proper ize, they allow it to be prepared for them. Early the next morning the ew mistress begins to clean the court, in which she is aided by two or hree of her companions. The others go to the fountain to draw water, nd on their return find the doorway obstructed by the sweepers. A general confusion takes place, in which they push each other about, and make as much noise as possible, until a fresh present puts an end to the uproar. After this there is nothing to be done but to kill an ox, invite the neighbours, and feast and dance with them till the middle of the night. The young people carry on their frolics in the interior of a spacious hut, from which every fragile object has previously been removed.

According to all accounts Caffre women are not at all averse to polygamy; their husband is chiefly supported by their exertions, and as they seldom have any particular love for him, they are not blind to the advantage of having some one to share the burden with them. A missionary who resided among the Amaponda tribes, informed Mr. Stedman that he once met an old man and his wife looking for a girl who had eloped after having been only three days added to their establishment. The man stated it was too much work for his aged wife to cultivate the ground, and that she teazed him to take another, for which he had recently paid four oxen. This story the old woman confirmed, adding it was infamous for the girl to run away and give them so much trouble. The price of a woman varies according to her rank: among the Amakorer tribes, ten head of cattle is a usual price; but further in the interior the value of wives diminishes, and they may be obtained by a much more moderate purchase. The young Caffres on the missionary stations manage to procure their wives for three oxen, the missionaries becoming security for the payment; while those living at a distance are never supposed to have completed the payment as long as they have a cow, a sack of corn, or an assagai left. It frequently happens that in their hurry to marry, they neglect to make any stipulated bargain with the wife's father or brothers

previously to taking her, so they are left quite at the mercy of these rela tions. If the young man refuses to comply with their demands, the wife i taken away and disposed of to another suitor. In the course of time th former husband goes with an ox as a present, and again claims his wife when if her restoration is denied, a *law-suit* is commenced for the retur of the cattle which he has already paid on her behalf.

During Mr. Casalis' stay at Glen Lynden, early one morning two Caffre came to the residence of Mr. Van der Nes, the Veld consul of the district, one somewhat advanced in years, the other a fine robust young man, when the latter addressed himself to the magistrate in Dutch, and stated that he was in the service of a colonist not far distant; that he had hired himself in consideration of being remunerated with a certain number of cows; and that not long since he had purchased a wife, the daughter of the old Caffre who accompanied him. His father-in-law not having received the whole payment stipulated for, became very impatient, and sent for his daughter to his own kraal, on the plea that he was sick, and wished to see her: she accordingly went; but since that time the young man had not seen her, nor was he able to obtain any tidings of her. The old man when questioned by Mr. V. at first declared that he knew nothing about her; upon being closely pressed, however, he acknowledged that he had agreed to exchange his daughter, a fine young girl, for nine cows; but that the husband having failed to comply with the terms, he had forfeited his claim to her; alleging further that he had never since the contract paid him any more respect than he would pay to a hound. The other replied in his defence, that he certainly had agreed to give nine cows, and had already paid four-and-a-half (one having been killed between them at the marriage feast); and that as soon as he was able to obtain the remainder from his employer, he would pay all he had promised. He was but a poor man, he said, had no cattle of his own, and he only begged that time might be allowed him, entreating him (Mr. V.) to insist on his wife being restored to him, as he knew that she was detained against her will. The magistrate enquired where she was: the father replied, with a shrug of his shoulders, that he did not know; upon which the husband broke out into a violent rage, and called him an old *schelms* (liar), insisting that he knew perfectly well. The dispute was running very high, when Mr. V. interfered, and decided that the young Caffre was entitled, according to the colonial laws, to demand the restoration of the girl; no man being allowed to detain another's wife, however nearly related, and

that the father must deliver her up immediately. On this the old man promised that the girl should be forthcoming in the evening, much to the delight of his son-in-law, who exclaimed, "There, did not I tell you he was an old *schelms*? he declared just now he knew nothing about her." They then departed, the young man evidently well pleased at the prospect of a speedy reunion with the object of his affection.

Among the Caffres of Natal it is usual for the parents of the bride to make a present of three oxen to the family whose alliance they have accepted. One replaces the ornaments which the young wife wore in her childhood, and which now belong to her sisters. This is the lady's pin-money. The second is offered to the manes of the bridegroom's ancestors, in order to obtain their consent to the union. The third finds a place among the herd which has finished the marriage portion, and helps in some measure to fill up the void that has been made. The wife receives from her parents one or more hoes, a little flour, and a basket, and this is all that she brings to the household stock. She generally resides for the first year with her mother-in-law, and has plenty of time to make pots, and to prepare mats and other necessary articles of the same kind. Among the Batlapis and the Baralongs it is her duty to construct the hut which she will inhabit. The Basutos are more reasonable in their requirements; among them the husband assists in the erection of the dwelling. In this tribe the young wife is not entitled to the privilege of looking her father-in-law in the face until she has presented him with a grandson.

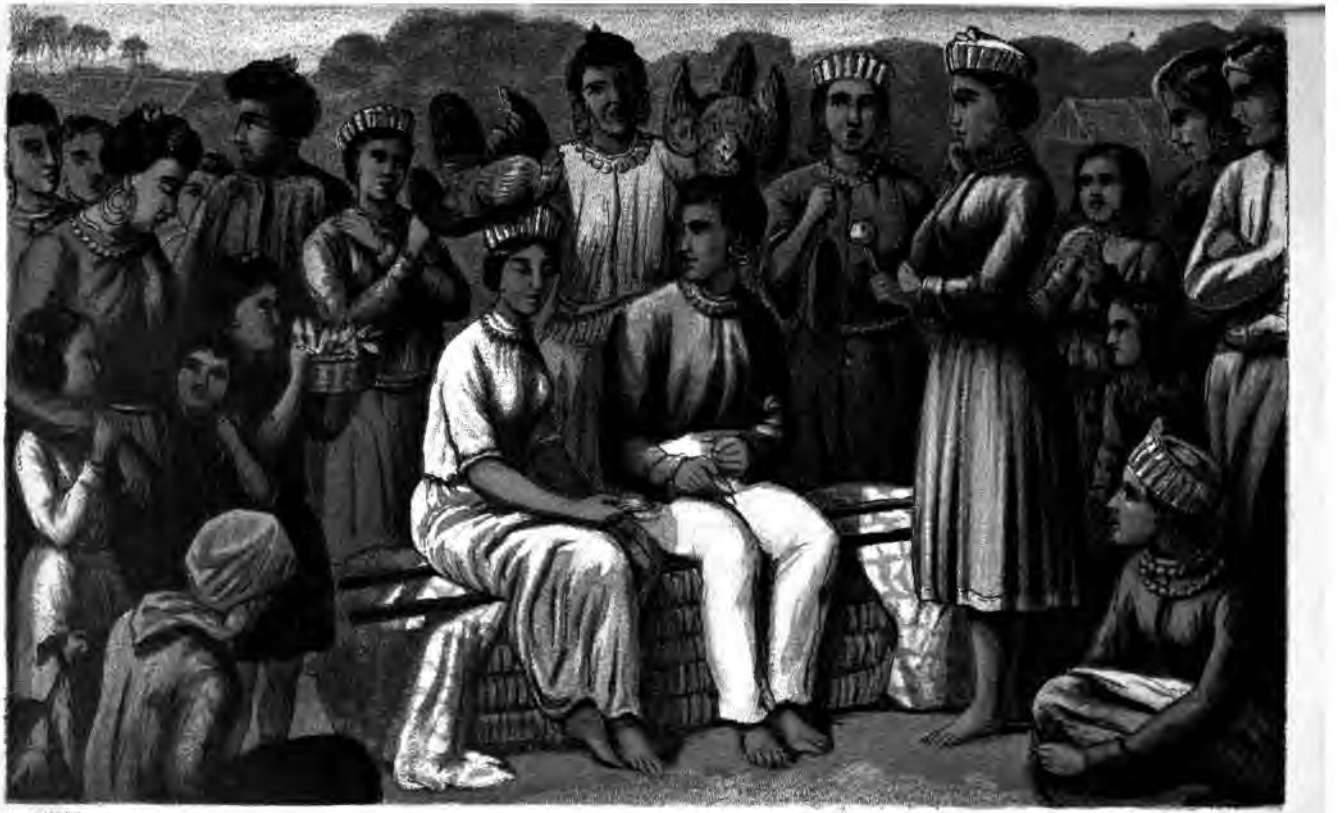
Among many savage tribes the custom prevails of seizing upon a woman by apparent and actual force in order to make her a wife. On reaching the home of her abductor, should she not approve of the match, she runs to some one who can protect her; if, however, she is satisfied the matter is settled forthwith, a feast is given to her friends the next morning, and the couple are thenceforward considered as man and wife.

New Zealand presents an example of this curious and inexplicable practice; and considering the vast amount of responsibility each additional wife entails on the New Zealander, it is somewhat surprising, not that polygamy should be observed, but that the natives do not to a man remain bachelors. With his spouse he takes the good or bad fortunes of her entire family. He is bound to live in the same village as his father and brothers and sisters in-law; and should a feud ensue between his own father's tribe and his wife's father's tribe he is bound to side with the latter against the former. It would appear that for a free-born savage the New Zealander is dreadfully

"henpecked." The chief actions of his life are controlled by his wife, and if he rebels she coolly walks off to her father's house taking with her not only her worldly goods but the good-will of all her relations, even to her most distant cousins.

To return, however, to the wife-snatching. Having once declared a passion for a woman, the New Zealand savage is bound by a code of honour peculiar to the country to possess himself of her, or be everlastingly jeered by all who know him as a coward. Therefore having cast his eyes on a damsel and been refused her on formal application to her parents, he collects all his male friends and prepares to do literally what is figuratively performed in civilized countries—lay siege to the lady. Approaching the hut where she is in hiding, and where probably her relatives, having been apprised of the intended attack, are gathered for the defence, the young man's party surround it and endeavour to tear it down. The party within sally out and repulse the besiegers, who endeavour to cut off the defenders from the hut and keep them in custody while others of the party dash in and secure the prize. If the war is prolonged and obstinate the frail hut is rent to shreds piecemeal and the coveted maiden revealed hemmed in and guarded by a living wall of kinsmen. The young man roused at the sight of his tearful sweetheart urges his comrades to the attack, and the lady's custodians, furious that the other side have been so far successful, respond with a yell of defiance. Most likely knives are drawn, and then comes literally the "tug" of war, for the young man's friends with a sudden rush get hold of the disputed maiden, and her guardians maintaining a hold as well, either side hauls with a will, and before the struggle is ended it is no uncommon thing for some of the bride's limbs to be dislocated, and by no means an improbable circumstance that the fierce young bridegroom, finding himself defeated, will plunge his knife into the lady's breast and then make off, followed by her friends yelling and brandishing their knives, resolved to avenge the murder on him and all his kin.

Even in cases—and they of course are in a majority—where the young woman's parents are not averse to the match, the passion for abduction is so strong in the young man that he will visit her domicile by stealth and, "snatching" her, carry her off. To this course the parents are nothing averse as it gives them an opportunity for complaint, the result of which is a conciliatory feast and such presents as the bridegroom can afford to his outraged parents-in-law.



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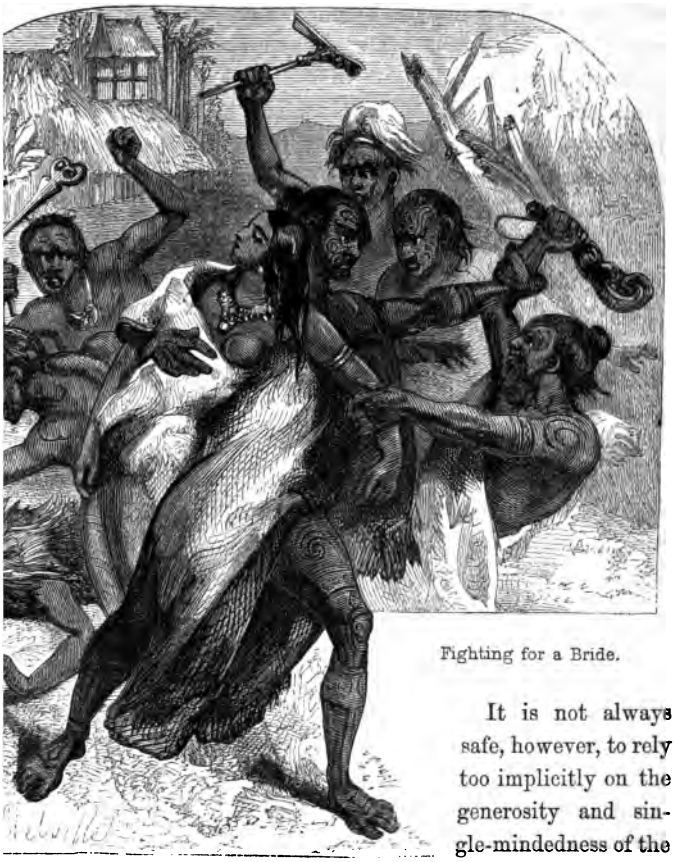


Fighting for a Bride.

It is not always safe, however, to rely too implicitly on the generosity and single-mindedness of the young lady's parents. ometimes happen that the "scrimmage" certain to attach to a natching is much less to their taste than a handsome present, and e appearing to wink at the wooer's advances, and tacitly encourage hing, they immediately afterwards appear at the domicile of their -in-law fuming with feigned indignation at the outrage, and uch a heavy claim for "damages," that the poor young man is ined in paying them. There is recorded a case of the son of a f who was served this trick, the father of the bride next day is appearance with a preposterous claim, not scrupling to back it insinuation that the young man's assumed friendliness was but a is cowardice, and that he would never have dared to snatch his

wife out of her relation's hand. "Take her back, and we will see," replied the young man. The old gentleman took him at his word, and returned home with his daughter. He had two sons besides, and the three, anticipating an attack that night, sat up with their arms in their hands. They were not disappointed. Unattended, the young man approached their hut; gliding on his stomach, and favoured by the darkness, he was not perceived till, dashing aside the mat, he was among them. One son and the old man fell before his club; and, hearing his voice, the young woman rushed to him, and, taking her in his arms, he sped away like the wind. His adventure was a bootless one, however. Arrived at his hut, he sat his young wife down, but she fell over flat to the ground: the knife of the brother who was unhurt had, all unperceived, struck to her heart just as her captor was bounding through the doorway of her father's house.

Another savage people, remarkable for their predilection of wife-snatching, are the Towkans of Central America. Indeed the whole of the matrimonial preliminaries in vogue with them are so peculiar as to deserve lengthy description.

The little Towkans are pledged to each other at a very early age—frequently as soon as little miss is born, her future husband being at the time four or five years old. That no mistake may arise, as soon as the betrothal takes place, the parents of the children select a piece of cotton cloth of a certain colour: this they divide between them, and each tearing off a narrow strip tie it about the arm or leg of the little folks. These bits of rag are never removed, and when they fall away from the limb through sheer decay, a few respectable old gentlemen of the tribe are called together as witnesses; evidence as to the falling off is submitted, and another strip torn off the large piece, and the garter renewed. Beside the rag garter the affianced children wear also a necklace of various coloured shells or beads; as many of either being strung together as the child is years old, and one more being added each year. When you can count ten shells or beads in the row, the wearer is said to be "half a man," and when the number has increased to twenty, a perfect man and eligible for marriage. It is, however, not imperative that the young lady should have seen twenty "beads" or "summers," as we refined people say; if she can shew fifteen beads on her necklace that is enough: notice is given and preparations for the momentous event at once commences.

First of all a tremendous bowl of liquor is prepared; at least the Towkan would make the great brew in a bowl if he could find one big enough; as he cannot, a *canoe* is made to serve the purpose,—a brimming canoe full of palm wine sweetened with honey and thickened with crushed plantain. Warmed by the sight, the men go to work with a will. Early in the morning of the auspicious day a gang of Towkans hasten to the centre of the village, where there is a ring—a gigantic wedding ring in fact—about a hundred feet in diameter, and marked by stones let into the ground. It is probable, however, that since the last marriage the grass has grown thickly within the stone circle; if so, the Towkans fall to work on it with their knives and eradicate every green blade. The earth is then trampled down as hard as possible. In the middle of the ring the men then erect a large conical-shaped hut, with a hole in the roof and another at the east side, and before the latter aperture is hung a mat of palm bark. Then the precious canoe is borne to the edge of the ring, set down, and a vast number of calabashes, each capable of holding about half a pint, set floating on the surface.

These preparations completed, and the hour of noon arrived, the male portion of the company rush off to the house of the bridegroom's father, and find the young fellow sitting on a big bundle tied in a mat. What natural attractions he possesses he has made the most of, and he wears the best he has to wear. Then one by one the men go into the hut, the oldest and most respected taking precedence of the rest, and make the young man sitting on the bundle an appropriate speech, consisting of a little sage advice and much congratulation. Each follows in his turn and each makes him a speech, and by the time this is all over it is only fair to surmise that the husband-apparent is somewhat nauseated of both congratulation and counsel. He now takes up the bundle he has been sitting on and leisurely marches out, preceded by the village patriarchs and followed by his father, till he comes to the hut where resides his bride, and where he drops his bundle and squats by the side of it.

Stepping to the front, the bridegroom's father softly taps at the door, which is, after a little while, opened about six inches by an old woman, who in a most uncivil tone enquires of the old fellow his business. As blandly as he knows how, he begins an address, which she cuts short by shutting the door in his face. But the old fellow is not offended, he recollects when a certain door was slammed in *his* father's face; it is a mere matter of form. Nevertheless it is a form he honours; with

the greatest seriousness, and looking as though his feelings are hurt and that he is afraid he will never be able to pull his son through the business, he, too, squats down by the door and beckons to the most elderly man of the party to try his luck. The elderly man raps at the door, which is opened and shut again before he can utter a word. Once more the father tries but is denied, and then after consultation it is resolved to assault the stony hearts of those within the hut with music.

Now Towkan music, like most other of the savage sort, is not particularly melodious or persuasive. It consists, in fact, wholly, of a hollow log tied over at the end with bits of skin, like a civilized pickle-jar; and a whistle of bamboo. It is inferior in quality it is true, but there is a good deal of it. For a mortal hour without intermission, the drummers tum-tum-tum on the skin-headed jars, and the fifers extract dolorous blasts from their fifes with no more effect on the bride and her friends than if they were all deaf as adders. At last, however, it *does* seem to occur to one of the indoor party that there is a slight and unusual noise outside, and she opens the door to see. Thereupon the musicians, much exhilarated, strike up with increased ardour, and she who has opened the door continuing to peep through the chink, the bridegroom unties his bundle and reveals its contents;—presents for his bride!

The powers of music "to soothe the savage breast"—at least a Towkan breast—are as nothing compared with rows of beads and gorgeous calicoes. Indeed it was evident that the bridegroom's music was but the thin end of the wedge to gain admission into the hut for the contents of his big bundle. Deliberately the young fellow unrolls the splendid fabrics, and after displaying them a moment to the enraptured gaze of the female peeping out at the slightly opened door, he passes them to his father, who hands them to the door-keeper, who carries them into the hut. So thoroughly engrossed with the finery do the women presently become, that the door of the hut is altogether forgotten and left to swing open. This is the critical moment—the nick of time to the attainment of which the males of the bridal party have been gradually working up. Suddenly dropping whatever may be in his hand the bridegroom straightens up and prepares for the task before him, which—especially if his intended is a heavy weight—is no easy one. With a loud yell of triumph he clears the threshold at a bound, and singling his bride from the rest of the women, shoulders her as an English carrier would a *sack* of meal, and makes off with her as fast as his legs will carry him

to the hut in the centre of the ring prepared by his kinsfolk in the morning.

He had need be quick, for in a very few moments the occupants of the ladies' hut are at his heels, screaming and abusing him, and if they succeed in catching him before he attains the sanctuary, his bride may be led back, and all the stupid, and by no means inexpensive formality has to be gone through once more. Once past the threshold of the hut within the magic ring the greatest potentate in Towka dare not molest him. We present, in this work, a coloured sketch of wife-snatching.

And now for the first time in his life, may-be, the young Towkan has a chance of examining the lady destined to be his partner for life. Hitherto he has had not a voice in the matter; his father and mother have brought the matter about without once consulting him, or deigning to listen to a single objection he may think fit to make.

"How dare you speak against the young woman?" "What can a boy like you know about such things?" This would be something like the answer he would get up to the very moment of running away with the lady. As soon, however, as they enter the hut in the ring his right of choice is acknowledged. Perhaps the lady is ugly; perhaps there have gone abroad evil reports concerning her and which the young Towkan believes and can prove to be true. If so, no sooner does he set her down than he takes her up again and carrying her outside deposits her beyond the boundaries of the magic ring. If he can show good grounds for this behaviour, there, as regards the woman, his responsibility ceases; she may go her way, and he may look for another wife. But woe betide him if his accusations against the bride of his parents' choice are without foundation, or rest on some such frivolous excuse as "prior attachment." The hatred of the entire female population of Towka will be turned against him, and if he escapes with no more severe punishment than a sound thrashing he is a lucky Towkan.

Meanwhile the friends and relations of the newly-married make a "round robin" about the tremendous beaker of palm wine, and play music and sing, and, when a few calabashes of wine have made them sufficiently merry, get up and dance. This dance is described by travellers who have witnessed it as a capital one for tipsy people. There is nothing boisterous about it or that requires anything less than both feet to be on the ground at the same time. Each man simply jerks his body from side to side, keeping time by rattling his knuckles against the bottom of his calabash

and occasionally clinking that vessel against a neighbour's. So they shuffle round and round the wine-laden canoe, each time filling the calabash and draining it at a draught. The natural consequence is that before many pacings round the canoe have been performed the entire party are dreadfully intoxicated.

Probably by this time it is growing dark. The women, who have provided a quantity of pine-splints, hand one to each of the men, who light it and then march in a body to the hut in the ring. With much hallooing and shouting they dance round the frail building, and then each one suddenly plucks away a branch of which it is composed; on which the young married Towkan within once more shoulders his wife and dashing through the *débris* of the shanty, and through the tipsy and yelling men and women, trots off home with her. And so the wedding concludes.

Those weak-minded young persons who imagine that few performances combine so much that is spirited and courageous and clever as an "elopement," will be surprised to hear that, in its form of wife-snatching, it is practised by the very lowest of human beings, the Bushmen of Australia, the only difference being that the bushman is not influenced by spooney sentimentality (a sentimental bushman would be rather hard to find), or the bush lady by a desire to create a "sensation" at the expense of her relatives' shame and confusion. The frivolity of wooing even would seem to be eschewed by this prosaic people; or if, indeed, moonlight walks and "loiterings in the lane" do transpire, it is but fair to assume that such times are devoted to nothing more tender than the practice of the "waddi" on the head and shoulders of the bride expectant, for the purpose of determining how much pummelling she can endure without squealing. To the civilized reader such an assumption must seem highly ridiculous; not so to persons intimate with the manners and customs of this brutish people. In the matter of mating, they are worse than the brutes. It is no exaggeration to say that the dog is more solicitous for the welfare of the mother of his puppies than is the aboriginal Australian of the mother of his children; and as regards scars and bruises, the most ill-used she-wolf or tigress that ever lived to maturity would fail to carry the palm from any one of a half dozen unlucky "gins" taken promiscuously from a bush tribe. As observes a modern writer, whose experience among the bushmen is considerable, and whose opinions are all carefully weighed and impartially delivered:—

"They show very little affection for their offspring, especially the

and we have frequently taxed their philoprogenitive feelings by
ɜ a few pieces of tobacco or a blanket for a child, when we should
ıave succeeded in bartering with their fathers, and with no great
ty overcome the affection of the mothers. Their treatment of the
even worse than their neglect of their offspring. These wretched
ens of humanity look at the age of fifty or sixty like octogenarians.
l of being respected as elders of the tribe, as is the case among
avage races, they are considered as useless members, who can no
fight, hunt, or dig up roots. Hence the garbage of the game cap-
ɣ the strong son or daughter is thrown with contempt to the father
ıer, and they are prohibited, like the children, from eating the best
ɔf food, which the sturdy warriors of the tribe claim as theirs by
r of might.

ey have no fixed habitations, the climate of the country allowing
r sleeping in the open air in the crevices of rocks, or under the
of the bushes. Their temporary hovels consist of the bark of a
: a few bushes interwoven in a semicircular form, tapering at the
ıd raised upon a prop-stick, open in front and forming merely a
weather, occasionally large enough to shelter six persons from the
ıt most frequently for the accommodation of two. They seem to
o idea of the benefits arising from social life: their largest clans
not beyond the family circle, of each of which the eldest is called
ame synonymous with that of *father*. They are totally without
ı, paying neither the least respect nor adoration to any object or
real or imaginary. Hence they have nothing to prompt them to a
:tion, nothing to deter them from a bad one; hence murder is not
red as any heinous crime, and women think nothing of destroying
ınfant, to avoid the trouble of carrying it about and finding it sub-
ɜ. Should a woman die with an infant at the breast, the living
s inhumanly thrown into the same hole with the mother, and
l with stones, of which the brutal father throws the first. They
age even in love, the very first act of courtship on the part of the
d being that of knocking down his intended bride with a club, and
ıg her away from her friends bleeding and senseless to the woods.
nsequence is that scarcely a female of the age of maturity is to be
ithout her head full of scars, the unequivocal marks of her hus-
affection."

r shocking! most terribly depraved and inhuman! Why, even

among the head-hunting, pirating, ferocious Sea Dayaks of Borneo the interesting ceremony of wooing and wedding is conducted in at least a more decorous manner. Mr. Spencer St. John tells us, that besides the ordinary attention which a young man is able to pay to the girl he desires to make his wife—as helping her in her farm work, and in carrying home her load of vegetables or wood, as well as in making her little presents, as a ring or some brass chain-work with which the women adorn their waists, or even a petticoat—there is a very peculiar testimony of regard which is worthy of note. About nine or ten at night, when the family is supposed to be fast asleep within the mosquito curtains in the private apartments, the young man quietly slips back the bolt by which the door is fastened on the inside and enters the room on tiptoe. On hearing who it is, she rises at once, and they sit conversing together and making arrangements for the future, in the dark, over a plentiful supply of sirih-leaf and betel-nut, which it is the gentleman's duty to provide. If the young lady accepts the prepared betel-nut, happy is the lover, for his suit is in a fair way to prosper; but if, on the other hand, she rises and says, "Be good enough to blow up the fire," or "light the lamp" (a bamboo filled with resin), then his hopes are at an end, as that is the usual form of dismissal. Of course, if this kind of nocturnal visit is frequently repeated, the parents do not fail to discover it, although it is a point of honour among them to take no notice of their visitor; and if they approve of him, matters take their course, but if not, they use their influence with their daughter to ensure the utterance of the fatal "please blow up the fire."

At the marriage a fowl is killed, rice boiled, and a feast made by the relations of the bride and bridegroom. The bridegroom then generally betakes himself to the apartments of his wife's parents or relations and becomes one of the family. Occasionally—as for example, when the bride has many brothers and sisters, or when the bridegroom is the support of aged parents or of younger brothers and sisters—the bride enters and becomes one of the family of her husband. It is a rare occurrence for a young couple at once to commence housekeeping on their own account; the reason is, that the labours of a young man go to augment the store of the head of the family with whom he lives, be it that of his parents or others, and not till their death can he claim any share of the property in rice, jars, crockery, or gongs, which by his industry he has helped to create.

On the same island, and among the Sea Dayaks of Lingga, the marriage

ustom is again different. Here, two days before the ceremony, the nother of the bridegroom usually gives the bride's relations a plate or a asin. The wedding takes place at the house of the bride and is called *lah pinang*, or "the splitting of the prepared areca-nut." It is divided nto three portions, and the mother, after placing them in a little basket nd covering them over with a red cloth, sets them on a raised altar in ont of the bride's house. The respective friends of the families then eet in conclave and enjoy the native luxury of prepared areca-nut; and is now determined what shall be the fine paid in case of the husband ivorcing himself from his wife. The question of location is settled ac-ording to the wealth or position of the couple; if the wife's friends are etter off than those of the husband he joins her family, but if by rank r social position he is her acknowledged superior, she goes among his eople. If they be equal, the newly married Balans, as these people are alled, spend their time at the houses of both parents-in-law until such ime as they are able to set up house-keeping on their own account.

It might appear that marriages so unceremoniously contracted, would carcely involve affection sufficient and sterling to last through a life. his may be so, but the evil is considerably mitigated by the perfect nderstanding there exists on the question of divorce, and the immunity rom disgrace enjoyed by a divorced wife or husband. A Balan wife need nly tell her husband that she has had a dream of so ominous a character hat she could not think of living with him any longer; or the husband as only to tell his wife that he distinctly heard a certain animal roar, or bird scream in the night. The friends of either party are called to-gether, the fine agreed on paid, and so an end of the business. Says Mr. St. John, "many men and women have been married seven or eight times before they find the partner with whom they wish to spend the remainder of their lives. I saw a young girl of seventeen who had already had three husbands. These divorces take place at varied times, from a few days after marriage to one or two years. However, after the birth of a child, they seldom seek to separate; and if they do, the husband is fined but not the wife."

Although there is little doubt that to "dream," or otherwise receive a supernatural warning to get rid of your wife, has been on a few occasions mighty convenient for the wicked Balan, it is certain that, as a rule, they have the most stedfast belief in these warnings, and feel bound to discuss the propriety of obeying them, although they may be very tenderly at-

tached. Luckily, however, there is a way out of the scrape; they have only to sacrifice a porker, and no harm will come of their neglecting to separate. The spiteful Balan may, however, seriously inconvenience his divorced wife if he has a mind. Before the separation can be recognised as legal, he must send her a ring (a strange reversal of the civilized custom), and unless she be able to produce this, she will experience considerable difficulty in getting another husband.

Nevertheless, and despite this chopping and changing, when the right nail is at last hit, it is driven home stedfast and true. Where shall we look for stronger evidence of conjugal affection than is embodied in the following little Dayak stories?

"Ijan, a Balan chief, was bathing with his wife in the Lingga river,—a place notorious for man-eating alligators,—when a Malay, passing in a boat, remarked, 'I have just seen a very large animal swimming up the stream.' Upon hearing this, Ijan told his wife to go up the steps and he would follow; she got safely up, but he, stopping to wash his feet, was seized by the alligator, dragged into the middle of the stream, and disappeared from view. His wife hearing a cry, turned round, and, seeing her husband's fate, sprang into the river, shrieking 'Take me also,' and dived down at the spot where she had seen the alligator sink with his prey. No persuasion could induce her to come out of the water; she swam about, diving in all the places most dreaded from being a resort of ferocious reptiles, seeking to die with her husband. At last, her friends came down and forcibly removed her to their house."

Again: "About two miles from the town of Kuching, is a place called Tanah Putih. Here a man and his wife were working in a small canoe, when an alligator seized the latter by the thigh, and bore her along the surface of the water, calling for that help which her husband, swimming after, vainly endeavoured to afford. The bold fellow, with a *kris* in his mouth, neared the reptile, but as soon as he was heard, the beast sank with his shrieking prey, and ended a scene almost too painful for description."

For the third and last time: "Si Tundo fell in love with a woman belonging to an adopted son of Macota; and the passion being mutual, the lady eloped from her master and went to her lover's house. This being discovered in a short time, he was ordered to surrender her to Macota, which he reluctantly did, on an understanding that he was to be allowed to marry her on giving a proper dowry. Either not being able to procure the money, or the

terms not being kept, Si Tundo and a relation mounted to Macota's hill and threatened to take the woman and to burn the house. The village, however, being roused, they were unable to effect their purpose, and retired to their own residence. Here they remained for some days in a state of incessant watchfulness, and when they moved they each carried their kempilan, and wore the krisses ready to the hand. The Rajah Muda Hassim, being well aware of the state of things, sent at this crisis, to order Si Tundo and his friend to his presence, which order they obeyed forthwith, and entered the balei or audience-hall which was full of their enemies. According to Muda Hassim's account, he was anxious to save Si Tundo's life, and offered him another wife, but his affections being fixed on the girl of his own choice, he rejected the offer, only praying he might have the woman he loved. On entering the presence of the Rajah, surrounded by foes and dreading treachery (which most probably was intended), these unfortunate men added to their previous fault, by one which, however slight in European estimation, is here of an aggravated nature—they entered the presence with their kempilans in their hands and their sarongs clear of the kris-handle, and instead of seating themselves cross-legged, they only squatted on their hams, ready for self defence. From that hour their doom was resolved on: the crime of disrespect was deemed worthy of death, though their previous crime of abduction and violence might have obtained pardon. It was no easy matter, however, among an abject and timid population, to find executioners of the sentence against two brave and warlike men, well armed and watchful, and who, it was well known, would sell their lives dearly; and the subsequent proceeding is, as already observed, curiously characteristic of the people, and the deep disguise they can assume to attain their purposes. It was intimated to Si Tundo, that if he could raise a certain sum of money the woman should be made over to him, and to render this the more probable, the affair was taken out of Macota's hands, and placed at the decision of the Orang Kaya de Gadong, who *was friendly* to the offenders, but who received his private orders how to act. Four men were appointed to watch their opportunity in order to seize the culprits. It is not to be imagined, however, that a native would trust or believe the friendly assurances held out to him, nor was it so in the case of Si Tundo and his companion. They attended at the Orang Kaya Gadong's house frequently, for weeks, with the same precautions, and it was found impossible to overpower them; but the deceit of their enemies was equal to the occasion, and delay brought no change of purpose.

They were to die, and opportunity alone was wanting to carry the sentence into effect. Time passed over, suspicion was lulled; and as suspicion was lulled, the professions to serve them became more frequent. Poor Si Tundo brought all his little property to make good the price required for the woman, and his friend added his share, but it was still far short of the required amount. Hopes, however, were still held out; the Orang Kaya advanced a small sum to assist, and other pretended friends, slowly and reluctlantly, at his request, lent a little money. The negociation was nearly complete; forty or fifty reals only were wanting, and the opposite party were ready to deliver the lady, whenever the sum was made good. A final conference was appointed for the conclusion of the bargain at the Orang Kaya's, at which numbers were present, and the devoted victims, lulled into a fatal security, had ceased to bring their formidable kempilans. At the last interview, the forty reals being still deficient, the Orang Kaya proposed receiving their gold-mounted krisses in pledge for the amount. The krisses were given up, and the bargain was complete, when the four executioners threw themselves on the unarmed men, and assisted by others, overpowered and secured them. Si Tundo, wounded in the scuffle and bound, surrounded by enemies flourishing their krisses, remarked "You have taken me by treachery; openly you could not have seized me." He spoke no more. They triumphed over and insulted him, as though some great feat had been achieved, and every kris was plunged into his body, which was afterwards cast without burial into the river."

In Abyssinia the young people begin to think of marriage at a very early age. Mr. Mansfield Parkyns relates that he has seen brides of eight or nine years old; and boys at a proportionably youthful age are considered marriageable. When a lad wishes to marry, says the gentleman above-mentioned—and who by-the-by has written more, and to the purpose, concerning the habits and customs of the Abyssinians than any other traveller—he only enquires for a girl who possesses or can muster twice his own number of oxen, or their value. His proposals are made to the girl's father, and unless there is some strong motive for rejecting him he is accepted and everything arranged without consulting the lady's taste or asking her consent. They are usually betrothed three or four months before marriage, during which time the bridegroom frequently visits his father-in-law elect and occasionally propitiates him with gifts of honey, butter, a sheep or goat; but he is never allowed to see his intended wife even for a moment, unless by urgent entreaty or a handsome bribe he

nduces some female friend of hers to arrange the matter by procuring him a glance at his cruel fair one.

For this purpose he conceals himself behind a door or other convenient hiding place while the lady on some pretext or other is led past it. Should she, however, suspect a trick and discover him, she would make a great uproar, cover her face, and screaming, run away and hide herself, as though her sense of propriety were greatly offended by the intrusion; although previously to his making the offer she would have thought it no harm to romp with him or any other male acquaintance in the most free and easy manner. For after she has been betrothed she is at home to every one except to him who most sighs for the light of her countenance. In Tigrè, especially in Ghirie, a superstitious belief is entertained that if a girl leave her father's house during the interval between her betrothal and marriage, she will be bitten by a snake.

When the wedding day approaches the girl is well washed, her hair combed and tressed, and she is rendered in every way as agreeable as possible. A day or two before that appointed for the marriage a "dass," or bower, is erected. It is made of a framework of stakes: the uprights are driven into the ground and the horizontal stakes fastened to them by ligaments of bark or of supple shoots of trees and covered with green branches to protect the interior from the sun. Of wet there is no fear, except in the season of the periodical rains. These bowers are made large or small, according to the number of visitors likely to assemble.

"During my stay at Adoua I was invited to several weddings. Among others I was invited to assist at the marriage of an Abyssinian woman to a man of the country. When the wedding takes place in a town, as was the case on this occasion, the crowd is excessive. Invited or uninvited, everybody comes who has nothing better to do or who is anxious to fill his stomach. A crowd of these hungry idlers crowd round the doors and often endeavour to force an entrance where artifice or good words fail to procure it for them, and thus give a great deal of annoyance to the servants appointed to keep the entrances.

"These, however, are assisted by a number of young men from among the neighbours and friends of the house, who on such occasions volunteer their services as peace-keepers and waiters, or to make themselves generally useful. Several of these, armed like the door-keepers with long wands, remain in the 'dass' to keep order, to show people to their places, or to make way for new-comers by dismissing old ones.

"About two o'clock on the day preceding the wedding, 'Seedy Petros,' the father of the bride, sent a servant to conduct me to the scene of festivity; but on our arrival at the front entrance we found the street completely blocked up by the crowd, principally soldiers, who were endeavouring to force their way in, which, however, was prevented by barricading the gates and strongly guarding them. It was not till after a quarter of an hour's hard squeezing and fighting that we gained an entrance. During the struggle I was amused at the contrivances which the mob had recourse to in the hope of passing in with me and my people. One fierce-looking soldier assisted me very much; for by striking some, and swearing at and threatening others, he succeeded in clearing a passage to the door. My people, however, were too well known for him to pass as one of them, and he was refused admittance till I, in consideration of his zeal, protested that for that day he was in my service. Another who had an umbrella, walked close behind me holding it over my head as if it belonged to me. At length we entered.

"The Abyssinian guests were squatted round the tables in long rows feeding as if their lives depended on the quantity they could devour, and washing it down with floods of drink. I never could have believed that any people could take so much food; and certainly if the reader wishes to see a curious exhibition in the feeding line, he has only to run over to Abyssinia and be present at a wedding feast. Imagine two or three hundred half-naked men and women in one room. All decorum is lost sight of; you see waiters, each with a huge piece of raw beef in his hands, rushing frantically to and fro in his eager desire to satisfy the voracious appetites of the guests, who as he comes within their reach grasp the meat and with their long crooked swords hack off a lump or strip, as the case may be, in their eagerness not to lose their share.

"After the feast, the 'dass' being cleared of all but a select party of the invited guests of the house and their attendants, in all about a hundred persons, it was announced that the bride was to be presented to us. She was accordingly brought in—carried like a sack of flour—on the back of a male relative, who trotted in with her preceded by a number of persons each bearing a lighted taper and followed by a number of women who filled the air with their shrill cries of exultation. The bearer dropped his pack on a stool in front of the place where we Franks and the elders were sitting, and she received the benedictions of the party. Placing our hands on her head one after the other we each expressed some words for her

future welfare and happiness, and got our hands well greased for our pains. Music and dancing then began."

Having kept up the dancing and jollification all night, the bridegroom (should the habitation of the bride be at some distance from his own) sets out at sunrise, followed by a host of friends and attendants, the number of whom it may readily be conceived does not much depend on any respect they feel for him personally, but is proportioned to the estimated generosity of his father-in-law elect, and to the quantity of bread, meat, and beer which they calculate on finding ready at his house. After him follow first his "arkees," who vary in number from six to twelve according to the wealth and importance of the person. These "arkees" are chosen among themselves when boys. They agree when playmates together, that when either of them marries they shall reciprocally act as "arkees," or bridesmen, to each other. Their office and duties will be more fully explained by and by. The whole party is well dressed; those who have no clothes, or bad clothes, borrow good ones for the occasion. He that owns a horse or mule mounts it, but the others, especially the "arkees," who come out heavy swells, borrow every article of finery they can possibly lay eyes on, even to the silver amulets and chains worn by the women of the neighbourhood. Behind the bridegroom is borne a handsome silver-mounted shield, probably belonging to his master or some other great man who may have been kind enough to lend it him for the occasion, and before him go a considerable number of men carrying guns, all borrowed.

The bridegroom himself mounts, probably for the first time in his life a handsome mule, with its ornamented patch-work morocco saddle and brass ornaments, and with his cloth placed affectedly over his nose, carries himself gallantly, and looks as proud as if he were a king's son, and as if the gunners, shield-bearers, mules, finery, and all really belonged to him, though perhaps the day before he was toiling and cracking his whip behind his plough oxen.

When arrived near the bride's house, the nearest convenient place is selected and the horsemen of the party commence galloping about, the gunners fire off their matchlocks, and the lancers dash here and there, enacting altogether a sort of sham fight. This I suppose is done to divert the bridegroom's mind, lest he should be nervous on first entering the "dass." Arrived at the bridal bower, he takes his seat on the post of honour prepared for him, which is a couch covered with a carpet and cushions, and a canopy of white calico spread over his head to keep the

dust from falling on him. And there he sits in state; his nose and mouth covered with his garment to look dignified. He and his friends keep to one side of the house, the bride's family and friends remaining on the other side. The ceremonies of course commence, as usual, with a voracious devouring of raw meat and its accompaniments; after which, when all have well eaten and drunk, the place is cleared of strangers, and the bride

Abyssinian Wedding.

is carried in as on the preceding evening, accompanied by tapers, etc. This time, however, she is covered with a large cloth held over her like a pall, and is placed on a stool in front of the principal persons assembled. The bridegroom is then called and asked if he wishes to marry her; to which he of course answers in the affirmative. Then then crook their little fingers together under the cloth; nay, even sometimes, I believe,

kiss each other; then certain wise admonitions are given to both by a priest, if there should happen to be one present, as well as by the elders in attendance; and the marriage settlement, or the agreement what each of them is to bring, is entered on; and this finishes the wedding ceremony.

A few days after the wedding, the bridesmen dressing themselves up in all the ornaments they can collect, take a cobero or small drum and go singing and dancing before every house in the neighbourhood. If in the vicinity of a large town, where there are many visits to make, their peregrinations occupy several days, or even a week or more. Every person visited is expected to offer a present according to his circumstances. If, however, any one should be stingily disposed, or by ill-luck not at home, they forcibly enter the house, and purloin anything they can lay hands on, such as sheep, goats, or fowls, which may be straying about the yards. Even in the public market-places and streets they perpetrate the most audacious robberies. Two of them disguised will approach the wares of some seller, while a third, profiting by the concealment afforded him by their long garments which they purposely leave trailing on the ground, squats behind them. By pretending to bargain for some article or other, they generally succeed in drawing off the attention of the vendor from his property, who being seated, natually raises his eyes while talking to them, and their crouching confederate watching his opportunity purloins from beneath whatever he can lay hold of, and then makes quietly off. Nor do they scruple most cruelly to victimise even very poor people. Concealed in some nook or corner of one of the most frequented alleys leading to the [redacted], they quietly watch till some country girl passes on her way [redacted], bearing on her head or shoulder it may be a piece of cotton cloth, the produce of some months' industry, when they suddenly spring out and snatch it from her from behind, and dodging round a corner, run off as fast as their legs will carry them. In the absence of any other notification of it you may always know when any great wedding has recently taken place by the lamentations of the women, who run about the streets proclaiming, to the great amusement of the bystanders, how they have been treated. No one attempts forcibly to recover any article stolen from him, as such conduct would be in direct violation of the privileges of the "arkees," who, if questioned concerning a theft which they may have perpetrated, do not scruple to assert their innocence with the most solemn oaths. "I was once with some 'arkees' whom I had seen kill and conceal a sheep, at the same time boasting how and from whom they had stolen

it. On discovering the theft the proprietor immediately guessed who were the robbers, but on his coming to them to enquire, they positively denied the fact, appealing to St. Michael as witness of their innocence, and on being further pressed each of them took in his hand the 'mateb' or blue cord which he wore round his neck as a sign of Christianity, adding 'as my future abode in heaven,' condemning himself to the other place should he lie." If any one but an "arkee" should thus perjure himself he would not only be considered a wretch unfit to associate with, but be liable to punishment for his crime. The bridesmen are, however, privileged persons, and when in office they may do anything without risking either their skins or their reputation. Notwithstanding, if a man miss anything he has only to offer a small present as a ransom and they are obliged in honour to restore the stolen property, whatever it may be; but to obviate this restitution, when any eatable live stock is stolen, it is immediately slaughtered and devoured, and the poor man goes back empty-handed. The whole of the profits of these their begging visits and thefts, are collected and handed over to the bridegroom to compensate in some measure for the expense he is put to in supplying them with plenty of food and drink for three or four weeks; during the whole of which time they remain in the house taking it by turns to watch, some of them always remaining near the bride, whom they endeavour to amuse and divert in every possible way, in order that she may not regret too much her temporary separation from her family.

From Abyssinia we are invited by Mr. Hutchinson, through his lately published book, "Ten Years in Æthiopia," to make ourselves acquainted with the ceremony of matrimony as observed at Fernando Po.

Having had an intimation from Boobokaa (the many boxes), who is head king of Issapoo, that one of his daughters was about to be married, I took it for an invitation, and walked up to his town, a few days before Christmas, to be present at the ceremonial. The first thing of which one is sensible, when approaching a Fernandian village, is the odour of Tola pomatum, wafted by whatever little breeze may be able to find its way through the dense bushes. The next is the crowing of cocks. Indeed, the poultry tribe seem to be the only bipeds endowed with any activity in this island.

At St. Isabel, the capital, some of these, who may be considered the watchful sentinels, crow at ten at night. The refrain is renewed at midnight, again at two o'clock in the morning, and at day-break the whole

of cock-a-doodle-doo-ers join in a universal chorus—perhaps to an-
e the coming forth of the rising sun.

getting inside of the town, our first object of attraction was the
ıg going on in His Majesty's kitchen. Here a number of dead
ɔines and gazelles were in readiness to be mingled up with palm-oil,
ɔveral grubs writhing on skewers, probably to add piquancy to the
. These are called Inchakee, being obtained from palm trees, and
at first sight, like Brobdingnagian maggots. Instead of waiting to
ss the art of the Fernandian Soyer on this material, I congratulated
f on my ham sandwiches, and brandy-and-water-bottle, safely stowed
portmanteau, which one of the Kroomen carried on his back, and
ı my camp-stool, beneath the grateful shade of a palm tree, to rest
e.

Preparing a Fernando Po Bridegroom.

tside a small hut, belonging to the mother of the bride expectant, I
ecognized the happy bridegroom, undergoing his toilet from the hands

of his future wife's sister. A profusion of Tshibbu strings being fastened round his body, as well as his legs and arms, the anointing lady, having a short black pipe in her mouth, proceeded to putty him over with Tola paste. He seemed not altogether joyous at the anticipation of his approaching happiness, but turned a sulky gaze, now and then, to a kidney shaped piece of yam, which he held in his hand, and which had a parrot's red feather fixed on its convex side. This, I was informed, was called Ntshoba, and is regarded as a protection against evil influence, during the important day. Two skewer-looking hairpins, with heads of red and white glass beads, fastened his hat (which was nothing more than a disk of bamboo plaiting) to the hair of his head, and his toilet being complete, he and one of his bridesmen as elaborately dressed as himself, attacked a mess of stewed flesh and palm-oil, placed before them, as eagerly as if they had not tasted food for a fortnight. In discussing this meal, they followed the primitive usage of "fingers before forks," only resting now and then to take a gulp of palm-wine out of a calabash, which was hard by, or to wipe their hands on napkins of cord-leaf, a process which, to say the least of it, added nothing to their washerwomen's bills at the end of the week.

But the bride; here she comes! led forth by her own and her husband-expectant's mother, each holding her by a hand, followed by two Nepees, (professional singers) and half-a-dozen bridesmaids. Nothing short of a correct photograph could convey an idea of her appearance. Borne down by the weight of rings and wreaths, and girdles of Tshibbu, the Tola pomatum gave her the appearance of an exhumed mummy, save her face, which was all white—not from excess of modesty (and here I may add, the negro race are reputed always to blush *blue*) but from being smeared over with a white paste, symbolical of purity.

As soon as she was outside the paling, her bridal attire was proceeded with, and the whole body was plastered over with white stuff. A veil, of strings of Tshibbu shells, completely covering her face, and extending from the crown of her head to the chin, as well as on each side from ear to ear, was then thrown over her; over this was placed an enormous helmet, made of cowhide; and any one with a spark of compassion in him, could not help pitying that poor creature, standing for more than an hour under the broiling sun, with such a load on her, whilst the Nepees were celebrating her praises in an extempore epithalamium, and the *bridegroom* was completing his finery elsewhere. One of the Nepees, who,

for what I know, may have been the Grisi of Fernando Po, and who had walked eight miles that morning to assist professionally at the ceremony, commenced a solo celebration of the bride's virtues and qualifications. Whether any person of musical taste who had listened to it, would have entitled the chaunt a combination of squeal, grunt, and howl, I cannot say; but that it produced satisfaction amongst the native audience was evident from the fact of the energetic chorusing of several assistant minstrels, who yelled out—"Hee hee, jee eh," at the termination of any passage containing a sentiment that met with their approbation, the exclamation being synonymous with our bravo.

The song, as translated to me, set forth the universal joy of nature at the festival which was approaching, amongst other matters recording the existence of a race of wicked amphibious people, who lived on the African continent, and who would doubtless attempt to come over to disturb the universal harmony; but who they knew if they went into the water on that day, would be all remorselessly devoured by the sharks. It terminated with a recapitulation of the bride's attractive qualities, her beautiful form, figure, and good temper; the latter a quality which I had no reason to doubt, as I did not enjoy the pleasure of the lady's acquaintance. But when the Nepee wound up her praises, by enumerating amongst her other prepossessing attributes the sweet smell proceeding from her, which was the cause of inducing a white man to come and witness the ceremony, I turned away with a shudder, of what kind you may guess, at this outrage on poetic licence, and said to myself, "If Nepee only knew the truth!"

The candidates for marriage having taken their positions, side by side, in the open air, fronting the little house from which the bride elect had been led out by the mothers, and where, I was informed, she had been closely immured for fifteen months previous, the ceremony commenced. The mothers were the officiating priests, an institution of natural simplicity, whose homely origin no one will dare to impugn. On these occasions the mother bishops are prophetically entitled Boonanas, the Fernandian for grandmother. Five bridesmaids marshalled themselves alongside the bride, each in rotation, some inches lower than the other, the outside one being a mere infant in stature, and all having bunches of parrot's feathers on their heads, as well as holding a wand in their right hands. The mothers stood behind the happy pair, and folded an arm of each round the body of the other—Nepees chaunting all the while, so that it was barely possible for my interpreter to catch the words by which they were married.

A string, of Tshibbu, was fastened round both arms by the bridegroom's mother, she at the same time whispering to him advice to take care of this tender lamb. The string was then loosed. It was again fastened on by the bride's mother, who whispered into her daughter's ear, her duty to attend to her husband's farm, tilling his yams and cassadu, and the necessity of her being faithful to him.

The ratification of their promise to fulfil these conditions, was effected by passing a goblet of palm-wine from mother to son, (the bridegroom,) from him to his bride, from her to her mother, each taking a sip as it went round. Then an indiscriminate dance and chaunt commenced, and the whole scene—the Tola paste laid on some faces so thickly, that one might imagine it was intended to affix something to them by means of it, the dangling monkey tails, the dish-hats, and parrot's feathers, the bunches of wild fern, and strings of Tshibbu shells, fastened, perhaps, as nosegays to the ladies' persons—the white and red, and yellow spots painted under the eyes, and on the shoulders, and in any place where they could form objects of attraction—the *tout ensemble* contrasted with the lofty bombax, beautiful palm, cocoa-nut, and other magnificent tropical trees around, presented a picture rarely witnessed by the European, and one calculated to excite varied reflections. When fatigued with dancing, and when all the company, from the cracking of the Tola putty, looked as if they were about to fall into man's original element of clay, the Nepees walked away, followed by the bridegroom, with the bride and the bridesmaids after him, all marching down the pathway which led to the bridegroom's house.

Knowing the ceremonials were not yet finished, I followed the company for half-a-mile. As they went along, the former wives of the newly married man, sang and jumped, and wheeled around, beckoning to the bride to come on; who, poor creature, with her helmet and her cinctures of shells, if nerves had been in fashion in Fernando Po—would have needed smelling salts or a douché of cold water, half-a-dozen times on her journey.

The outside palisading, in which was a faint attempt at a gate, was reached. Here I witnessed an act of natural politeness, which no disciples of Chesterfield could rival. The old wives preceded the new bride on her way in through the outer enclosure, as if guiding her to her new home, but when they reached the inner palisading, they all gave way to her, allowing her to precede them. Within this the ceremony was proceeded with, the bride standing with her back to the door, her husband's arm

again embracing her, and her's round his body likewise. One of his children presented a huge brown painted yam, which she received with a renewal of advice from her mother, to attend to the cultivation of this esculent. Others of his children fixed epaulets of Tshibbu in their proper places; the bridegroom put four rings of the small shells on the middle finger of her right hand; another piece of advice, or lecture, was given to her son by the bridegroom's mother, and the ceremony was completed; the young couple received the congratulations of their relatives, and feasting commenced.

All the friends from distant parts, who had come to be present, brought dishes with them; some poor women, who had nothing better to give, carried bundles of fire-wood on their heads, a present which might appear ridiculous to anyone who did not remember the widow's mite, and its gracious acceptance.

Turning to the Indians of North America, we find polygamy to be the rule rather than the exception. Catlin relates that he has seen as many as fourteen wives in the tent of one chief, and although the intelligent traveller in question intimates that this may be "too much of a good thing," he has several ingenious excuses for the institution of polygamy among these people. All nations of Indians, Mr. Catlin urges, in their natural condition are unceasingly at war with the tribes that are about them, for the adjustment of ancient and never ending feuds, as well as for a love of glory, to which, in Indian life, the battle field is almost the only road. Their warriors are killed off to such an extent, that in many instances two and sometimes three women to one man may be found in a tribe. In such cases polygamy is an easy way out of a difficulty among a people who scorn to "hire out" to labour. There is no indignity in "marrying out" to labour. Moreover, it should be borne in mind that another wife or so taken to the bosom of a North American chief does not mean an augmentation of his encumbrances; they are sources of wealth. Not only do they "cut their own grass," as the vulgar Yankee saying is, but make hay (not only "while the sun shines," but every day the whole year through) for their lord and master. Among his spouses the chief counts his agricultural labourers, his tent pitchers, his hewers of wood, and his drawers of water, his cooks, his tailors, his nurses, and his mocassin makers. If the said chief does business with the Hudson's Bay Company, skin dressing is an art the squaw is expected to understand and industriously practise.

Although there is no denying that courtships of the most romantic

character do sometimes occur between these savage swains and damsels, it is not one time in a hundred that marriage is consummated on such maudlin grounds. The daughter's life does not belong to herself, but to her father; he sets a certain value on her, and however vehemently her adorer may declare that so lovely a being is beyond price, the matter-of-fact old gentleman will never be convinced, but insists on so many blankets, or a rifle, or a horse, according to the demand for the commodity under barter.

The young North American Indian, as previously hinted, is highly sensible of the romance of love; he is a dabbler in "tokens" and "spells," and a firm believer in "charms" and "philters." Mr. Kohl, during his sojourn among the Ojibbeways, met an amusing example of this kind.

The Young Savage's Heart's Idol.

I was once sitting with a young unmarried Indian in his lodge, with whom I was talking on various matters. At length I asked him if he had not yet fallen in love with any fair one of his tribe?

"O yes, I have," he said.

"Hadst thou then no pretty songs and poetry for thy beloved?"

"Of course I had then; and have them still."

And when I begged him to let me see them (of course laying a packet tobacco on his knee at the same time), he went and fetched his medine sack and produced a small paper parcel. At the same time he looked und timidly to see if we were quite alone, and no one observing us. ıen he produced all sorts of things from the paper: first, a small figure rved out of wood, which, as he said, represented his beloved; and then ıother figure, intended for himself. In the bosom of the female figure e heart was indicated by a hole, and thence a line (the line of speech) n as usual to the mouth. The heart holes were painted red, and there ere several dots round them.

After this, he produced from his packet five small bags. Each was ade of a single piece of leather, and carefully fastened up, and in each as a different coloured powder—red, blue, yellow, grey, etc. He told e that sometimes when he was alone in the forest he put some of the wder in the heart holes of the small figure, and then he sang and beat e magic drum.

All the powders produced a different effect: one aroused gentle feelings ıd longing for him, while another caused his sweetheart pain, and terri-ɔd her so much, that nothing was left her but to yield to him.

"Look at this needle in his packet," my interpreter said, drawing my tention to it; "with that he pierces the heart and breast of his sweet-ɔart every now and then, after dipping its point into one of the powders. e fancies that every stab goes through her soul. This causes the ımerous dots on the hole or heart, which looks like a worn-out rifle rget."

The North American Indians have a legend that polygamy was intro-ıced among them by the god Menaboju. Considering how little he made r the transaction, it was a wonder that the experiment was not voted a iserable failure, and at once abandoned. Luckily—or unluckily—how-'er, the cunning of the projector was equal to his daring, and he was ıabled to mend matters with passable decency, and polygamy became an stitution. It is but a short story and may be worth printing.

Menaboju once lived with two squaws. The squaws were young, but ɔ had already aged a little, and noticed that he did not please his squaws much as before, for they neglected him slightly now and then. This ınoyed him greatly, and he determined on making a change.

One evening he did not return to his lodge at the usual time, and the ıuaws began to feel uneasy about him. All at once a voice was heard

sounding through the forest, "Your Menaboju is dead in the bushes, go and fetch him!" The squaws were frightened, but obeyed the voice, and as they found his apparently stiffened corpse, they bore it home.

"Now comb and dress his hair," the voice was again heard pealing through the wigwam.

The squaws believed that it was a voice from the spirits, and combed the hair of Menaboju.

Then the voice commanded again: "Paint his whole face pleasantly of a red colour, put on him a new robe, and lay him so adorned in the branches of a tree." The squaws in their terror did all rapidly that the spirit voice commanded them, and laid Menaboju in the branches of a tree. "To-morrow," the voice shouted once more, "a young handsome red-painted Indian will knock at your door. Let him in and take him as your husband, and treat him kindly; and if you do not so, I will visit you again, and plague and torment you. The man who will come to-morrow, can alone protect you from me."

The next day a neatly-combed red-faced freshly-clothed Indian appeared before the wigwam of the squaws. It was Menaboju himself thus metamorphosed.

He had only feigned death, and the spirit-voice which had caused his squaws so wholesome a terror, was nothing but the result of ventriloquism, in which he, like many an Indian of the present day, was very clever.

His squaws found him rejuvenated in the pretty toilet with which they had themselves decorated him. They had learned how much the attention a squaw pays to her husband aids in making him young, and in future they were more patient with him.

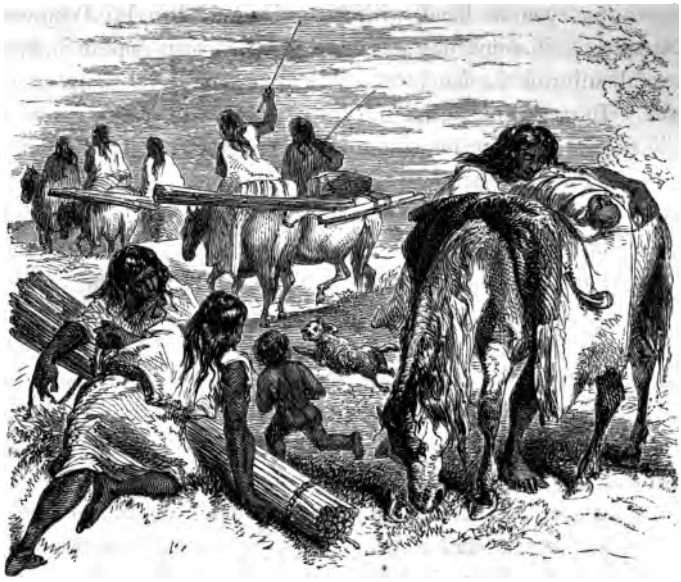
One other example of savage courtship and matrimony must yet be given, even at the risk of inciting the impatience of my more youthful readers, who, no doubt, consider that, as it is, too much space has been already devoted to a very insipid subject. Only forgive me this once, my dear boy, and I promise there shall be no more such nonsense right to the last page of the book. Attention for your old friend Captain Bourne, who, during his captivity among the mighty Patagonians, witnessed the following curious scene among a hundred others.

One evening the chief, his four wives, two daughters, an infant granddaughter, and myself, were scattered about the lodge, enveloped in a smoke of unusual strength and density. While the others sat around as unconcerned

as so many pieces of bacon, I lay flat with my face close to the ground, and my head covered with a piece of guanaco-skin, the only position in which it was possible to gain any relief from the stifling fumigation. While in this attitude, I fancied I heard the tramp of many feet without, and a confused muttering, as if a multitude of Indians were talking together. Presently a hoarse voice sounded in front, evidently aimed at the ears of some one within, to which the chief promptly replied. I caught a few words, enough to satisfy me that I was not the subject of their colloquy; but that there was a lady in the case, and listened curiously. The conversation grew animated, and the equanimity of his high mightiness the chief, was somewhat disturbed. I cast a penetrating glance into the smoke at the female members of our household, to discern, if possible, whether any one of them was specially interested. One look was sufficient; the chief's daughter (who, by the way was a *quasi* widow, with one hopeful scion springing up by her side), sat listening to the conversation with anxiety and apprehension, visible in every feature. Her mother also sat, her chin resting upon her hand, with an anxious and thoughtful expression of countenance. The invisible speaker without, it soon appeared, was an unsuccessful suitor of the daughter, and had come with his friends to press his claim. He urged his suit, if not with classic, with earnest eloquence, but with success ill-proportioned to his efforts. The chief told him he was a poor, good-for-nothing fellow, had no horses, and was unfit to be his son-in-law, or any one else's. The outsider was not to be so easily put off: he pressed his suit with fresh energy, affirming that his deficiency of horses was from want of opportunity, not from lack of will, or ability, to appropriate the first that came within his reach. On the contrary, he claimed to be as ingenious and accomplished a thief as ever swung a lasso, or ran off a horse, and a mighty hunter besides; whose wife would never suffer for want of "grease." The inexorable chief hereat got considerably excited, told him he was a poor devil and might be off with himself; he wouldn't talk any more about it.

The suppliant, as a last resort, appealed to the fair one herself, begging her to smile on his suit; and assuring her, with marked emphasis, that if successful in his aspirations, he would give her plenty of grease. At this last argument she was unable to resist any longer, but entreated her father to sanction their union. But the hard-hearted parent, not at all mollified by this appeal from his decision to an inferior tribune, broke out in a towering passion, and poured forth a torrent of abuse. The mother

here interposed, and besought him not to be angry with the young folks, but to deal more gently and considerately with them. She even hinted that he might have done injustice to the young man. He might turn out a smarter fellow than he had credit for. He might—who knew?—make a fine chief yet, possess plenty of horses, and prove a highly eligible match for their daughter. The old fellow had been (for him) quite moderate, but this was too much. His rage completely mastered him. He rose up; seized the pappoose's cradle and hurled it violently out of doors; other of his daughter's effects went after it in rapid succession. He then ordered her to follow her goods instanter, with which benediction she departed, responding with a smile of satisfaction, doubtless anticipating the promised luxuries of her new home, the vision of which through the present tempest, fortified her mind against its worst perils. Leaving the lodge, she gathered up her scattered effects, and, accompanied by her mother, the bridal party disappeared.



Patagonians changing the Hunting Ground.

Hunting the Buffalo.

PART IV.

SAVAGE DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

CHAPTER XII.

tance" the enchanter—The buffalo dance—The pound—Wholesale butchery—Indian dog-feasts —Propitiating the clerk of the weather—Dog for dinner—Religious feasts of the Ojibbeways— 'east for good luck—Puppies bred for the table—Bamboo carving-knives—Among cannibals— Warriors slain and eaten—Bakolo—A hog and a man in one oven—Cannibal toasts and senti- nents—Yaqona—How it is prepared.

IT seems a pity that so charming a sentiment as "distance lends enchantment to the view" may not be conserved to the domains of poetry and imagination; and the only consolation is, that it loses none of its vigour when turned to practical account. ry individual "in the world he lives in" (and, with few excep-

tions, all men, albeit close neighbours and bosom friends, move in worlds distinct almost as the stars in the firmament from each other,) avails himself of it, using it as buffers are used to mitigate collisions, or the ear-lappets of a travelling cap to deaden the shrieks of the wind. He consults the morning news, and his eye catches the attractive "Terrible fire and loss of life." "Bless my heart," says he, in a startled voice, "Where?" "Jamaica." "Oh-h, I was afraid it was another London fire." "Great gunpowder explosion,—a hundred lives lost." "Good heavens! what at Hounslow?" "Oh, no! in Mexico." "Umph, didn't know they made gunpowder in that quarter of the world." "Distance," in both cases, is the enchanter that steels our nerves as well as our hearts, making us brave and selfish. Of course, it may be urged, that mishaps which occur in remote regions are in part or wholly healed by the time we receive the news, and that there is no use in revivifying sympathy for suffering that is naturally fading; but the enchanter "distance" is equally effective in the case of existing as well as of past evil. Nor is it to evil alone that the benumbing influence of his wand is limited. Curiosity, the keenest of human attributes, is blunted by it; and what to a resident at Kensington would be a breathless astonishment happening at Pimlico, causes scarce a raising of the eyebrows when read in the news from Timbuctoo.

Which brings us back to our Savages, and to the question of how the above-mentioned enchanter bears himself towards them. Very arbitrarily, indeed, I am afraid. Let us take one of the most important features of human existence (it is an undignified fact, but one that is incontestible), eating and drinking. One would imagine that the marvels of the savage *cuisine* would be sure to recommend themselves to the most civilised mind; that Sambo's white relatives, if they expressed no anxiety for Sambo's religious welfare, or troubled themselves as to the house he lived in, or the fashion and quality of his attire, would at least be solicitous as to what he "ate, drank, and avoided." The most popular idea of the matter seems to be, that "the nigger can live on a handful of rice;" so he can,—where he can get it, and when he can get it; he can subsist on the fruit of the palm-tree—when the said fruit is ripe; he can hunt for his meat in places where quadrupeds, or (this in a whisper) two-legged enemies, abound; but when all these sources fail, what does he do? Let us see. But first of all, and in order as far as possible to weaken the arm of "distance," the enchanter, let us endeavour to fix in our minds

nat on this very day—Tuesday, or Friday, or whichever it may be—that t this very hour—*now*—while you set with this page open before you, very one of the odd modes of obtaining and preparing wherewith to comrt the inner man, and keep body and soul together, as set down in this hapter, is in some shape or another in course of practice. Since it natters little from what part of the savage world we start, the North merican shall retain his place as leader, and with him we will go out nting for "buffalo meat."

There are various modes of hunting the buffalo, all of which are pretty well known to the prairie Indians. All of them, however, are attended with considerable danger, as this animal is, perhaps, the most ferocious and bold when attacked of all the mammalia—either herbivorous or carnivorous. Absolute necessity compels the Indian to hunt this animal; consequently, his ferocity is met with cunning, and his boldness with a stout heart, lithe limbs, a good horse, and, very often, an empty belly. After all, these are no mean antagonists, even when opposed to the enormous bulk and pluck of the huge buffalo, as the animal often finds to its cost.

Perhaps a whole tribe has been encamped some time, and all the "buffalo" has been consumed with their usual prodigality. Scouts are sent out to look for buffalo; but after several days' absence (these Indians never hurry themselves, unless they are stalking off with other people's property), we will suppose they return unsuccessful. A medicine council is convened, and the elders of the tribe deliberate upon the gloomy aspect of affairs. Usually, in such cases, a buffalo dance is decided upon; and the dance takes place accordingly. And a singularly grotesque affair it is; the dancers imitate the actions and peculiarities of the buffalo, and are also dressed in hides, and adorned with horns. This dance continues day and night until "buffalo come!" Although this may seem incredible, it is nevertheless true; and is mentioned by several eminent travellers who have witnessed it. Nor, upon closer inspection, need there be any doubt concerning its veracity. For, supposing a tribe to number three hundred men, and the number of dancers not to exceed thirty, this would give ten relays of dancers. Of course, what is ordinarily considered a pastime, is, in this case, purely mechanical and laborious; although, perhaps, not altogether considered so by the Indians. Anyhow, the *possibility* of such a dance is clearly proven; and with the unsophisticated and hungry savage is easily taken advantage of; and as it is partly of a religious nature, it goes a good way to strengthen the Indian in his task.

After a long dance, the welcome intelligence is brought of the immediate vicinity of buffalo. Instantly every man is alert, and providing himself with his bow and quiver, mounts his horse, and scampers off to the prairie. Sometimes the herd consists of thousands of these wild unwieldy animals, and a terrible slaughter commences. The Indian does not fight on horseback, but selecting his animal, sets his horse at full gallop; when he nearly approaches the buffalo he dismounts, and attacks the animal on foot,—his steed, in the meantime, being firmly secured by a long thong, which he fastens to his wrist. If his arrow misses he uses his knife, and grapples with his huge foe. A scene of the most frightful carnage takes place. In all directions on the prairie the poor brutes lie dead or dying; very often, too, the Indians and their horses meet with the same fate in these dangerous buffalo hunts. At last the carnage is over, the hunters are getting tired and spent; sufficient buffalo meat for the next two months is strewn over the prairie. The women then take the place of the men, and set to work in skinning and cutting up the slain buffaloes, which sometimes number two or three hundred. There is another mode practised by some of the prairie Indians, and is described by a modern traveller as follows:—" .... The chief's son asked me if I would like to see the old buffalo pound, in which they had been entrapping buffalo during the past week. With a ready compliance I accompanied the guide to a little valley between sand hills, through a lane of branches of trees, which are called 'dead men,' to the gate or trap of the pound. A sight most horrible and disgusting broke upon us as we ascended a sand dune overhanging the little dell in which the pound was built. Within a circular fence, 130 feet broad, constructed of the trunks of trees, laced with withes together, and braced by outside supports, lay tossed in every conceivable position over two hundred dead buffaloes. .... After the first 'run,' ten days before our arrival, the Indians had driven about three hundred buffaloes into the enclosure, and were still urging on the remainder of the herd, when one wary old bull, espying a narrow crevice which had not been closed by the robes of those on the outside—whose duty it was to close every orifice—made a dash and broke the fence; the whole body then ran helter skelter through the gap, and dispersing among the sand dunes escaped, with the exception of eight who were shot or speared with arrow as they passed in their mad career. In all, three hundred and forty animals had been killed in the pound; and it was its offensive condition which led the reckless and wasteful savages to con-

new one. This was formed in a pretty dell between sand hills, ılf a mile from the first, and leading from it in two diverging he bushes called 'dead men,' and which seem to guide the /hen at full speed, were arranged. The 'dead men' extended a of four miles into the prairie, out of and beyond the sand hills; 'e placed about fifty feet apart, and between the extremity of the ;ht be a distance of from one-and-a-half to two miles.

:n the skilled hunters are about to bring in a herd of buffalo from :ie, they direct the course of the gallop of the alarmed animals lerates stationed in hollows or small depressions, who, when the appear inclined to take a direction leading from the space marked ıe 'dead men,' show themselves for a moment, and wave their ımediately hiding again. This turns the buffaloes slightly in lirection, and when the animals, having arrived between the rows men,' endeavour to pass through them, Indians here and there behind a 'dead man,' go through the same operation, and thus keep hin the narrowing limits of the converging lines. At the entrance und there is a strong trunk of a tree, placed about one foot from nd, and on the inner side an excavation is made sufficiently ›revent the buffalo from leaping back when once in the pound. as the animals have taken the fatal spring, they begin to gallop ıd round the ring-fence, looking for a chance of escape; but utmost silence women and children on the outside hold their 'ore every orifice, until the whole herd is brought in; they then the top of the fence, and, with the hunters, who have followed ı the rear of the buffaloes, spear, or shoot with bow and arrows rms at the bewildered animals, rapidly becoming frantic with terror, within the narrow limits of the pound. A dreadful confusion and slaughter then begins; the older and stronger oss and crush the weaker. The shouts and screams of the excited ise above the roaring of the bulls, the bellowing of the cows, and us moaning of the calves. The dying struggles of so many huge ırful animals crowded together, create a terrible and revolting eadful from the excess of its cruelty and waste of life, but with l displays of wonderful brute strength and rage; while man in ;e, untutored, and heathen state, shows, both in deed and expres- w little he is superior to the noble beasts he so wantonly and lestroys."

One of the dishes most prized among American Indians is composed of the flesh of the dog, and in nearly all their ceremonial feasts, especially those of a religious character, it enters largely. Möllhausen relates that when the Ottoe Indians, amongst whom he resided for a considerable time, mean to undertake a journey in the severe season, and wish to have the weather as propitious as possible, the first thing to be done is to apply to their Manitoo and smoke and sing at him until they see signs of a favourable change, which they receive as an indication that the Great Spirit has heard them, and approves their intention. "I witnessed this solemnity when I was the guest of the Ottoes at the time when they rescued me from my dreadful situation on Sandy Hill creek; for after they had taken care of me for five days, they considered me strong enough to travel, that is to say, to wade from morning till night through deep snow.

"The day was therefore fixed for our departure, and on the evening before, 'good weather' was sung for in due form. In Farfar's tent, the fire blazed up brightly, the warriors sat crouched around, and the women and children, Wo-nes-hee's wife excepted, had left the tent. The kettle was hanging over the fire, but it contained nothing but boiling water; and since I had supposed that as a matter of course the festivities of the evening were to be accompanied by a grand feast, I had been during the whole day carefully sparing my appetite in order to keep up my credit among the warriors, and do justice to the viands. I was really waiting with some impatience to see the dried buffalo meat and beavers' tails put into the steaming pot; but there was no buffalo beef to be seen, and though the beavers' tails certainly lay ready, they were not put in.

"Tied up near the fire, and blinking at it with sleepy eyes, was a great shaggy wolf-dog, who had made advances towards intimacy with me by lying upon me during the preceding night—I concluded therefore that the Indians had tied him up out of politeness that I might not be troubled by him during these solemn ceremonies. I little foresaw the tragic fate that was prepared for the poor beast, or dreamed of his connection with our gastronomic arrangements.

"As soon as Wa-ke-ta-mor-nee had skilfully touched up the drawing of yellow lines which adorned my physiognomy, the ceremonies began. The Indian drum, a hollowed-out block of wood with a piece of a buffalo skin drawn tightly over it, was first beaten in slow measure by two of the young men, and this drowsy monotonous music was soon accompanied by

a wild ear and nerve-piercing song, given with the full musical strength of the company.

"Hau! hau! hau!—ottoe—wine-bag—ottoe—wine-bag—kero-kero—li-la, etc.

"It was almost more than mortal man could bear without flinching. 'Kero, kero, kero,' bellowed the medicine man in response, and whirling his tomahawk round his head, he sent it whistling down on the head of the poor sleeping dog, and split its skull open. The song then ceased, and in a few minutes the dog was skinned and cut up, and deposited piecemeal along with the beavers' tails in the boiling pot.

"My poor unfortunate though troublesome companion, thought I: was it then to devour you that I have been so carefully getting up an appetite?

"It is almost needless to say that my appetite had now entirely disappeared, but yet the 'medicine' meal was inevitable. I felt that I was observed, and I was on my guard. The flesh of the dog is in itself by no means so unpleasant as that of the wolf; I had already tasted it, and could easily have overcome my repugnance, if I had not been so well acquainted with the animal. With a great effort of self-control, however, I managed to perform my part tolerably at the banquet, and I can certify that well-cooked dog is equal to any mutton. On the conclusion of our, alas! very abundant meal, we all went out to observe the state of the weather. It was dreadfully cold, the snow crunched under our mocassins, the stars glittered brightly, and the howl of the hungry wolf was heard through the night. The medicine-man cast keen glances into all quarters of the heavens, but no cloud dimmed the radiant frosty sky. 'The song was good,' he exclaimed; 'the rising sun will bring us favourable weather for travelling.' 'Well, but suppose in spite of singing and the dog's-meat a storm should come,' said I, addressing the half-breed, 'what should we do then?' 'That happens often enough,' said he, 'and then we sing and eat again until we do get a fine day; but if the sun shines when we set out, we do not turn back for any storms that may happen on the way.'"

Catlin furnishes a curious instance of the esteem in which dog flesh is held among the Sioux. Some days after the arrival of the steamer which conveyed Mr. Chouteau, Major Sanford, Mr. Mackenzie, and Mr. C., the two principal chiefs of the Sioux, whom they had come to see, announced that a public festival would be given to the *great white chiefs* who had visited them. A vast tent capable of containing about a hundred and

fifty persons was raised in the form of a half circle to serve as a reception room. The Americans took their places on elevated seats prepared for them in a reserved part of the tent, the chiefs placed themselves near, seated on the ground after the fashion of tailors, and more than a hundred warriors sat down in the same manner in a vast circle.

In the centre of this circle a large tree had been planted, supporting a banner and two calumets crossed in sign of friendship. At the foot of the tree eight or ten cooking vessels, containing prepared meats, were arranged in a single row, and near them were wooden dishes prepared to receive the viands, and three Indians to serve them and light the calumets.

All the rest of the tribe crowded around the assembly, curious to witness the reception given to the Americans. The great chief of the Sioux, Hawanyetah, rose as soon as all the company was assembled, and placing himself before Major Sanford said: "Father, I am delighted to receive you to day; my heart is always happy to see my father when he comes. Our grandfather, who sends you here, is very rich, and we are poor. We are also happy to see Mr. Mackenzie, our friend; we know him well, and shall be sad when he goes away. Our friend (Mr. Chouteau) who is at your right hand is a good man, and a friend of the red man; we have heard that he is the master of the *medicine canoe* (steam boat) in which you came. Our friend the *white medicine* (the white painter) who is seated near you, we do not know; he came as a stranger among us, as he has *done* (painted) me very well, all the women know it; he has drawn several curious things; we have all been flattered by his visit, and we know that he is a great *medicine*. Be ye then all welcome. My father, I hope you will have pity on us, we are poor; we offer you to day not the best we possess, for we have a great many buffalo humps and tongues; but we give you our hearts at this feast, for we have killed our most faithful dogs to give you them to eat. The Great Spirit will confirm our friendship. I have nothing more to say."

Hawanyetah, when he had finished his discourse, took off his splendid head dress of eagles' feathers, his necklace made of the claws of a grisly bear, and his finely embroidered mocassins, laid them down graciously at the feet of the American agent, placed two beautiful calumets on the top of all these presents, and then went into another tent to dress himself in a buffalo skin.

Major Sanford also made a speech suitable to the occasion, and sent

for the tobacco, the coverlets, and other presents which he had brought to distribute to the Indians; but before this distribution was made, the principal warriors of the assembly came each in his turn, and pronounced some words of friendship to the major, laying down their finest ornaments at his feet. At the conclusion of this ceremony Hawanyetah took a calumet of peace, directed the pipe to the four cardinal points of the compass, to the sun and to the earth, pronounced a prayer in honour of the Great Spirit, drew several puffs of smoke, and then passed the calumet to the company. From the moment the pipe is lighted no one must say a word until it is extinguished and consumed—a single word uttered while it was burning would be considered as a bad omen, and the chief would thereupon empty the pipe immediately, in order to fill and light it afresh. When the whole assembly had smoked, the dogs' flesh contained in the cooking vessels was served on wooden plates; every one was obliged to partake of it; and when the repast was over, the savages began their races on foot and on horseback, and all the other public games and festivities with which they could gratify the curiosity of the Americans.

The Rev. Peter Jones, a native minister, and many years resident among the Ojibbeways, furnishes a list of the religious feasts peculiar to his countrymen—the dog feast among others.

The Painted Pole Feast, or *Sahsahgewejegum* which signifies the spreading out to view the desires of the supplicants—a term still often used by the Christian Indians in making their wants known to God. When this feast is made, a long pole is erected; after the bark is carefully peeled it is painted red and black, and before raising it a bunch of sacred feathers and tobacco is tied near the top. When elevated a shout is given, after which the meat cooked for the occasion is distributed, part of it being burnt as an offering to the sun, the pole pointing to the object of worship.

Ooshkenetahgawin, which signifies the offering of the first animal or fowl killed by a boy, and is always turned into a feast. The whole is cooked, and part offered as a burnt offering. These feasts consist of two kinds. The first small game the boy kills, such as a bird, squirrel, or duck, makes the first feast; and the second is when he kills a bear, deer, or buffalo. It is a kind of offering of the first-fruits, and destines the boy to take his place among the braves and noted hunters.

Jeebanahkawin; A feast or offering to the dead.—This ceremony is observed by kindling a fire at the head of the grave, on which a portion of meat is burnt, and prayer offered to the dead. The *fire-water* was a

celebrated offering in this feast, especially if the departed had been fond of it during his earthly career; it was then believed that he would enjoy the pure alcoholic fumes rising from the liquid flames.

Kahgahgeshee, or Crow Feast.—The meat or fish on this occasion is spread on bark trays, around which the party invited take their seats, like a flock of crows round a dead carcase, helping themselves from the abundance placed before them, each trying to outdo his fellow in gormandizing. While eating, they now and then raise a noise like a crow. The Indians often say that the white man's table is a complete crow feast.

Uhnemoosh, or Dog Feast, is considered a meritorious sacrifice. After the dog is killed and the hair singed off, it is cooked without breaking a bone. The animal is then divided among the guests, a portion being devoted as a burnt offering. The dog is considered by Indians as an ominous animal, and supposed to possess great virtue.

Feast for Good Luck.—When an Indian meets with ill-luck in hunting, or when afflictions come across his path, he fancies that by the neglect of some duty he has incurred the displeasure of his munedoo, for which he is angry with him; and, in order to appease his wrath, he devotes the first game he takes to making a religious feast, to which he invites a number of the principal men and women from the other wigwams. A young man is generally sent as a messenger to invite the guests, and carries with him a bunch of coloured quills or sticks, about four inches long. On entering the wigwam he shouts out *Keweekomegoo;* that is, "You are bidden to a feast!" He then distributes the quills to such as are invited: these answer to the white people's *invitation cards.* When the guests arrive at the feast-maker's wigwam the quills are returned to him; they are of three colours, red, green, and white; the red for the aged, or those versed in the *wahbuhnoo* order; the green for the *media* order; and the white for the common people. The guests bring with them their pouches, pipes, and calumet. When seated on the ground, around the fire, they soon begin to smoke, in profound silence, which they continue to do so long as the food is preparing. The Indian who makes the feast sits smoking with a solemn countenance, dressed in his best clothes and ornaments. He then places his medicine-bag, pouch, and images, by his side. The kettle in which the meat has been prepared is taken off the fire and placed before him. The bowls of the guests are then handed to the person who serves, and returned to the owners with pieces of meat; the aged receiving such as are most esteemed. When all

are served the remainder is put on the fire as a burnt offering. Each one also cuts off a piece from his portion, which he puts on the burning coals. While the meat is burning, an aged man, previously engaged, offers up a prayer, to the munedoos; the purport of which is, that as the munedoos are always pleased with the offerings of their people, this man doth now come with his offering, that it may please them to restore to him their blessings, and cause him his accustomed success in hunting, or as the case may be. At the conclusion of the prayer all unite in a hearty response, by saying *Yoo;* equivalent to a Christian's Amen. After this they proceed to eat; what is left they take away to their own wigwams. The person who makes the feast, and his family, never partake of any of the good things prepared.

The gods to whom these feasts are dedicated, are various. For instance, if an Indian is visited with sickness, he fancies that he has offended the Master of life; and, therefore, to remove the disease, he makes a feast to that particular god. Should he meet with ill luck in hunting, he imagines he has displeased the god of the game, and the offering is made to him. I have frequently seen the Indians, when on a journey by water, kill a dog and throw it into the lake or river, as an offering to the god of the waters, for a safe and prosperous voyage, or for success in fishing. Tobacco is esteemed a weed peculiarly pleasing to the munedoos, and is used more or less in all their feasts. The *fire-waters*, now so much loved by the natives, have become a common offering, judging the taste of their gods by their own. They consider it the most acceptable sacrifice they can make. Sometimes, an Indian, before he prepares a feast, will sing and beat his *tawaegun* (drum) for a whole night, his object being to make atonement for neglected duty.

In former times the flesh of the dog also constituted one of the chief dishes at the feasts of the Sandwich Islanders. Ellis relates that he has seen two hundred dogs cooked at one time, and that on the occasion of the king of Tanai visiting the governor of one of his islands, the latter prepared a magnificent spread of four hundred baked dogs, with fish and vegetables in proportion. Numbers of dogs, says the above mentioned missionary, of rather a small size and somewhat resembling a terrier, are raised every year as an article of food; they are mostly fed on vegetables, and their little sleeping houses may be seen ranged round the yards. A part of the rent of every tenant, who owns land, is paid in dogs for his landlord's table. Though often invited by the natives to join them in

partaking of the baked dog, we were never induced to taste one. The natives, however, say that it is sweeter than the flesh of the pig, and much more palatable than that of goats or kids, which some refuse to touch, and few care to eat.

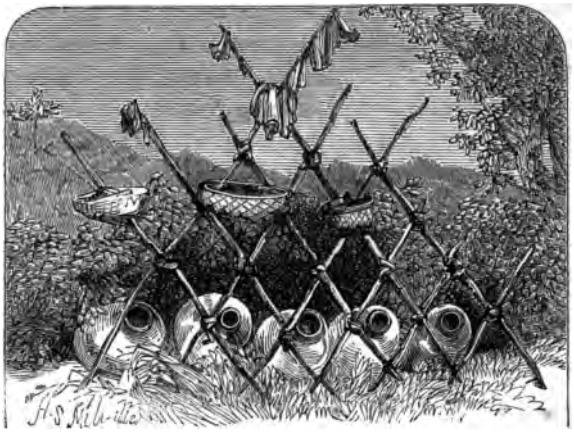
At these "feeding parties," the food is spread on the ground, which is previously covered with green leaves; the guests sit down around it, and the chiefs distribute it among them, after the servants have carved it with a knife or piece of bamboo cane, which, before visited by foreigners, was the only knife they possessed. The serrated edge of the hard bamboo cane, when recently split, is very sharp; and we have often been surprised with the facility with which they cut up a large hog, with no other instrument. The head of a hog, or at least the brains, were always offered to the chief of a party; particular parts were given to the priests, if any were present, while the backbone and the tail were usually the perquisites of the person who carved.

And now, oh super-sensitive reader! the promise made in the early part of this volume shall once more be observed—beware! We have arrived at a region where even more odious food than the flesh of the dog has in past ages—nay, within a very few years—received extensive patronage; in short, we are on cannibal ground, and must traverse it, taking observations as we go. To those courageous enough to bear us company, we promise for their contemplation much that is highly curious and interesting; but our advice to the boy of extremely dainty mind is, that he sit patiently regarding King Tanais' baked hogs while we run through the cannibal islands, looking up the man-eater wherever he is to be found—not forgetting Central Africa, where till very lately the horrid practice was only suspected, and not proven.

To the shocking feast, however, here to be set before the reader, may be prefixed for his comfort and consolation this grace. Thank God that in the shadow of the banner of Christianity, the abomination has ever been found to dwindle and die out. In Figi, in New Zealand, and many other countries, it has been so; and if the practice still prevails in certain remote parts of Africa, it is because the Christian pioneer is unknown.

It is tolerably well known why a certain group of islands were named the "Cannibal Islands," and that the poet when he penned the rhythmical history of "Hoky-poky-wanky-fum" alluded specially to the king of Figi. That the Figians are not addicted to the monstrous habit of cannibalism at the present day is vouched by most recent travellers, but

there was a time—and that no longer ago than the boyhood of our ers—when among these barbarians, to eat a fellow man was certainly ommon as the consumption of such dainty dishes as pheasant or red let among us, there cannot be the slightest doubt. Mariner, Cook,



Cannibal Cooking Pots.

s, Williams, each in his turn furnishes instances of Figian canni- sm, to some of which they were witnesses, and none being recorded ept on the most undoubted authority. All that need be said on the ect, however, has been said by the Rev. Mr. Williams; no other unt is so perfect as his, and on that account it is selected from many rs, and here set before the reader. Cannibalism among this people is of their institutions; it is interwoven in the elements of society, it is one of their pursuits, and is regarded by the mass as refinement. is surely sufficient proof—the evidence of one who lived for thirteen s among the barbarous and inhuman people.

Human bodies are sometimes eaten in connection with the building temple or canoe, or on launching a large canoe, or on taking down mast of one which has brought some chief on a visit, or for the ing of such as take tribute to a principal palace. A chief has been wn to kill several men for rollers, to facilitate the launching of his es, the 'rollers' being afterwards cooked and eaten! Formerly a f would kill a man or men, on laying down a keel for a new canoe, try to add one for each fresh plank. These were always eaten as

'food for the carpenters.' I believe this is never done now, neither is it now common to murder men in order to wash the deck of a new canoe with blood. This is sometimes the case, and would, without doubt, have been done on a large scale when a first-rate canoe was completed at Somosomo, had it not been for the exertion of the missionaries stationed there. Vexed that the noble vessel had reached Mbua unstained with blood, the Mbua chiefs attacked a town, and killed fourteen or fifteen men to eat on taking down the mast for the first time. It was owing to christian influence that men were not killed at every place where the canoe called for the first time. If a chief should not lower his mast within a day or two of his arrival at a place, some poor creature is killed and taken to him as the 'lowering of the mast.' In every case an enemy is preferred, but when this is impracticable, the first man at hand is taken. It is not unusual to find black-list men on every island, and these are taken first. Names of villages or islands are sometimes placed upon the black-list.

"Captives are sometimes reserved for special occasions. I have never been able, either by inquiry or observation, to find any truth in the assertion that in some parts of the group no bodies are buried but all eaten. Those who die a natural death are always interred. Those slain in war are not invariably eaten, for persons of high rank are sometimes spared this ignominy. Occasionally, however, as once at Mbouma, the supply is too great to be all consumed. The bodies of the slain were piled up between two cocoa nut trees, and the cutting up and cooking occupied two days. The *valekarusa*, or trunk of the bodies, was thrown away. This native word is a creation of cannibalism, and alludes to the practice of eating the trunk first, as it will not keep. When the slain are few, and fall into the hands of the natives, it is the rule to eat them. In cases of plenty, the head, hands, and intestines are thrown away, but when a large party can get but one or two bodies, every part is consumed. Native warriors carry their revenge beyond death, so that bodies slain in battle are often mutilated in a frightful manner, a treatment which is considered neither mean nor brutal.

"When the bodies of enemies are procured for the oven, the event is published by a peculiar beating of the drum, which alarmed me even before I heard of its import. Soon after hearing it, I saw two canoes steering for the island, while some one on board struck the water at intervals with a long pole, to denote that they had killed some one.

When sufficiently near, they began their fiendish war-dance, which was answered by the dance of the women. On the boxed end of the canoe was a human corpse, which was cut adrift and tumbled into the water soon after the canoe touched land, when it was tossed to and fro by the rising and falling waves, until the men had reported their exploit, when it was dragged ashore by a line tied to the left hand. A crowd, chiefly females, surrounded the dead man, who was above the ordinary size, and expressed most unfeelingly their surprise and delight. 'A man truly! a ship! a land!' The warriors having rested, put a line round the other wrist of the *bakolo*—dead body designed for eating—and two of them dragged it, face downwards, to the town, the rest going before and performing the war-dance, which consists in jumping, brandishing of weapons, and two or three, in advance of the main body, running towards the town, throwing their clubs aloft, or firing muskets, while they assure those within of their capability to defend them. . . . . On reaching the middle of the town, the body was thrown down before the chief, who directed the priest to offer it in due form to the war-god. Fire had been placed in the great oven, and the smoke rose close to the old temple, as the body was again drawn to the shore to be cut up. The carver was a young man, but he seemed skilful! He used a piece of slit bamboo, with which, after having washed the body in the sea, he cut off the several members joint by joint. He first made a long deep gash down the abdomen, and then cut all round the neck down to the bone, and rapidly twisted off the head from the axis. The several parts were then folded in leaves and placed in the oven. According to a popular rhyme of theirs, it is only the courageous who are thus treated, while life is the reward of cowardice (the literal translation of which runs thus):—

> "'Where is the courageous?
> Gone to be dragged (into the town to be cooked).
> Where is the coward?
> Gone to report.'

"These details will answer to the most of such scenes. When the cooking is done on the field of battle, the dancing is dispensed with. I never saw a body baked whole, but have most satisfactory testimony that on the island of Ngaw, and one or two others, this is really done. The body is first placed in a sitting posture, and when taken from the oven is covered with black powder, surmounted with a wig, and paraded about as

if possessed of life. When *bakolo* is to be boiled, the flesh is first cut from the bones.

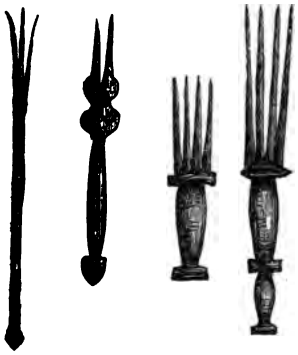
"Revenge is undoubtedly the main cause of cannibalism in Figi, but by no means invariably so. I have known many cases in which such a motive could not have been present. Sometimes, however, this principle is horribly manifested. A woman taken from a town besieged by one of the chiefs, and where one of his friends had been killed, was placed in a large wooden dish, and cut up alive, that none of the blood might be lost!

"Those who escape from shipwreck are supposed to be saved that they may be eaten, and very rarely are they allowed to live. Recently, at Wakaya, fourteen or sixteen persons, who lost their canoe at sea, were cooked and eaten! So far as I can learn, this abominable feast is never eaten raw, although the victim is often presented in full life and vigour. Cannibalism does not confine its selection to one sex, or to a particular age. I have seen the grey-headed and children of both sexes devoted to the oven. The heart, the thigh, and the arm above the elbow are considered the greatest dainties. Women seldom eat of *bakolo*, and it is forbidden to some of the priests. Graves are not unfrequently opened, for the purpose of obtaining the occupant for food. It is most certainly true that while the Figian turns with disgust from pork, or his favourite fish, if at all tainted, he is not nearly so particular as regards *bakolo*.

"Human bodies are generally cooked alone: I know of but one exception, when a man and a boar were baked in the same oven. Generally, however, ovens and pots in which human flesh is cooked, and dishes and forks used in eating it, are strictly *tabu* for any other purposes. Rare cases are known, in which a chief has wished to have part of the skull of an enemy for a soup-dish or drinking-cup, when orders are given accordingly to his followers not to strike that man on the head. The shin-bones of *bakolos* are valued, as sail-needles are made from them. If these bones are short, and not claimed by a chief, there is a scramble for them among the inferiors, who sometimes almost quarrel about them."

And all this, we are assured, is but the fairest side of the dark picture of brutal and debased man. Mr. Williams mentions one celebrated cannibal who was said to have devoured about nine hundred human bodies—his own exclusive share! And yet there is not the slightest reason for the horrid custom. "The land gives large supply spontaneously, and undoubtedly is capable of supporting a hundred times the number of its *present* inhabitants."

loathsome Figian banquets were not comprised solely of eatables. ıd their potations, and their "songs, toasts, and sentiments" in t regular order. Mr. Williams informs us that a very remarkable associated with Figian drinking customs is the *Vakacivo*, a kind or wish announced after the draught is swallowed. A man blows ıe moisture that may remain about his mouth with a hissing noise,



Cannibal Forks of Fiji.

n shouts aloud his toast, which is sometimes common-place, some- umorous, and sometimes sentimental. Some of these wishes allude annibal practices of the people: *e.g.*, a skull, a man's heart, or a ham. Others indicate the profession of the drinker: thus, the ın asks for a report from the reef, a husbandman for propitious and the sailor for a brisk wind. The ruling passion is thus tly manifested—the covetous man calls for wealth, plenty of tor- ell, or a whale's tooth; the epicure for boiled fish, rich puddings, le-soup. A kind neighbour of mine used to ask for "pleasant ation." A treacherous chief was accustomed to say, "There yet is kept back." An ill-looking doctor was ever crying out for a ɔd; and a little priest always said of the gods, "They pull and I

Many drinking wishes are expressed enigmatically: "a red means sinnet; "a path that resounds," a canoe; "a bamboo ' food from Somosomo; "a long pig," a human body (to be eaten); ane is asked for as "water in dams," and the milk of the nut as · that trembles in the breeze." The origin of this custom may ı be traceable to the common practice of ending a report and many s transactions by a short wish or prayer.

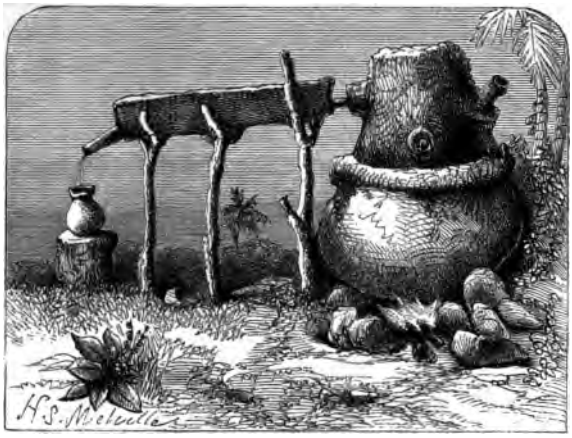
One of the oldest established and most peculiar of Fijian social ceremonies is the drinking of Yaqona. Whether at the present time the Fijian day is inaugurated by a "boose" in which royalty joins, is not positively known, but such was the condition of things twenty years ago; and this was how it was managed:—

Early in the morning the king's herald stands in front of the royal abode, and shouts at the top of his voice "Yaqona!" Hereupon all within hearing respond in a sort of scream, *Mamá*, "chew it." At this signal the chiefs, priests, and leading men gather round the well-known bowl and talk over public affairs, or state the work assigned for the day, while their favourite draught is being prepared. When the young men have finished the chewing, each deposits his portion in the form of a round dry ball in the bowl, the inside of which thus becomes studded over with a large number of these separate little masses. The man who has to make the grog takes the bowl by the edge and tilts it towards the king, or, in his absence, to the chief appointed to preside. A herald calls the king's attention to the slanting bowl, saying, "Sir, with respects, the yaqona is collected." If the king thinks it enough, he replies in a low tone, "*Loba*" (wring it), an order which the herald communicates to the man at the bowl in a louder voice. The water is then called for, and gradually poured in, a little at first, and then more until the bowl is full, or the master of the ceremony says "Stop," the operator in the meantime gathering up and compressing the chewed root. Now follows the *science* of the process, which Mariner describes so accurately that I cannot do better than transcribe his account. The strainer is composed of a quantity of the fine fibrous *vau* (hibiscus), which is spread over the surface of the infusion, on which it floats, and the man who manages the bowl now begins his difficult operation. In the first place, he extends his left hand to the farther side of the bowl; with his fingers pointing downwards and the palm towards himself, he sinks that hand carefully down the side of the bowl, carrying with it the edge of the *vau;* at the same time his right hand is performing a similar operation at the side next to him, the fingers pointing downwards and the palm presenting outwards. He does this slowly from side to side, gradually descending deeper and deeper till his fingers meet each other at the bottom, so that nearly the whole of the fibres of the root are by these means enclosed in the *vau*, forming as it were a roll of above two feet in length lying along the bottom from side to side, the edges of the *vau* meeting each other underneath. He now

carefully rolls it over, so that the edges overlapping each other, or rather intermingling, come uppermost. He next doubles in the two ends and rolls it carefully over again, endeavouring to reduce it to a narrower and firmer compass. He now brings it cautiously out of the fluid, taking firm hold of it by the two ends, one in each hand (the back of his hands being upwards), and raising it breast high with his arms considerably extended, he brings his right hand towards his breast, moving it gradually onwards; and whilst his left hand is coming round towards his right shoulder, his right hand partially twisting the *vau*, lays the end which it holds upon the left elbow, so that the *vau* lies thus extended upon that arm, one end being still grasped by the left hand. The right hand being now at liberty is brought under the left fore-arm (which still remains in the same situation), and carried outwardly towards the left elbow, that it may again seize in that situation the end of the *vau*. The right hand then describes a bold curve outwardly from the chest, whilst the left comes across the chest, describing a curve nearer to him and in the opposite direction, till at length the left hand is extended from him and the right hand approaches to the left shoulder, gradually twisting the *vau* by the turn and flexures principally of that wrist: this double motion is then retraced, but in such a way (the left wrist now principally acting) that the *vau* instead of being untwisted is still more twisted, and is at length again placed on the left arm, while he takes a new and less constrained hold. Thus the hands and arms perform a variety of curves of the most graceful description: the muscles both of the arms and chest are seen rising as they are called into action, displaying what would be a fine and uncommon subject of study for the painter; for no combinations of animal action can develope the swell and play of the muscles with more grace and better effect. The degree of strength which he exerts when there is a large quantity is very great, and the dexterity with which he accomplishes the whole never fails to excite the attention and admiration of all present. Sometimes the fibres of the *vau* are heard to crack with the increasing tension, yet the mass is seen whole and entire, becoming more thin as it becomes more twisted, while the infusion drains from it in a regularly decreasing quantity, till at length it denies a single drop. The man now tosses the dregs behind him, or with a new lot of *vau* repeats the operation until the liquid is clear and fit for use.

The cup-bearer then presents the cup to the king, who sprinkles a few drops on to the ground, and then drinks; while his courtiers chaunt a

thanksgiving, winding up with a glad shout and a clapping of hands which is caught up by people living at various distances—as is the crowing of cocks—till the whole town is shouting and clapping. After the king the next in rank drinks. It is considered a high honour to drink after the king: so much so that on the occasion of a Tongan boatman saving the king's life and being requested to name his own reward, he eagerly replied, "Let my name be announced in the Yaqona-circle next to the king's as long as I live."



Polynesian Grog Still.

W. DICKES. LONDON

A PATAGONIAN DINNER PARTY.

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CHAPTER XIII.

ıvage still—The Samoans moderate drinkers—"Have all tasted!"—Pots for boiling "long pigs"—A narrow escape—Fan ghouls—The origin of bread fruit—Forests of bread—Mandiocca cake—Enormous Figian ovens—A gigantic pudding—Serving dinner—Rat shooting—Tactics of the Sportsmen—Figian fishermen—"Nursing" for turtle—The perils of prophecy—Barbarous treatment of turtle.—The turtle spear—A chase and capture—Extracts from a Tongan cookery book—Tongan "made dishes"—How the New Zealander feeds—The "grumbling months"—A New Zealand dinner party—The origin of fire—Preparation of a giant's meal—The African Indian's tree of life—How palm wine is procured—Concerning palm oil—The "Ce" or butter tree.

A SIMILAR and equally filthy "chewing" process is observed among the Mosquito Indians in the manufacture of their favourite drink *mishla*. While Mr. Bard was sojourning among these people preparations were going ı for a grand feast and *mishla* drink. For this purpose the whole ›pulation was employed, most of them being engaged in collecting pine›ples, plantains, and cassava for their favourite liquor. The expressed ıice of the pine-apple alone is a pleasant and agreeable beverage. The *ishla* from the plantain and banana is also both pleasant and nutritive; ıat from the cassava and maize is more intoxicating, but its preparation a process exceedingly disgusting. The root of the cassava, after being ›eled and mashed, is boiled to the same consistence as when it is used r food. It is then taken from the fire and allowed to cool. The pots 'e now surrounded by all the women old and young, who, being pro›ded with large calabashes, commence an attack upon the cassava which ıey chew to the consistence of a thick paste, and then put their mouthful ıto the bowls until the latter are filled. These are then emptied into a ınoe, which is drawn up for the purpose, until it is about one-third lled. Other cassava is then taken, bruised in a kind of wooden mortar ntil it is reduced to the consistence of dough, when it is diluted with ›ld water, to which is added a quantity of Indian corn partly boiled and ıasticated, and then all is poured into the canoe which is filled with 'ater, the mixture afterwards being frequently stirred with a paddle. In ıe course of a few hours it reaches a high and abominable state of fer-

mentation. The liquor, it may be observed, is more or less esteemed according to the health, age, and constitution of the masticators. And when the chief gives a private *mishla* drink they confine the mastication to their own wives and young girls.

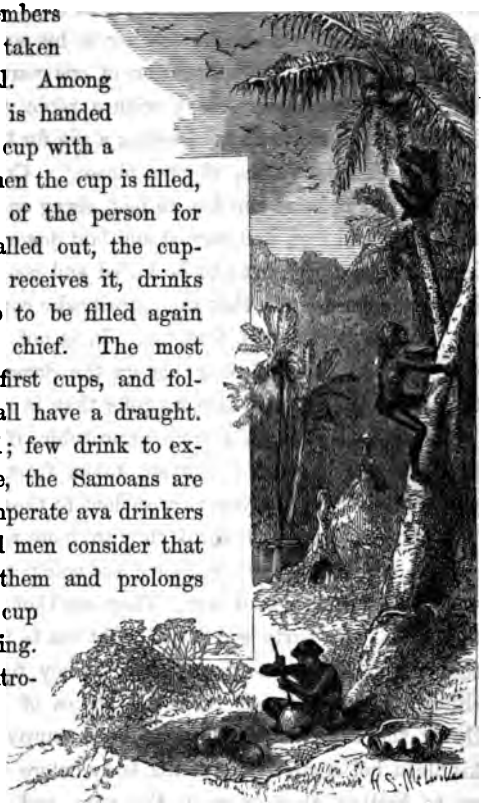
However deeply steeped in ignorance a savage people may be, they will almost invariably find a means to manufacture some sort of "grog." Throughout Polynesia this is especially the case. Ellis discovered whole districts frequently united in the erection of what might be named a public still. It was a rude unsightly machine, yet it answered but too well the purpose for which it was contrived. It generally consisted of a large fragment of rock, hollowed in a rough manner, and fixed firmly on a solid pile of stones, leaving a space underneath for a fire-place. The butt-end of a large tree was then hollowed out, and placed upon the rough stone boiler for a cap. The baked *ti* root, macerated in water, and already in a state of fermentation, was then put into the hollow stone and covered with the wooden cap. The fire was kindled underneath; a hole was made in the cap, into which a long small bamboo cane placed in a trough of cold water was inserted at one end, and when the process of distillation was commenced, the spirit flowed from the other into a vessel placed to receive it.

When the materials were prepared, the men and boys of the district assembled in a kind of temporary house erected over the still, in order to drink the *ava*, as they called the spirit. The first that issued from the still being the strongest, they called the *ao;* it was carefully received and given to the chief; that subsequently procured was drunk by the people in general. In this employment they were sometimes engaged for several days together, drinking the spirit as it issued from the still, and engaging in the most ferocious barbarities. Sometimes in a deserted still-house might be seen the fragments of the rude boiler and the other appendages of the still scattered in confusion on the ground; and among them the dead and mangled bodies of those who had been murdered with axes or billets of wood in the quarrels that had terminated their dissipation.

Turner makes mention of an intoxicating brew known to the Samoans, who, as the reader is aware, are likewise inhabitants of the South Sea Islands:—

"The young cocoa-nut contains about a tumblerful of a liquid something resembling water sweetened with lump-sugar, and very slightly acid. This is the ordinary beverage of the Samoans. A young cocoa-nut baked in the oven yields a hot draught which is very pleasant to an invalid. They have no fermented liquors, but they make an intoxicating

aught from an infusion of the chewed root of the ava plant. A bowl of is disgustingly-prepared stuff is made and served out when a party of iefs sit down to a meal. At their ordinary meals few partake of it but e father or other senior members the family. It is always taken efore and not after the meal. Among formal party of chiefs it is handed ound in a cocoa-nut-shell cup with a ood deal of ceremony. When the cup is filled, he name, or title rather, of the person for whom it is intended is called out, the cup-bearer takes it to him, he receives it, drinks it off, and returns the cup to be filled again as the portion of another chief. The most important chiefs have the first cups, and following the order of rank all have a draught. The liquor is much diluted; few drink to excess; and, upon the whole, the Samoans are perhaps among the most temperate ava drinkers in the South Seas. The old men consider that a little of it strengthens them and prolongs life, and often they have a cup the first thing in the morning. Foreign liquors have been introduced, but there is hardly any demand for them yet among the natives."



Climbing for Cocoa-nuts.

The same author good naturedly endeavours to settle the question of the extent to which—"if at all"—cannibalism is or ever was practised among the Samoans:—

"It has been questioned whether this savage custom ever prevailed in Samoa. During some of their wars a body was occasionally cooked; but they affirm that in such a case it was always some one of the enemy who had been notorious for provocation or cruelty, and that eating a part of his body was considered the climax of hatred and revenge, and was not occasioned by the mere relish for human flesh, such as obtains throughout the Fiji, New Hebrides, and New Caledonian groups. In more remote

heathen times, however, they may have indulged this savage appetite. To speak of roasting him is the very worst language that can be addressed to a Samoan. If applied to a chief of importance he may raise war to avenge the insult. Sometimes a proud chief will get up and go out of the chapel in a rage, should the teacher in his sermon speak of hell fire. It is the custom, on the submission of one party to another, to bow down before their conquerors, each with a piece of firewood and a bundle of leaves such as are used in dressing a pig for the oven, as much as to say, 'Kill us and cook us, if you please.' Criminals, too, are sometimes bound hand to hand and foot to foot, slung on a pole put through between the hands and feet, and carried and laid down before the parties they have injured, like a pig about to be killed and cooked. So deeply humiliating is this act considered, that the culprit who consents to degrade himself so far is almost sure to be forgiven. It is not improbable therefore that in some remote period of their history the Samoans were more familiar with the savage custom to which we refer than in more recent times."

Certainly it is very far from improbable, if reliance is to be placed in such accounts as the following, taken from a traveller whose Samoan explorings were some years antecedent to those of Mr. Turner:—

"The Samoan people think they are more numerous now than formerly; and account for it by there being less war now than formerly. Still it is war, war, war, incessant war. They say that formerly they did not stop a fight until one party was killed right out to the verge of extinction; but that now they are more merciful. They fight with clubs, spears, and slings. They pick out the good bodies of the slain for the oven, and throw the bad away. They tie up a captive to a tree, dig a hole, and kindle a hot-stone oven for his body before his very eyes. The women go to battle; they keep in the rear, and attend to the *commissariat*. Whenever they see one of the enemy fall, it is their business to rush forward, pull the body behind, and dress it for the oven. The hands are the choice bits sacred to the priests. The priests go to battle, but sit in the distance, *fasting* and praying for victory. They fast for days if they get no *hands*. If the body of a chief is cooked, every one must partake, down to the little child; and before a gourmandizer proceeds to polish the bones, he calls out, 'Have all tasted?' If it is the body of a woman, they eat only the arms and legs; but if a man, they devour all. Sometimes they cook in joints, and sometimes the whole body is doubled up in a sitting posture, with the knees to the chin, put into the oven and served

up so, as they squat around for their meal. Their appetite for human flesh is never satisfied. 'Do you mean to say that you will forbid us the *fish* of the sea? Why, these are our fish.' This is how they talk when you speak against cannibalism."

Whatever doubts may exist as to a prevalence of cannibalism in Samoa in former times, there will never be wanting indubitable proof as to its practice in Figi—at least so long as the tremendous iron kettles in which the odious "long pig" was wont to be cooked is allowed to cumber Figian earth. One at least of these horribly suggestive vessels was in existence till within the last year, and is in all probability so still. Says Mr. Seemen, the most recent of Figian travellers:—"The large cauldron which Macdonald mentions but did not see himself, stood close to the door of the chief's house. Our attention was drawn to it by our interpreter Mr. Charles Wise, and the very thought was agonizing to be so near the awful vessel in which perhaps many a human being had been boiled. It was one of those large iron pots used by traders for curing *beche-de-mer* or sea-slugs, so plentiful on the reefs of Figi, and a valuable article in the Chinese markets. It was large enough for cooking two men entire. At the mere sight of it my imagination ran riot, and a scene presented itself similar to that in the last act of Halévy's 'Jewess,' where the boiling cauldron is ready to receive the victim of Christian intolerance. The nineteenth century must be freed from so shocking a spectacle; and Mr. Pritchard and myself let Kuruduadua (the chief) have no peace until he agreed to abolish and prohibit cannibalism throughout his dominions. A few months earlier he would have met with a most determined opposition in promulgating such a law; for his half-brother at Namosi, then alive, would never have agreed to it, but our visit happened just at the right time to crown our endeavours with success. . . . . When in August we saw the cauldron again it was quite rusty, and had evidently not been used. Weeds were growing around it, and a creeper was trying to cover by its foliage this remnant of past errors and crimes. Kuruduadua had evidently kept the promise made us; he caused presents of human flesh sent to him to be buried, and gave strict orders that even in the fight impending the bodies of the slain enemies should be left to be buried by their friends, and on no consideration be removed by his own people."

Respecting Figian cannibalism, may be here stated a well-authenticated anecdote illustrative at once of a people's barbarity and their unswerving

observance of a religious custom. An Englishman of the name of Pickering once fell into the hands of a hostile tribe long on the look-out for his body. He soon became aware that they were making preparations for a cannibal feast of which he was to be the principal dish, though these preparations would not have been noticed by any one less versed in their peculiar customs. He knew that before they proceeded to kill him a bowl of kava would have to be made, that a prayer would have to be said over the beverage when ready, and that the person saying the prayer could not be the one eaten. Pretending utter unconsciousness of what was going on around him, he eagerly watched the moment when the preparation of the kava was advanced to the stage at which the prayer had to be said, and suddenly, to the utter dismay of his enemies, he pronounced the well-known formula. No one would now have dared to take his life, and he had the keen satisfaction of partaking of the refreshments provided for his own funeral.

And now we approach a people concerning whose cannibal propensities we may neither indulge in the consolation of never so meagre a doubt, nor blend with our expressions of horror thankfulness that such things are of the past and not the present. Before any confirmed custom of a people can be abolished or even restricted, they must be convinced of its sinfulness, or at least of its unprofitableness. Concerning his horrid propensity to envy not only his neighbour's goods but the fat of his ribs, the Fan of Equatorial Africa has never yet been remonstrated with. True, when M. Chaillu found himself among these man-eaters he expressed his repugnance; but, in his position of a solitary white man, of, possibly, tender and tempting appearance, amongst this spiky-toothed set, to argue against man-eating would doubtless have proved as effectual as though a sheep of tender age were to bleat in the shambles on the wickedness of eating lamb. He may, and doubtless did, express his aversion to man-flesh, but such an avowal with the Fans would doubtless be regarded simply as we regard the man who has an aversion for veal, or from digestive scruples avoids ham. Let M. Chaillu speak for himself as to his first day's experience amongst cannibals:—

"The next morning we moved off for the Fan village; and now I had the opportunity to satisfy myself as to a matter I had cherished some doubts on before, namely, the cannibal practices of these people. I was satisfied but too soon. As we entered the town I perceived some bloody remains which looked to me to be human, but I passed on still incredulous

Presently we passed a woman who solved all doubt. She bore with her a piece of the thigh of a human body, just as we should go to market and carry thence a roast or steak.

"The whole village was much excited, and the women and children greatly scared at my presence. All fled into the houses as we passed through what appeared the main street—a long lane—in which I saw here and there human bones lying about.

"At last we arrived at the palaver-house. Here we were left alone for a while, though we heard great shoutings going on at a little distance. I was told by one of them afterwards that they had been busy dividing the body of a dead man, and that there was not enough for all. The *head*, I am told, is a *royalty*, being saved for the king. . . . . While I was talking to the king, some Fans brought in a dead body which they had bought in a neighbouring town, and which was now to be divided. I could see that the man had died of some disease. I confess I could not bear to stay for the cutting up of the body, but retreated when all was ready. It made me sick all over. I remained till the infernal scene was about to begin, and then retreated. Afterwards I could hear them from my house growing noisy over the division.

"Eating the bodies of persons who have died in sickness is a form of cannibalism of which I had never heard among any people, so that I determined to inquire if it were indeed a general custom among the Fans, or merely an exceptional freak. They spoke without embarrassment about the whole matter, and I was informed that they constantly buy the dead of the Osheba tribe, who in return buy theirs. They also buy the dead of other families in their own tribes, and, besides this, get the bodies of a great many slaves from the Mbochos and Mbondemos, for which they readily give ivory at the rate of a small tusk for a body.

"Until to-day I never could believe two stories (both well authenticated, but seeming quite impossible to any one unacquainted with this people), which are told of them on the Gaboon. A party of Fans who came down to the sea-shore once actually stole a freshly-buried body from the cemetery, and cooked it and ate it among them; and, at another time, a party conveyed a body into the woods, cut it up, and smoked the flesh, which they carried away with them. These circumstances made a great fuss among the Mpongwe and even the missionaries' grounds; but I never credited the stories till now, though the facts were well authenticated by witnesses. In fact, the Fans seem regular ghouls, only they practice

their horrid custom unblushingly and in open day, and have no shame about it. I have seen here knives covered with human skin, which their owners valued very highly.

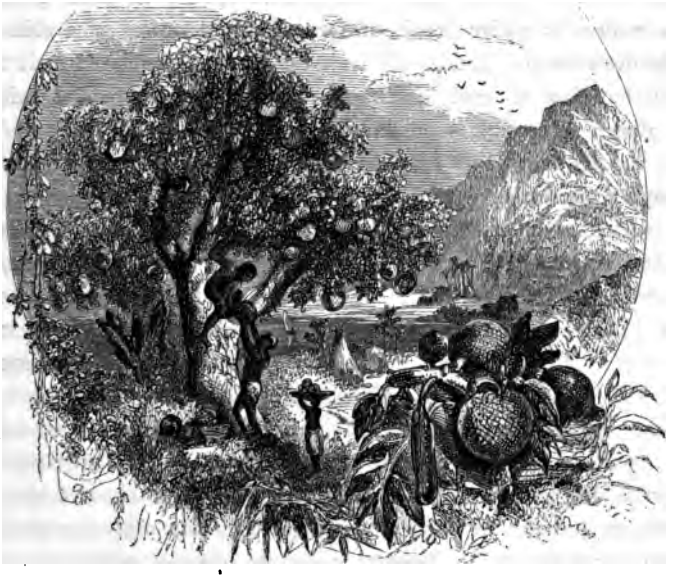
"To-day the queen brought me some boiled plantain, which looked very nice; but the fear lest she should have cooked it in some pot where a man had been cooked before, which was most likely the case, made me unable to eat it. On these journeys I have fortunately taken with me sufficient pots to do my own cooking.

"They are the finest, bravest-looking set I have seen in the interior, and eating human flesh seems to agree with them, though I afterwards saw other Fan tribes whose members had not the fine air of these mountaineers. As everywhere else, location seems to have much to do with it. These were living among the mountains, and had all the appearance of hardy mountaineers."

And so, not, alas! for lack of material, but from sheer loathing, we will have no more to say of cannibals and cannibalism, and the dainty-minded boy, who, it will be recollected, was left on page two hundred and eighty, contemplating King Tanai's baked hogs, may once more bear us company. We will not however leave King Tanai's neighbourhood, but look about us and observe the land's fatness.

In no part of the world is Nature more bountiful in the production of edible vegetation than in Fiji; yams (sometimes reaching the enormous weight of a hundred pounds), sweet potatoes, "taro," a very common tuber, the chief food of the poorer inhabitants, and the well-known bread-fruit among the number. Respecting the origin of bread-fruit the natives have a somewhat singular tradition. They say that in the reign of a certain king, when the people ate *araea* (red earth), a husband and wife had an only son whom they tenderly loved. The youth was weak and delicate; and one day the husband said to the wife, "I compassionate our son—he is unable to eat the red earth; I will die and become food for our son." The wife said, "How will you become food?" He answered, "I will pray to my god; he has power, and he will enable me to do it." Accordingly, he repaired to the family marae, and presented his petition to the deity. A favourable answer was given to his prayer; and in the evening he called his wife, and said, "I am about to die; when I am dead take my body, separate it, plant my head in one place, my heart and stomach in another, etc., and then come into the house and wait. When you shall hear at first a sound like that of a leaf, then of a flower, after-

wards of an unripe fruit, and subsequently of a ripe round fruit falling on the ground, know that it is I who am become food for our son." He died soon after. His wife obeyed his injunctions, planting the stomach near the house as directed. After a while she heard a leaf fall, then the large scales of the flower, then a small unripe fruit, and afterwards one full-grown and ripe. By this time it was daylight. She awoke her son, and took him out, and they beheld a large and handsome tree clothed with broad shining leaves, and loaded with bread-fruit. She directed him to gather a number, take the first to the family god and to the king, to eat no more red earth, but to roast and eat the fruit of the tree growing before them.



Bread-fruit Tree.

The bread-fruit is seen in regular forests, and in a great number of varieties, which a new comer has some difficulty in distinguishing until he has learnt to observe that the shape of the leaves, which are either entire pinnatisect or bi-pinnatisect, their size and their either entire bullate or even surface, the shape and size of the fruit, the time of its maturity, the absence or presence as well as the length of the prickles on its outside, and the abortion of its ovules on their development into seeds, offer good marks of distinction. The general Figian name for the bread-

fruits is *uto*, signifying the heart, from the resemblance of the form of the fruit to that organ, whilst the varieties are distinguished by additional names. Those less frequently cultivated are, however, not known by the same names throughout the group, but bear different ones in different districts. Hence the exact number of varieties cannot be accurately determined until there shall be a botanic garden in Figi, where a complete collection of bread-fruits is cultivated. The principal bread-fruit season is in March and April, but some kinds ripen considerably later and earlier, whilst in some districts the season itself is altogether later. It may thus be said, speaking generally, that there is ripe bread-fruit more or less abundant throughout the year. The fruit is made into puddings or simply boiled or baked. Quantities of it are preserved under ground to make *madrai* or native bread, or for culinary purposes of a still more simple description. Besides the fruit the wood of the bread-fruit tree is useful, but that of some kinds better adapted for canoes and buildings than others. The bark is not beaten into cloth as in other parts of Polynesia, but the gum *(drega)* issuing from cuts made into the stem is used for paying the seams of canoes.

A curious sort of bread called mandiocca is made and eaten by the Indians of Rio Negro. The women dig up the mandiocca, and the roots are brought home from the field in large baskets called *aturas*, made of a climber, and only manufactured by these tribes; they are then washed and peeled, this last operation being generally performed with the teeth, after which they are grated on large wooden graters about three feet long and a foot wide, rather concave, and covered all over with small sharp pieces of quartz set in a regular diagonal pattern. These graters are an article of trade in all the Upper Amazon, as they are cheaper than the copper graters used in other parts of Brazil. The pulp is placed to drain on a large sieve made of the bark of a water-plant. It is then put into a long elastic cylinder made of the outer rind or bark of a climbing palm; this is filled with the half-dry pulp, and being hung on a cross-beam between two posts, is stretched by a lever on the further end of which a woman sits, and thus presses out the remaining liquid. These cylinders, called *tipitis*, are also a considerable article of trade; and the Portuguese and Brazilians have not introduced any substitute for this rude Indian press. The pulp is then turned out a dry compact mass, which is broken up and the hard lumps and fibres picked out, when it is at once roasted on large flat ovens

from four to six feet in diameter, with a sloping rim about six inches high. These ovens are well made, of clay, mixed with the ashes of the bark of a tree called *caripe*, and are supported on walls of mud about two feet high, with a large opening on one side to make a fire of logs of wood beneath them. The mandiocca cakes thus prepared are sweet and agreeable to the taste; but the Indians generally first soak the root some days in water, which softens and ferments them, and gives the bread a sour taste much relished by the natives but not generally so agreeable to Europeans. The bread is made fresh every day, as when it gets cold and dry it is far less palatable.

The poisonous juice expressed from the mandiocca root when fermented and boiled in various ways, forms sauces and peculiarly flavoured drinks of which the Indians of this locality are very fond. In making their bread they have a peculiarity not noticed among the neighbouring tribes, of extracting pure tapioca from the mandiocca, and by mixing this with the ordinary pulp, forming a very superior cake.

We are indebted to the reverend author of "Figi and the Figians" for the following graphic description of a great Figian feast with the preparations for the same:—

The ovens are prepared during the previous night, when the chopping of fuel and squealing of the pigs is heard in every direction, while the flames from the ovens yield a light greatly helping the labours of the cooks. The name of cook among the natives is an eminently derisive epithet, and considerable amusement arises from the fact that at these times of preparation, all persons, from princes downwards, feed the oven, or stir the pot. The baking of all kinds of food and the making of all kinds of puddings are intrusted to the men. The ovens, which are holes or pits sunk in the ground, are sometimes eight or ten feet deep, and fifty feet in circumference, and in one of these several pigs and turtles, and a large quantity of vegetables, can be cooked. English roasters of an entire ox or sheep might learn some useful philosophy from the Figian cook, whose method insures the thorough and equal baking of the whole carcase. The oven is filled with firewood on which large stones are placed, and the fire introduced. As soon as the fuel is burnt out, the food is placed on the hot stones, some of which are put inside the animals to be cooked whole. A thick coat of leaves is now rapidly spread over all, and on these a layer of earth about four inches thick. When the steam penetrates this covering, it is time to remove the food, whereupon the lull

that followed the closing of the oven, gives place to renewed activity, as the men, besides resting, also regale themselves on the hearts, livers, kidneys, etc., of the pigs they had killed, and which tit-bits they appropriate *ex-officio*. Thus refreshed, they proceed to plait green baskets, beat up the taro paste with ponderous pestles, prepare large leaves to receive the paste, tie them up, count, report, and carry them away with as much alacrity as though they had lost sight of the characteristic counsel of their forefathers, to go gently that they may live long.

The food prepared by each tribe and family, is presented for inspection, and in some cases collected and piled before the house of the King, to whom a specimen of each kind is always sent. The usual custom is after all has been thus seen, counted, and reported by the Tui-rara—"Master of the feast," (literally, master of the area, viz., where the feast is held) to remove it to the public area in front of the chief temple, where are heaped together the contributions of several tribes. A floor of clean leaves is laid, eight or twelve feet in diameter; on this, where they abound, is placed a layer of cocoa nuts, on which are heaped up the baked taro and yams to the amount of several tons. The next tier is formed of vakalobo, the generic name of native puddings, the fresh green envelopes of which glisten with the sweet nut-oil. Surmounting this pedestal of food are two or three hogs baked whole and lying on their bellies. As the natives, in killing these, generally break the snout across, they do not present the quiet appearance of dead pigs, but look as though they snarled defiance on those assembled to eat them.

When everything is ready all is publicly offered to the gods, to whom a share is voted, the rest being reserved for the visitors.

On these occasions profusion is always aimed at; waste is the consequence, and want follows. At one public feast, I saw two hundred men who were employed for nearly six hours in collecting and piling cooked food. There were six mounds of yams, taro, vakalobo, pigs, and turtles; these contained about fifty tons of cooked yams and taro, fifteen tons of sweet pudding, seventy turtles, five cart-loads of yaqona, and about two hundred tons of uncooked yams. One pudding at a Lakemba feast measured twenty-one feet in circumference.

The head men of the visitors sit to receive the food as it is brought and piled before them, expressing their approval by saying aloud "Vinaka, Vinaka," good, good. Having finished, the carriers sit down near the heap, and clap their hands several times, and then retire. An

officer from among the strangers now walks up to the food, extends his hands over it, and inclining his head towards his chief says, "The food, sir, thanks, thanks."

He then stoops down and gently claps his hands, to which the chief and his followers answer by a similar clapping, while they repeat "It is good, it is good, thanks, thanks." Certain officials then proceed to share out the food, a duty which on account of the extreme punctiliousness of the people about rank, is attended with considerable difficulty. A chief is honoured or slighted according to the quantity or quality of the food set before him, and nothing of this kind can escape notice, as every eye eagerly watches the proceedings. When there are several chiefs in the party, an accurate knowledge of the grade of each is necessary to avoid error. The food having been divided in as many portions as there are tribes, Tui-rara, beginning with the first in rank, shouts out, "The share of Lakemba," or whichever may take precedence; this is met by a reply from that party "Good, good," or "Thanks, thanks," and a number of young men are sent to fetch the allotted portion. The Tui-rara goes on calling the names in succession until his list is exhausted.

If a foreigner should be observed among the spectators, he is sure not to be passed by, but a portion, very likely enough for twenty men, will be given to him. When each tribe has received its share, a re-division takes place, answering to the number of its towns, these again sub-divide it among the head families, who in their turn share what they get with their dependants, and these with the individual members of their household until no one is left without a portion, the food disappearing forthwith with a rapidity which baffles calculation. The males eat in the open air, sending the women's share to their houses. Should some wayfarer pass by, he is pressingly invited to partake of the entertainment, and allowed to dip in the same dish with those who bid him.

Indeed, while witnessing such a scene, it is only by an effort of the mind that one can believe that a people so blithe and benevolent, are capable of the atrocities with which they are charged. But beneath all that apparent pleasantness and repose, there lurk strong elements of disquiet. A misarrangement or impropriety would cause a hundred bright eyes to flash with anger, which, though suppressed, would burst forth with a deadlier effect on a future day.

The rat is commonly eaten by the lower order of Figians. The animal is not so large as in our part of the world, but rather between the

size of a mouse and a rat, and much of the same colour: they live chiefly upon such vegetable substances as sugar-cane, bread-fruit, etc. The common people, however, are not allowed to hunt this game, that privilege being reserved for chiefs, matabooles, and mooas. The plan and regulations of the game of *fanna gooma* (rat-shooting) are as follow.

A party of chiefs having resolved to go rat-shooting, some of their attendants are ordered to procure and roast some cocoa-nut, which being done, and the chiefs having informed them what road they mean to take, they proceed along the appointed road, chewing the roasted nut very finely as they go, and spitting, or rather blowing, a little of it at a time out of their mouths with considerable force, but so as not to scatter the particles far from each other; for if they were widely distributed, the rat would not be tempted to stop and pick them up, and if the pieces were too large, he would run away with one piece instead of stopping to eat his fill. The bait is thus distributed, at moderate distances, on each side of the road, and the men proceed till they arrive at the place appointed for them to stop at. If in their way they come to any cross-roads, they stick a reed in the ground in the middle of such cross-roads, as a *taboo* or mark of prohibition for any one to come down that way, and disturb the rats while the chiefs are shooting: and this no one will do; for even if a considerable chief be passing that way, on seeing the *taboo* he will stop at a distance, and sit down on the ground, out of respect or politeness to his fellow chiefs, and wait patiently till the shooting party has gone by: a petty chief, or one of the lower orders, would not dare to infringe upon this *taboo* at the risk of his life. The distributors of the bait being arrived at the place appointed for them to stop at, sit down to prepare cava, having previously given the orders of their chiefs to the owners of the neighbouring plantations to send a supply of refreshments, such as pork, yams, fowls, and ripe plantains.

The company of chiefs having divided themselves into two parties, set out about ten minutes after the *boóhi* (or company that distributes the bait) and follow one another closely in a row along the middle of the road, armed with bows and arrows. It must be noticed, however, that the two parties are mixed; the greatest chief, in general, proceeding first, behind him one of the opposite party, then one of the same party with the first, and behind him again one of the other party, and so on alternately. The rules of the game are these: no one may shoot a rat that is in advance of *him*, except he who happens to be first in the row (for their situations

change, as will directly be seen); but any one may shoot a rat that is either abreast of him or behind him. As soon as a man has shot, whether he hits the rat or not, he changes his situation with the man behind him, so that it may happen that the last man, if he have not shot so often as the others, may come to be first, and *vice versâ*, the first come to be last: and for the same reason, two or three, or more, of the same party, may come to be immediately behind one another. Whichever party kills ten rats first, wins the game. If there be plenty of rats, they generally play three or four games. In returning as they arrive at any cross roads they pull up the reeds placed as a *taboo*, that passengers coming afterwards may not be interrupted in their progress. When they have arrived at the place where the *boóhi* are waiting, they sit down and partake of what is prepared for them; afterwards, if they are disposed to pursue their diversion, they send the *boóhi* on to prepare another portion of the road: the length of road prepared at a time is generally about a quarter of a mile. If, during the game, any one of either party sees a fair shot at a bird, he may take aim at it; if he kills it, it counts the same as a rat, but whether he hits it or not, if he ventures a shot, he changes place with the one behind him. Every now and then they stop and make a peculiar noise with the lips, like the squeaking of a rat, which frequently brings them out of the bushes, and they sit upright on their haunches, as if in the attitude of listening. If a rat is alarmed by their approach, and is running away, one or more cry out *too!* (stop!) with a sudden percussion of the tongue, and is used, we may suppose, on account of the sharp and sudden tone with which it may be pronounced. This has generally the effect of making the rat stop, when he sits up and appears too much frightened to make his escape. When he is in the act of running away, the squeaking noise with the lips, instead of stopping him, would cause him to run the faster. They also frequently use another sound similar to that we use when we wish to answer in the affirmative without opening the lips, consisting in a sort of humming noise sounding through the nostrils, but rather more short and sudden. The arrows used on these occasions are nearly six feet long (the war arrows being about three feet), made of reed, headed with iron wood; they are not feathered, and their great length is requisite that they may go straight enough to hit a small object; besides which, it is advantageous in taking an aim through a thick bush. Each individual in the party has only two arrows, for as soon as he has discharged one from his bow it is immediately brought

back to him by one of the attendants who follow the party. The bows also are rather longer than those used in war, being about six feet, and the war bows about four feet and a half.

The Figians are skilful fishermen, and take great quantities of fish. The principal fishing tribes, Mr. Williams informs us, are those of Lakba and Malaki; but nearly every influential chief has a company of fishermen at command. Various means are employed for taking fish, including nets and a sort of weir formed like the creels and crab-pots used along the British coasts, and baited and secured in the same way. Another kind has two apertures; a third contrivance is an intricate fence, either fixed or portable. Hooks and fish-spears are in use throughout Figi. Some drowsy fish of the shark family are taken by passing a noose over their heads; and a vegetable poison from a climbing glycine is employed to stupefy smaller kinds. In some parts the "run" is used, which is a fringe formed by winding split cocoanut leaves round a number of vines to the length of hundreds or even thousands of feet; this being stretched in a strait line, the canoes to which the ends are attached approach until they meet, thus making a vast enclosure, within which the fish are then speared or netted. One kind of net is used in the same way.

Turtle fishers generally act under orders from the chief of whose establishment they form a part, and often receive presents of food and property on their return from a successful trip. At times they engage themselves to other people, when it is understood that they are to fish ten times; when they take nothing they receive no payment, but each time they bring in one or more turtles, food and property are given them, and the employer must make them a handsome present on the completion of the engagement. For this work nets are used made of sinnet, and very inferior ones of vau; they should not be less than sixty yards long: the best are two hundred. Sixteen meshes, each seven or eight inches square, give a depth of about ten feet. The floats are of light wood, about two feet long and five feet apart; pebbles, or large shells, are used to weight the lower edge. This net is carried out on a canoe into deep water, and let down just outside the reef; both ends are next brought close to the reef, or, should there be water enough, a little way upon it,—thus there is formed a semi-circular fence, which intercepts the turtle on its way back from feeding. If the animal turns from the net, it is frightened back by the fishermen, who shout, strike the water with

poles, and stamp furiously on the deck of the canoe, until their prey becomes entangled by its attempts to pass through the net. A plan, not generally known, is practised at night by some of the Malakis. The net is said to be *nursed*, that is, several persons stationed at intervals along the net, which is fully stretched out, hold it gathered up in their arms; the approach of the turtle is then listened for, and the man towards whom it comes drops in the net, and the animal is secured. But the most difficult part of the business, that of getting actual possession, yet remains. The men have to dive and seize their captive in an element where he is more at home than they. The struggle is sometimes most violent, and the turtle, if large, requires the exertions of four or five men. The first diver aims to secure the extremity of the fore fin, it being thought that by depressing the fore part of its body, the turtle is made more eager to ascend; to lay hold of the body joint of the fin would endanger a man's hand. If their captive is very troublesome, the men try to insert a finger and a thumb in the sockets of the eyes, so as to ensure a firmer hold. Finding resistance vain, the creature moves upward, and his enemies rise too, glad enough to leave the unnatural element which has been the scene of conflict. On their appearance above water the men on the canoe help to drag the prize on board, where it is turned on its back,—its flat buckler preventing its regaining its natural position. Loud blasts on the conch shell announce the triumph of the fishermen.

The heathen fishers of Mbua take with them a consecrated club, which, when the turtle is caught, is dipped by a priest into the sea, and so held by him that the water may drip off it into the animal's mouth. During this ceremony he offers prayers, beseeching the god to be mindful of his votaries, and give them a successful season.

Turtle fishing is not without danger, and lives are sometimes lost in its pursuit by deep openings in the reef, or the savage attacks of the shark. Sometimes the sail of the canoe is made to cast its shadow behind the swimming turtle, which is thus frightened and pursued until exhausted, when it is easily captured. The people on land sometimes take the female when she comes ashore to deposit her eggs. But man is not the turtle's only enemy. Sharks as well as aldermen have a penchant for green fat, and, selecting the finest specimen, surround the harmless creature to tear it in pieces. "I have often seen turtles which have been mangled in these attacks. I once weighed a pound and a half of turtle's shell which was

found in a shark's stomach, in fragments so large as to enable me to decide to what part of the buckler they belonged; and to justify the conclusion that the whole head must have weighed between three and four pounds. The entire weight of the turtle could not have been less than two hundred weight. The head, fins, and most of the body were found in an undigested state in this one shark, which paid for its gluttony dearly, for it was found dead. An old fisherman of my acquaintance, whose word I have no reason to doubt, assured me that only four moons previously he took a turtle whole, and weighing about an hundredweight, from the stomach of a shark, in which receptacle he found also a common parrot. Yet sharks in these waters are rarely more than twelve feet in length, and very seldom as large." So says Mr. Williams.

The fishermen of Figi might supply the naturalist with many interesting facts, did not their superstition urge them to avoid as quickly as possible the presence of anything extraordinary, believing it to be supernatural, and fearing lest they should be guilty of unpardonable temerity in remaining in its presence.

After successful fishing, the canoes return in nearly the same order and with as much noise as when they come home from war laden with their slain foes. The women meet them with dancing and songs, which I remember in one instance they finished by a smart volley of bitter oranges, which the men returned by driving the women from the beach. The turtle caught are kept in stone or paled pens. Three or four may be taken in a day, but many days are quite without success. Fifty or a hundred turtle caught in a season constitute very good fishing. According to Figian fishermen, the female only yields the tortoise-shell of commerce. Traders name the thirteen plates which cover the back a "head." A head of shell weighs from one to four pounds,—the latter is not common; one or two heads have been taken weighing five pounds, and one seven pounds. Fishermen make offerings to their gods, and obtain promise of success before leaving home. Tukilakila once thought fit to accompany his men. The priestess promised five turtles, and the party set out in high spirits. Some days after we saw them returning, but in profound silence,—an unwelcome omen for the poor priestess, who forthwith fled and hid herself in the forest, and thus prevented the enraged king from cooking her instead of a turtle.

Apropos of turtle-hunting, we find amongst the Mosquito Indians of South America that it is one of their best sports and most lucra-

tive employments. These shell-fish abound in great numbers here, and thousands are captured annually and let go again. In the night, the female turtles crawl on the shore to lay their eggs. This they perform by digging holes in the sand, about two feet deep, and depositing their eggs there, to the amount of sixty or eighty each turtle. These eggs the Indians never disturb, but are careful to promote the increase of the valuable shell-fish. When they have finished their layings, the Indians, who have in the meanwhile been hiding in the bushes, rush out and with iron hooks adroitly turn them on their backs, when, of course, the awkward creatures are quite powerless. Having secured them, they cover their backs with dry leaves and grass, to which they set fire. The heat causes the plates of their shell to separate at the joints. A large knife is then inserted horizontally beneath them, and the laminæ lifted from their backs, care being taken not to injure the shell by too much heat, nor to force it off, until the heat has fully prepared it for separation. The shell of the turtle is comparatively worthless, but it is the scales which cover it that are valuable. These are thirteen in number, eight of them flat, and five a little curved. In a full-grown turtle, these plates vary from an eighth to a quarter of an inch in thickness, and weigh about eight pounds. Although many turtles die under this cruel operation, still numbers of them have been captured a second time, with their shell reproduced, but instead of thirteen layers, they have only one. A capital description of hunting the turtle is given by Bard, who witnessed it. "I became eager," says he, "to witness the sport of turtle-hunting, which is regarded by the Mosquitos as their noblest art, and in which they have acquired proverbial expertness. I was quite concerned on finding how little provisions were taken in the boats, since bad weather often keeps the fishermen out two or three weeks. But Drumer (the head man of the tribe) insisted that we should find plenty to eat, and we embarked. We caught the land-breeze as soon as we got from under the lee of the shore, and drove rapidly on our course. Although the sea was comparatively smooth, yet the boats all carried such an amount of sail as to keep me in a state of constant nervousness. One would scarcely believe that the Mosquito men venture out in their pitpans, in the roughest weather, with impunity, riding the waves like sea-gulls. If upset, they right their boats in a moment, and with their broad paddles clear them of water in an incredibly short space of time.

"We went literally with the wind; and in four hours after leaving the

shore were among the cays. These are very numerous, surrounded by reefs through which wind intricate channels, all well known to the fishers. Some of the cays are mere heaps of sand, and half-disintegrated coral-rocks; others are larger; and a few have bushes and an occasional palm-tree upon them. It was on one of the latter, where there were the ruins of a rude hut, and a place scooped in the sand containing brackish water, that we landed and made our encampment." But Mr. Bard, eager for the sport, accompanies a native of the name of Harris, and two men to paddle the boat, and starts alone. The apparatus used for striking the turtle consists of a long hollow staff, and the spear-head is fastened to a line which passes through rings by the side of the shaft, and is wound to a piece of light wood which acts as a float. When this is thrown, the line remains, and the float rises to the surface, which is seized by the

Spearing Turtle.

fisherman, who then leisurely hauls in his fish. The spear-head being ground down very sharp, it makes but a small hole in the shell of the turtle, and does not greatly damage its commercial value. With such explanation, we will resume Mr. Bard's narrative:—"Harris stood in

the bow of the pitpan, keeping a sharp look out; holding his spear in his right hand, with his left hand behind him, where it answered the purpose of a telegraph to the two men who paddled. They kept their eyes fixed on the signal, and regulated their strokes and the course and speed of the boat accordingly. Not a word was said, as it is supposed that the turtle is sharp of hearing. In this manner we paddled among the cays for half-an-hour, when, on a slight motion of Harris's hand, the men altered their course a little, and worked their paddles so slowly and quietly as scarcely to cause a ripple. I peered ahead, but saw only what I supposed was a rock projecting above the water. It was, nevertheless, a turtle, floating lazily on the surface, as turtles are wont to do. Notwithstanding the caution of our approach, he either heard us or caught sight of the boat, and sank while we were yet fifty yards distant. There was a quick motion of Harris's manual telegraph, and the men began to paddle with the utmost rapidity, striking their paddles deep in the water. In an instant the boat had darted over the spot where the turtle had disappeared, and I caught a hurried glimpse of him making his way with a speed which quite upset my notions of the ability of turtles in that line, predicated by their unwieldliness on land. He literally seemed to *slide* through the water.

"And now commenced a novel and exciting chase. Harris had his eyes on the turtle, and the men theirs on Harris's telegraphic hand. Now we darted this way, then that: slow one moment, rapid the next, and anon stock still. The water was not so deep as to permit our scaly friend to get entirely out of reach of Harris's practised eye, although to me the bottom appeared to be a hopeless maze. As the turtle must rise to the surface sooner or later to breathe, the object of the pursuer is to keep near enough to transfix him when he appears. Finally, after half-an-hour of dodging about, the boat was stopped with a jerk, and down darted the spear. As the whole of the shaft did not go under, I saw it had not failed of its object. A moment more, and Harris had hold of the line. After a few struggles and spasmodic attempts to get away, his spirit gave in, and the tired turtle tamely allowed himself to be conducted to the shore. A few sharp strokes disengaged the file, and he was turned over on his back on the sand, the very picture of utter helplessness, to await our return."

But there is yet another mode of capturing turtles, which the Mosquito men regard as the more exciting and skilful sport. This is called "jump-

ing turtle," and is performed in a truly primitive manner, the "jumper" being entirely naked, and armed with no weapon of any kind whatever. They start out in a boat, as has already been described, with the two men paddling, and one standing up in the head of the boat. The same manœuvring takes place until the turtle is driven into shallow water, when the man standing in the boat suddenly makes a dive overboard, and usually re-appears with the turtle in his hands. This sport, however, to inexperienced and bungling fishermen, is attended with some danger; not only from the chance of being bitten by the turtle, but also from the coral rocks and spiny sea-eggs that abound in these turtle regions. This latter is, perhaps, the most healthy and hardy sport of the whole, because only man's pluck and fearlessness is brought into requisition. Far down he dives, into the midst of sea-fishes and reptiles and coral rocks, and grapples with his unwieldy foe, and brings him to the surface.

In another part of this book the reader in search of the most eligible land of savages, was recommended to Tonga, another of the Polynesian group of islands. Beside its many advantages, its culinary code is of no mean order, as will be found on perusal of the following recipes. Let us begin with one for roast pig:—

The animal is first stunned by a blow with a stick, and then killed by repeated blows on both sides of the neck. It is then rubbed over with the juicy substance of the banana tree, thrown for a few minutes on the fire, and when warm scraped with mussel-shells or knives, and then washed. It is next laid on its back, when the cook cuts open its throat, and drawing forth the wind-pipe and gullet, passes a skewer behind them, and ties a string tight round the latter, afterwards to be divided; he then cuts a circular piece from the belly, from four to six inches in diameter, and draws forth the entrails, separating the attachments either by force or by the use of the bamboo; the diaphragm is then divided, and the gullet, wind-pipe, contents of the chest, stomach and liver, are all drawn away together, along with the bowels: from these the liver is separated to be baked with the hog, the remainder is washed and cooked over hot embers, to be shared out and eaten in the meanwhile. The whole inside of the hog is now filled with hot stones, each wrapped up in bread-fruit leaves, and all the apertures of the body are closed up quickly also with leaves; it is then laid with the belly downwards in a hole in the ground, lined with hot stones, a fire having been previously made there for that purpose,

but prevented, however, from touching them by small branches of the bread-fruit tree: a few other branches are now laid across the back of the pig, and plenty of banana leaves strewed, or rather heaped over the whole, upon which again a mound of earth is raised, so that no steam apparently escapes. The liver is put by the side of the pig, and sometimes yams. By these means a good-sized pig may be very well cooked in half-an-hour; a large hog is generally about half done in this way, then taken up, cut in pieces, and each piece being wrapped up separately in leaves, is cooked again in like manner. Yams, fowls, bread-fruit, and every thing that is baked, is dressed after this manner, the larger yams being cut into smaller pieces. They perform the process of boiling in earthen pots, of the manufacture of the Figi islands, or in iron vessels procured from ships, or in banana leaves; they also occasionally roast food upon hot embers. As to their made-dishes, the following is a list of the principal:—

Vy-hoo, fish soup made with a liquid preparation of cocoa-nut and water.

Vy-oofi, boiled yams mashed up with cocoa-nut and water.

Ty-hopa, ripe bananas cut in slices, and boiled with cocoa-nut and water.

Vy-chi, a sort of jelly made of ma (banana), and the juice of the chi root.

Vy-vi, a sort of apple, grated, mixed with water, and strained.

Boboi, a preparation of ma and chi, forming a stronger jelly, but similar to vi-chi.

Boi, similar to the above, but not jellied.

Fy caky talo tootoo, bread-fruit beaten up and cut into small pieces; it is eaten with a preparation of cocoa-nut, and the juice either of the chi or sugar-cane; it very much resembles in appearance and taste batter-pudding, with melted butter and sugar.

Tycaky talo matta, same as the above, eaten with the expressed juice of the cocoa-nut.

Loo loloi, talo leaves heated or stewed with the expressed juice of the cocoa-nut.

Loo-effenioo, talo leaves heated, and grated cocoa-nut fermented.

Loo alo he booaca, talo leaves heated, with a fat piece of pork kept till it is high.

Loo tahi, talo leaves, heated with a small quantity of sea-water.

Mame, fermented bread-fruit.

Ma hopa, fermented bananas.

Ma natoo, fermented bananas, well kneaded and baked. Sometimes served with cocoa-nut milk made hot.

Ma loloi, fermented bananas, stewed with expressed juice of the cocoa-nut.

Loloo fekki, dried cat-fish, stewed with the expressed juice of the cocoa-nut.

Loloi, a baked pudding, made of mahoa root, and the expressed juice of the cocoa-nut.

Fucca lili, the powder of *Mahoa* roots, sprinkled into boiling water till the whole becomes a semi-jellied mass.

Va halo, a preparation of the substance of young cocoa-nuts, with their milk stewed together.

Awty, the inside of young cocoa-nuts, and the juice of the chi root mixed with the milk.

Sago Palm.

In New Zealand, according to the testimony of Taylor, Thompson, and others, the natives have only two meals a day, the first being about ten, the other at sun-set, or a little earlier. Not unfrequently, however, in those months when food is scarce, they have only one, and no other relish for their potatoes than a little sow-thistle, or wild cabbage. Like all other natives of barbarous countries, although the New Zealander, when opportunity serves, will consume an enormous quantity of animal or vegetable food, he will, in time of dearth, endure hunger very patiently.

Though extremely dirty in their persons, the natives are cleanly in their food, which is served up in baskets. These are neatly and expedi-

iously made by the females whilst the food is being cooked. Guests of ank have each his fresh-made basket set before him, and when the meal s over they are thrown away and fresh ones made. One reason appears o have been the fear of witchcraft, or of destroying their tapu, by eating ut of a basket which had been used by some one else. A chief never ats after any one, or allows any one to eat after him. The remains of is food, with the basket which contained them, is thrown away, hat no one may obtain any portion with which to bewitch him. Formerly they had the greatest dread of witchcraft by means of food. When a great chief or tohunga took his food, he might frequently be seen eated within a little fence of basket work, or else in a corner of the erandah, apart from the rest. In general, a basket is placed before very three or four persons; it is filled with potatoes, garnished with a iece of meat, a fish, a bird, or in default of these, with a little sow-histle or wild cabbage; when there is meat, they pass it round, each aking a bite or tearing off a portion; and when the meal is over, they vipe their greasy fingers on the backs of the attendant dogs, whose noses re generally thrust into the basket as soon as the last hand is with-lrawn.

Formerly they were often much pinched for food in winter; that eriod went by the name of the *grumbling months*, they had no other name or them; they were blank in their calendar, as they could do nothing ut sit in their smoky huts, with eyes always filled with tears.

In times of scarcity, the only food they had to depend upon was fern-oot and shell-fish. The traveller is often surprised, as he journeys along he coast, by the large heaps of shells which he sees on almost every nound he passes; these are records of bygone scarcity, and frequently he vill find fragments of human bones mixed with them, for it was at such imes that the least offence sufficed to cause an angry and hungry savage o knock his slave on the head, that he might satisfy the cravings of his unger. It is remarkable that some natives cannot eat the pigeon, when t feeds on the young leaves of the *kowai*, the New Zealand laburnum. The bird at such times gives them violent headaches, though other per-ons can eat it with impunity.

Some years ago, Tamihana te Rauparaha and several young chiefs of he Ngatiraukawa tribe, formed a kind of club among themselves, and etermined to give up their native customs, and adopt those of the Europeans. They had good houses erected, and took their meals in the

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everything raw; and that they owe the luxury of cooked food to one Ti-iti-i, the son of a person called Talanga. This Talanga was high in favour with the earthquake god Mafuie, who, like the Vulcan of the Greeks, lived in a subterranean region where there was fire continually burning. On going to a certain perpendicular rock, and saying 'Rock divide! I am Talanga; I have come to work,' the rock opened and let Talanga in; and he went below to his plantation in the land of this god Mafuie. One day Ti-iti-i, the son of Talanga, followed his father, and watched where he entered. The youth after a time went up to the rock, and feigning his father's voice, said, 'Rock divide! I am Talanga; I have come to work,' and was admitted too. His father, who was at work in his plantations, was surprised to see his son there, and begged him not to talk loud lest the god Mafuie should hear him and be angry. Seeing smoke rising, he inquired of his father what it was. His father said it was the fire of Mafuie. 'I must go and get some,' said the son. 'No,' said the father, 'he will be angry. Don't you know he eats people?' 'What do I care for him!' said the daring youth; and off he went humming a song towards the smoking furnace.

"'Who are you?' said Mafuie.

"'I am Ti-iti-i, the son of Talanga. I am come for some fire.'

"'Take it,' said Mafuie.

"He went back to his father with some cinders, and the two set to work to bake some taro. They kindled a fire, and were preparing the taro to put on the hot stones, when suddenly the god Mafuie blew up the oven, scattered the stones all about, and put out the fire. 'Now,' said Talanga, 'did not I tell you Mafuie would be angry?' Ti-iti-i went off in a rage to Mafuie, and without any ceremony commenced with, 'Why have you broken up our oven and put out our fire?' Mafuie, who was indignant at such a tone and language, rushed at him, and then they wrestled with each other. Ti-iti-i got hold of the right arm of Mafuie, grasped it with both hands, and gave it such a wrench that it broke off. He then seized the other arm, and was going to twist it off next, when Mafuie declared himself beaten, and implored Ti-iti-i to have mercy and spare his left arm.

"'Do let me have this arm,' said he; 'I need it to hold Samoa straight and level. Give it to me, and I will let you have my hundred wives."

"'No; not for that,' said Ti-iti-i.

same way we do, which they have persevered in doing, and this has become a great means of raising their tribe in the scale of civilization.

The *hakari*, or feast, was formerly given either as a *paremata*, or return for a previous one, or on some particular occasion, such as a marriage, the making of peace, or the stirring up of a war, for the obtaining of help either to build a house or make a canoe, or to hunt, or fish. It was sometimes given by individuals, but more frequently by the inhabitants of one place to those of another. The *hakari* was often on a very great scale, proportioned to the wealth and influence of those who gave it. Sometimes a number of poles were planted in the ground, being fifty or sixty feet high, which were made to support eight or ten stories, heaped up with baskets of food to the very top. At other times, long walls of kumara were erected: these were made with the greatest care; they were generally about five feet high, as many broad, and were crowned with a covering of pigs roasted whole. Several hundred were often thus killed for a single feast, or else their place was supplied with dried fish, and with what is considered a very great delicacy, birds, or pork cut up in small pieces, and cooked in their own fat: these are packed up in large *hua*, calabashes, or in ornamental dishes, made of the bark of the totara; and tastefully decorated with feathers, they are called *papa*. When the guests arrive they are received with a loud welcome, and afterwards a person, who acts as the master of the ceremonies, having a rod in his hand, marches slowly along the line of food, which is generally placed in the *marae*, or chief court of the *pa*, and then names the tribe for which each division is intended, striking it with his rod. This being done, the chief of that party receiving the food, sub-divides it amongst his followers. The food is then carried off to their respective homes. The calabashes are often tastefully ornamented with carving, red ochre, and feathers. These feasts are generally political meetings; both before and after the division of food many speeches are made, the speaker walking up and down a space left for him by the crowd; he only speaks as he goes one way, walking back in silence, and as he becomes animated, he moves with increased celerity. On the occasion of a marriage, the friends of the bridegroom provide the feast for him, and those of the bride for her; but the two do not eat together.

Certain of the Polynesians have also various traditions as to the origin of fire. For instance, Mr. Turner discovered that among the Samoans there is a legend to the effect that, "once upon a time their forefathers ate

pole laid across them; two parallel rows or stakes on either side about two feet high, with similar terminations and a similar horizontal fixture; and a covering composed of skins of the guanaco sewed together with the sinews of the ostrich, the only thread used by the people. This covering is drawn over the frame-work and fastened by stakes driven through it into the ground. For purposes of ventilation, some interstices are left; but these again are half closed by skins attached to the outside, so that the air from without and the smoke from within (in default of a chimney) must insinuate themselves through these apertures in great quantities. In truth, my first survey was rather hurried; the first cheerful gleam had scarcely set my eyes on the look out, when I was fain to shut them against an intolerable smoke. In no long time I felt as bacon, if conscious, might be supposed to feel in the process of curing. No lapse of time was sufficient to reconcile the eyes, nostrils, and lungs to the nuisance. Often have I been more than half strangled by it, and compelled to lie with my face to the ground as the only endurable position. 'Talk that is worse than a smoky house,' must be something out of date, or Shakspeare's imagination never comprehended anything so detestable as a Patagonian hut. The chief and his numerous household, however, seemed to enjoy immense satisfaction, and jabbered and grunted and played their antics and exchanged grimaces as complacently as if they breathed a highly exhilarating atmosphere. My meditations and observations were shortly interrupted by preparations for a meal. The chief's better-half—or rather fifth-part, for he had four wives—superintended the culinary operations, which were as rude and simple as the hut where they were carried on. And now my fancy began to conjure up visions of the beef, fowls, and eggs, the promise of which had lured my men from the boat, had proved stronger than the suggestions of prudence, and had made me a prisoner. But these dainties, if they existed anywhere within the chief's jurisdiction, were just at present reserved. The old hag threw down from the top of one of the stakes that supported the tent the quarter of some animal, whether dog or guanaco was past imagining. She slashed right and left with an old copper knife with might and main, till it was divided into several pieces. Then taking a number of crotched sticks about two feet long, and sharpened at the points, she inserted the forked ends into pieces of the meat, and drove the opposite points into the ground near the fire, which, though sufficient to smoke and comfortably warm the mess, was too feeble to roast it. At all events, time was too

"'Well, then, will you take fire. If you let me have my left arm you shall have fire, and you may ever after this eat cooked food.'

"'Agreed!' said Ti-iti-i; 'you keep your arm and I have fire.'

"'Go,' said Mafuie; 'you will find the fire in every wood you cut.'

"And hence the Samoans ever since the day of Ti-iti-i have eaten cooked food from the fire, which is got from the friction of rubbing one piece of dry wood against another."

"Getting Fire."

From this region it is no distance (on the map) to the far-famed land of Giants, Patagonia. It must be worth while to see how giants feed—to observe the behaviour of Mr. and Mrs. Anak and that of their little six-foot toddlers at the dinner-table. What says Captain Bourne on the subject? He should know, as for many a long day he was a compulsory guest of these tall people. His description of them, however, is not flattering. He insists in the first place that they are not giants at all; and in the second, that they are as dirty and savage and greedy a set as ever poor Christian was cast among:—

"A few dry sticks and a bunch of dry grass were brought; mine host drew from a convenient repository a brass tinder-box with a stone and a piece of steel, and soon produced a blaze that brilliantly illuminated the scene. By its light I was enabled to survey the first specimen of Patagonian architecture that had blessed my vision. It was constructed in a 'pointed' style, though not very aspiring, consisting of a row of stakes about eight feet high, each terminating at top in a crutch or fork, with a

ı a mortar until the pulp is completely separated from the nucleus; a uantity of water is then added, and the whole mass is poured upon a kind f sieve, formed of split bamboo. The water, together with the pulpy art of the nut, passes through and is received into a large iron pot, aving the fibrous part and the stones; the former is thrown away, but ıe latter are reserved. The pot, with its contents, are poured into a hole ıg in the ground, and when the water has drained off, the solid part is ken out and exposed to the sun to dry. To this is added, in order to rm a soap, a quantity of the small unripe fruit of the paparo, sliced, gether with a certain proportion of an alkaline lixivium, obtained by ırning the leaves and stems of the plantain and banana trees, and the ıpsules of the wild cotton tree. The ashes are put into a kind of basket mposed of bamboo, and water is poured upon them, so as to obtain a turated solution; the ingredients to which this is added are frequently irred and boiled, until they become stiff. An oil is also extracted from ıe kernels of the palm-nuts, the shells of which are broken between two ones, and the kernels picked out. The latter are then parched in an on pot, and afterwards pounded in a large mortar; they are next boiled ı water, and the oil skimmed off as it floats on the surface. This is used r the same purposes as palm oil, but more nearly resembles butter, as it as no peculiar smell.

"To procure the palm wine requires no small amount of agility and ldress. As the trunk of the tree is too rough to allow their hands and nees to be applied in climbing to its summit, the natives use a kind of oop of an elliptical form, made of bamboo, and open at one side. The erson about to ascend first passes the hoop round the stem of the tree, cluding himself also; he then fastens the hoop by twisting its two ends to a kind of knot. The hands are applied to the sides of the hoop, while ıe feet are firmly pressed against the tree, and the lower part of the back ıpported by the opposite end of the hoop. In order to advance, the erson thus prepared draws his body a little forward, keeping his feet eady, and at the same moment slips the hoop a little higher up the tree, ter which he advances a step or two with his feet. In this manner he ternately raises the hoop and his feet, and thus advancing, he gains at ngth the upper part of the stem, just below where the branches are rown off. Here, at the height of fifty or sixty feet, with no other sup- rt than the pressure of his feet against the tree, and his back against e hoop, he sits with perfect composure. In a small bag, hung round his

precious, or their unsophisticated appetites were too craving to wait for such an operation, and the raw morsels were quickly snatched from the smoke, torn into bits by their dirty hands, and thrown upon the ground before us. The Indians seized them with avidity, and tossed a bit to me; but what could I do with it? I should have no appetite for the dinner of an alderman at such a time and place, but as for tasting meat that came in such a questionable shape, there was no bringing my teeth or resolution to it. While eyeing it with ill-suppressed disgust, I observed the savages, like a horde of half-starved dogs, devouring their portions with the greatest relish, seizing the fragments with their fine white teeth, giving every sign of enjoyment, except what one is accustomed to see in human beings. The old chief remarked the slight I was putting upon his hospitality. 'Why don't you eat, man? This meat very good to eat—very good to eat. Eat, man, eat.' Seeing him so much excited, and not knowing what deeds might follow his words if I refused, I thought it expedient to try to 'eat what was set before me, asking no questions.' Thinking, moreover, that if there were any evil spirit in it that the fire had failed to expel, it could not possibly have resisted the smoke. So being sorely divided between aversion to the strange flesh and fear of showing it, I forced a morsel into my mouth. Its taste was by no means as offensive as its appearance, and I swallowed it with less disgust than I had feared. This was my first meal with the savages, and a sample of many others, though better viands afterwards varied their monotony now and then."

Now let us make a skip into the wilds of Africa and take note how the savages of those regions keep "the pot boiling." To start with, he has the palm-tree; to finish with also, one might almost say, for what the buffalo is to the prairie Indian, the palm tree is to the African Indian—meat and drink, and clothes and shelter:—

"The leaves of the palm afford an excellent thatch for houses, and a kind of hemp, of which fishing-lines, etc., are made. The inner bark is manufactured into a thick kind of cloth on various parts of the coast, and from the outer bark of the young tree are frequently manufactured baskets, mats, etc. This tree has been not inaptly compared to the mast of a large vessel, having its summit crowned with verdure. Its fruit, which is nearly as large as a hen's egg, when roasted is esteemed a great delicacy, and yields the palm oil, which they hold in much esteem, and use in all their dishes instead of butter. To procure the oil, the palm-nuts are gathered when ripe, which is known by their fine red colour, and beaten

covered with bush and vegetable deposits, which, decaying and festering in the damp, and swelling under the influence of a tropic sun, emit at night an intolerable miasma. So deadly is the climate, they dare seldom venture ashore, and the only excitement they ever experience is to watch for alligators floating lazily along the stream, to emulate with one another which shall first collect a cargo, to scrutinize the shore through their telescopes, and when a canoe is seen putting off to speculate whether it contains palm oil—which drops in thus slowly by gallons and puncheons—each one whether it is bound for his hulk or that of a rival, the anxious hope as it approaches, and the corresponding disappointment when it is seen dodging off to a neighbour's hulk. Or, when sociably inclined, the excitement consists in visiting each hulk at night, and, instead of entering by the usual mode, to scramble in at the cabin windows, and pulling the occupant from his berth, compel him, willing or unwilling, to produce strong water and make a night of it. Who can wonder that these wretched exiles, wearied with *ennui* and depressed by their solitary existence and the influence of the horrid climate, should have recourse to artificial stimulants in order to support their spirits. And who does not marvel that men can be found who even in the hope of acquiring a fortune in three years, if they live so long (but there's the rub), will undertake such a business; for if they live through the term, which they seldom do, and though they return home with ample means, yet their broken health renders miserable the remainder of their existence. The enemies to trade and of the success of the palm oil agents, are the slave-dealers, who pay for their miserable freight in hard cash, and as the chief men delight in doubloons, and little trouble is involved in seizing and selling their people, while much labour is required in the preparation of palm oil, in payment for which they only obtain the less current stuffs, they uphold the slave trade, and the presence of the slaver in the river is denoted to the unfortunate agents by the absence of their usual excitements, the dearth of palm oil laden canoes, and by the total cessation of traffic."

Another highly curious and valuable vegetable production peculiar to Africa is the Ce, or butter tree. Though not addicted to matutinal toast of "flecky" pie crust, the African savage is very grateful for his butter, and, as will be presently seen, applies it to many useful purposes. First, however, to describe the Ce. It grows spontaneously, and in height and appearance resembles the pear tree. The leaves grow in tufts,

supported by a very short foot-stalk. They are round at the top, and when the tree grows old the leaves become smaller, and resemble those of the Saint-Jean pear-tree. It blossoms at the extremity of its branches, and the flowers, which are small, grow in clusters, and are supported by a very strong pedicle. The petals are white, and the stamina are numerous, and scarcely perceptible to the naked eye. The fruit when mature, is as large as a Guinea-hen's egg, of oval shape, and equal at both ends. It is covered with a pale green pellicle, beneath which is a green farinaceous pulp, three lines thick, of an extremely agreeable flavour. Under this pulp there is a second pellicle, very thin, and resembling the white skin, which lines the inside of an egg-shell. This covers the kernel, which is of a pale coffee-colour. The fruit, being disengaged from the two pellicles and the pulp, is enclosed in a shell as thin as that of an egg, and the kernel is of the size of a pigeon's egg. The fruit is exposed several days to the sun, in order to dry it, then pounded in a morter, and reduced to flour, which is of the colour of wheat-bran. After being pounded, it is placed in a large calabash; lukewarm water is thrown over it, and it is kneaded with the hands until it attains the consistence of dough. To ascertain whether it is sufficiently manipulated, warm water is thrown over it, and if greasy particles are detached from the dough and float, the warm water is repeated several times until the butter is completely separated, and rises to the surface. The butter is collected with a wooden spoon and placed in a calabash. It is then boiled on a strong fire, being well skimmed, to remove any pulp that might remain with it. When sufficiently boiled, it is poured into a calabash, with a little water at the bottom to make it turn out easily. Thus prepared, it is wrapped in the leaves of the tree, and will keep two years without spoiling. The butter is of an ash-grey colour, and as hard as tallow. It is an article of trade with the negroes, who use it both for food and for anointing their bodies. They also employ it to burn for light, and it is an excellent ointment for pains and sores.

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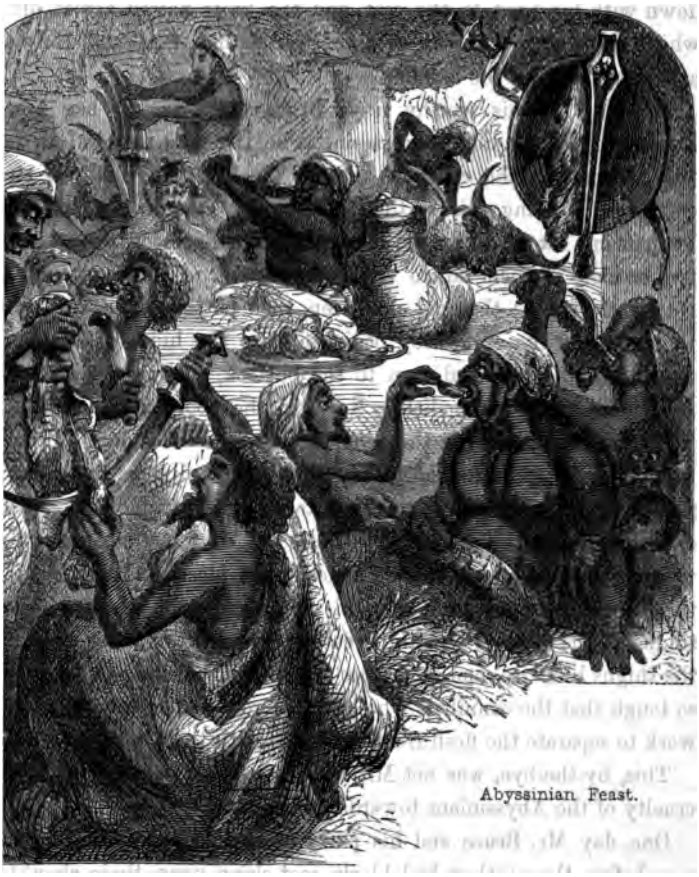


Abyssinian Feast.

CHAPTER XIV.

ian butchers—Steaks from a living beast—A double duel about a scrap of meat—A Makalolo ad—Stuffing a guest with pepper balls—"Tibsy"—The business of an "asalafy"—An ssinian supper party—The last tid-bit—Mr. Catlin on Indian gluttony—Meat cured without —The Stone boilers—Indian sturgeon-fishing—A quiet chop with an Indian chief—The Root ger of the Rocky Mountains—His dress and his tools—Parched grasshoppers.

CROSSING to Eastern Africa, we find that among the Abyssinians (who are much less savage than other barbarous nations), similar ceremonies attending bullock-slaughter prevail. The slaughtering of animals in Abyssinia is attended with ılar ceremony, as in Mohammedan countries. The animal is thrown

down with his head to the east, and the knife passed across his throat, while the words, "In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost," are pronounced by the butcher.

Speaking of this worthy, says Bruce:—"I should beg his pardon indeed for calling him an assassin, as he is not so merciful as to aim at the life, but on the contrary to keep the beast alive till he be totally eaten up. Having satisfied the Mosaical law, according to his conception, by pouring six or seven drops of the animal's blood upon the ground, two or more of them fall to work on the back of the beast, and on each side of the spine; they cut skin deep, then putting their fingers between the flesh and the skin, they begin to strip the hide of the animal half way down the ribs, and soon to the buttock, cutting the skin wherever it hinders them commodiously to strip the poor animal bare. All the flesh on the buttocks is then cut off, and in solid square pieces without bones or much effusion of blood; and the prodigious noise the animal makes is a signal for the company to sit down to table." And again, after describing the feast, he continues: "All this time the unfortunate victim at the door is bleeding indeed, but bleeding little. As long as they can cut off the flesh from his bones, they do not meddle with the thighs or the parts where the great arteries are. At last they fall upon the thighs likewise, and soon after the animal, bleeding to death, becomes so tough that the cannibals who have the rest of it to eat find it very hard work to separate the flesh from the bones with their teeth like dogs."

This, by-the-bye, was not Mr. Bruce's only experience of the shocking cruelty of the Abyssinians towards their oxen.

One day Mr. Bruce and his party overtook three travellers driving a cow before them; they had black goat-skins upon their shoulders, and lances and shields in their hands; in other respects were but thinly clothed. They appeared to be soldiers. The cow did not seem to be fatted for killing; and it occurred to our travellers that it had been stolen. This, however, was not their business; nor was such an occurrence at all remarkable in a country so long engaged in war. They saw that their attendants attached themselves in a particular manner to the three soldiers who were driving the cow, and held a short conversation with them. Soon after, the drivers suddenly tripped up the cow, and gave the poor animal a very rude fall upon the ground, which was but the beginning of her sufferings. One of them sat across her neck, holding down her head by the horns, the other twisted the halter about her fore

feet; while the third, who had a knife in his hand, did to Mr. Bruce's very great surprise, in place of taking her by the throat, get astride upon her belly before her hind legs, and gave a very deep wound in the upper part of her buttock. From the time Mr. Bruce had seen them throw the beast upon the ground, he had rejoiced, thinking that when three people were killing a cow, they must have agreed to sell part of her to them; and he was much disappointed upon hearing the Abyssinians say that they were to pass the river to the other side, and not encamp where he intended. Upon Mr. Bruce's proposing they should bargain for part of the cow, his people answered, that they had already learned in conversation that the men were not then going to kill her; that she was not theirs, and they could not sell her. This awakened Mr. Bruce's curiosity; he let his attendants go forward, and staid himself, till he saw, with the utmost astonishment, two pieces, thicker and longer than ordinary beefsteaks, cut out of the higher part of the buttock of the beast. How it was done he could not positively say; because, judging the cow was to be killed from the moment he saw the knife drawn, he was not anxious to view that catastrophe, which was by no means an object of curiosity; whatever way it was done, there were the two pieces which were spread upon the outside of one of their shields.

One of the men still continued holding the head, while the other two were busied in curing the wound. This too was done not in an ordinary manner: the skin which had covered the flesh that was taken away was left entire, flapped over the wound, and then fastened to the corresponding part by two or more small skewers or pins. Whether they had put anything under the skin between that and the wounded flesh, Mr. Bruce could not tell; but, at the river side where they were, they had prepared a cataplasm of clay, with which they covered the wound; they then forced the animal to rise, and drove it on before them, to furnish them with a fuller meal when they should meet their companions in the evening.

When a cow is killed in an Abyssinian chieftain's establishment, as we are informed by Mr. Parkyns, there is not a part of it, from the horns to the hoofs, that does not belong by right to some member of his household. For instance, the gunners on guard have the *frimbia*, or strip down the chest. The royal washerman has the *tooncha*, or second joint of one arm, while the "gasha-jagry" or shield-bearer has the similar joint of the other. The wood-carriers have the privilege of killing and skinning the animals, and their perquisite consists

in the right of cutting a small piece off each division of the meat; two-thirds of the thus collected morsels belong to them, and the remaining third to the beaters of the "negarit," or big drums. The neck, paunch, and liver belong to the grass-cutters; the thigh-bones with the meat remaining on them to the "gombaynia," or women who carry the gombos or jars of mead for their master's use when on a journey. The porters, who carry the chief's provisions on like occasions, take the *talma* or fat membrane of the belly, and a bone with a little bit of meat from the shoulder. The tongue and cheek are preserved for great men. The "ambiltania" or fifers, have, like the drummers, a small piece off each portion of the meat. The "azmary" or buffoon, claims the gristle from the *frimbia*. The scribe who writes the accounts of the food, has for his allowance a small piece of meat from the shoulder, near the *shint*. The cooks have the *shimfilla*, a part near the tripe. The ribs are eaten "tibsy," or broiled on the embers of a wood fire. The hump is another privilege of great men only, and the most renowned warrior among them has the first cut at it. They frequently keep up a friendly controversy for a long time before any one can be persuaded to put a knife into it, each politely offering to his neighbour the post of honour. It sometimes becomes a matter of serious dispute, and is suggestive of that which was occasioned by the fruit of pure Hesperian gold that was cast upon the board in "the fair Pelian banquet-hall;" for as the apple was engraved on its gleaming rind, "For the most fair," so the hump bears on its flabby red surface, "For the most renowned." An instance of this once occurred in the palace of the former Ras Gauxa, Ali's father. The Amhara warriors were undecided as to the man who should first attack this bone of contention, when the late Nelreet Welda Selassy settled the point by drawing his sword and helping himself; this he did no doubt as, being the only Tigrean present, he was anxious to take the honour to himself from a feeling of patriotism. But the Amhara chieftains did not bear the affront quietly; a quarrel was immediately fixed on the Tigre champion by the warriors of the rival nation, two of whom more especially took it up, and he was challenged to prove the superiority he had arrogated to himself by fighting them. This he did in a way which left them no room for complaining; he fought them both on horseback, and what was more, killed them both.

In certain parts of Africa the slaughtering of cattle as food is attended with some rather singular observances. For instance, among the Makalolo

tribe the animals are killed by a thrust from a small javelin, in the region of the heart, the wound being purposely small, in order to avoid any loss of blood, which, with the internal parts, are the perquisites of the men who perform the work of the butcher; hence, all are eager to render service in that line. Each tribe has its own way of cutting up and distributing an animal. Among the Makalolo the hump and ribs belong to the chief, among the Bakwains the breast is his perquisite. After the oxen are cut up, the different joints are placed before Sekeletu, and he apportions them among the gentlemen of the party. The whole is rapidly divided by their attendants, cut into long strips, and so many of these are thrown into the fires at once that they are nearly put out. Half-broiled and burning hot, the meat is quickly handed round; every one gets a mouthful, but no one except the chief has time to masticate. It is not the enjoyment of eating they aim at, but to get as much of the food into the stomach as possible during the short time the others are cramming as well as themselves, for no one can eat more than a mouthful after the others have finished.

After so singular a description of bullock-slaughtering and carving, the reader will be naturally anxious to learn how such people comport themselves at the social board. Let us return to Abyssinia, and once more receive instruction from Mr. Parkyns on so interesting a subject:—

"When the master of an Abyssinian house takes his meals, all his servants stand round the doorway and look on, which custom, though it has at first a disagreeable effect to a stranger, is in reality a mark of respect to their superior, showing that they are in attendance on him, and not merely eating his bread and idling their time away. The master's feeding-time, in fact, is a sort of muster for the servants. The dinner-tables in great houses are usually of wood, roughly made; but frequently also of wicker-work neatly put together. When a party is expected, fresh grass is spread on the floor, and the tables are ranged of various sorts and sizes—the highest nearest the master's end of the room—some wooden, some wicker, some broad, others narrow, it being only in a few fashionable establishments that two or three of corresponding size can be found. All of course are very low, being made of the height most convenient for a person seated on the ground, for chairs are unknown in this country. The table being spread, the bread is brought in by servants in large baskets carried on their heads. If the bread be all made in the house, the cakes of inferior quality are arranged at the top of each basket,

while the better sort are underneath, or the different kinds are brought in in different baskets. In either case the piles are so arranged on the tables that the best sort appears at the top of each pile. It often happens, when there is likely to be a great consumption, that additional bread is borrowed of the neighbours or servants of the house. Each basket of the subsidy is then carefully examined by the 'azzadge' or house-steward, and the contents disposed of as above: namely, the dagousha or barley bread is laid at the bottom, the coarse kind or 'teff' comes next, and at the top of all the finest white bread. Before each person is placed a pile of from eight to ten of these cakes, for a small party; but at a large establishment sometimes each guest would have thirty or more cakes before him. This is so arranged because the nobler guests are first seated, and eat of the finest bread; then those of humbler rank take their places and partake of the second class of bread, and so on in succession till the coarsest is eaten by the servants and poor friends. The cakes supply the place of napkins, as the fingers of the guests are frequently wiped on them after being dipped in the dish, or rendered bloody by the raw meat. This, however, does not in the least affect the appetites of those who, coming after, have to eat them.

"The guests take their bread and sauce and mix them together into a sort of paste, of which they make balls long and rounded like small black puddings; these they consider it polite to poke into the mouths of their neighbours, so that if you happen to be a distinguished character, or a stranger to whom they wish to pay attention, which was often my case, you are in a very disagreeable position, for your two neighbours, one on each side, cram into your mouth these large and peppery proofs of their esteem so quickly one after the other, that long before you can chew and swallow the one, you are obliged to make room for the next. They generally succeed in half choking you; and if you feel you are losing the skin of your mouth, lips, and throat, from the fiery effects of the pepper, you dare not ask for water, as that would be considered rude; and the mead is seldom served till the dinner is over.

"Let the reader picture to himself thirty or forty Abyssinians stripped to their waists, squatting round the low tables, each with his sword, or knife, or 'shotel' in his hand—some eating, some helping themselves, and some waiting their turn, but all bearing in their features the expression of that fierce gluttony which one attributes more to the lion or leopard than to the race of Adam. The imagination may be much assisted by the idea

f the lumps of raw, pink, and blue flesh they are gloating over. But I ave yet to describe how they eat the strip of meat which I have just ıade one of the party cut off. A quantity of 'dillikh' being laid on his read, he dips one end of the meat into it, and then seizing it between his eeth, while he holds the other end in his left hand, he cuts a bit off close o his lips by an upward stroke of his sword, only just avoiding the tip of is nose, and so on till he has finished the whole strip.

"The 'tibsy,' or broiled meat is brought in nearly at the same time with he 'broundo.' It consists of the rib-bones, with the meat cut in strips nd hanging like a tassel from one end. The servant holds the bone in ıis hand, and each of the guests cuts off a strip and eats it with the pepper .s he does the 'broundo.'

"At grand entertainments the boys about the house get under the ables like so many dogs, lying down in all the filth there accumulated, ınd by alternately pinching and caressing the feet and legs of the visitors, nduce them to throw down morsels; but although this is almost always lone, it can scarcely be said to be so much allowed as winked at. These ittle imps are often very handy, as when one is half choked by the pep- ›ery balls the easiest way to get rid of them is to let them drop unobserved. The boys will not fail to pick them up, and devour them greedily. I ıave seen bones gnawed and re-gnawed by a dozen mouths before the poor patient dog outside was allowed to have his turn.

"After the eating is over, a jar of mead or beer is brought in by one or more of the grass-cutters, and placed on a small stool kept for the purpose. The jar is sometimes so large that one man cannot possibly carry it. Its mouth is covered with a piece of rag drawn tight over it as a strainer, to prevent the bits of wax, bark, and other extraneous matters from falling into the drinking vessels when the mead is poured out. These vessels are the wancha or horns (commonly used in the country, but more often for beer than for mead) common tumblers, and a sort of bottle from Venice called 'brillé.' The office of pouring out the mead devolves on one of the 'logoamy,' who brings in the jar. He supports it under his arm, raising and lowering it to fill the 'wancha,' which is held by another servant called the 'fellaky,' who keeps tapping or scratching the rag with his finger to facilitate a free flow of the liquor. Under the mouth of the jar is a bowl to catch the droppings, which are the perquisite of the 'fellaky.' It is easy for this functionary to appropriate to himself one glass out of every five or six, if he knows how to arrange matters with the 'logoa-

amy' who holds the jar, so that he may keep pouring on a little after each vessel is filled. Besides this, he has the right of emptying into his reservoir about one inch of the liquor from every 'wancha' filled (which is a good deal, as they are very broad at the mouth and narrow downwards), and from every 'brillé' or bottle two inches. The first horn poured out is drank by the 'logouamy' who holds the jar, and the second by the 'tedge mèlkenia,' who has the superintendence of the brewery. The 'fellaky' then arranges the horns on the ground near him as fast as they are filled, and the 'asalafy' or waiter takes them up, drinks one himself, then presents one to the master of the house, and afterwards hands them round to the company. Before offering a glass to any one the waiter pours a little of the contents into his left hand and drinks it off; this with all the former tasting by the brewer, grass-cutter, etc., is to show that the mead is not poisoned.

"Ordinary persons drink about two-thirds, the remainder being the perquisite of the waiter, who, as soon as the glass is returned to him, drinks off the contents. He would not, however, presume to put his master's cup to his lips, but raising it above his head pours the contents into his mouth from a distance. This feat is rather difficult to perform; for if he has not the knack of letting the mead flow straight down his throat without attempting to swallow it, he must choke; and if he has not the dexterity to give a right direction to the stream it will probably be spilt down his neck. If it be a 'wancha' it is still more difficult to manage, on account of the depth of its mouth. Persons anxious to show favour to any particular servant will pour mead into his two hands, which he holds like a trough to his mouth, whence he imbibes it; but should the master be a martinet, the servant would not venture to exhibit any such feats before him, but would pour the liquor into some other vessel before drinking it. It may readily be imagined that at a large party all these tops and bottoms of glasses would form together a considerable quantity, and that the 'asalafy' would have as much as he could do to carry himself, to say nothing of the glasses, were he to drink all that falls to his share, so he either distributes it among his fellow-servants, or collects it in a bowl for a great tipple with his friends in the evening."

Having been so well entertained at dinner, we cannot do better ere we quit the subject of savage eating and drinking, to sojourn yet a little while in Abyssinia and pick a bit of supper. Not a grand supper—that were

superfluous after the banquet of the day—but a quiet little family affair.

"A large round table of wicker-work, the diameter of which was about three feet, and about one foot in height, was reached down from a peg, where it had been suspended against the wall, and laid upon the floor before me. In the centre of this Eichess, the lady of the house, placed a round saucer-like dish of red earthenware, full of the cayenne pottage which had been long preparing upon the fire, and in which were boiled to a hot fricassee the disjointed limbs of a fowl. A separate heap of three or four of the thin, teff crumpets, folded four-fold was then put for each person.

"Walderheros for a few beads had purchased at the palace about a yard of yellow wax taper, which was merely a long rag dipped into that melted material. Having cut off and lighted a portion of this, he carried it flaring about in his left land, as he assisted most busily in the arrangement of the supper things. Musculo, not to be idle, had seated himself upon one corner of the bed I occupied, and with the bullock's horn upon his knee, occasionally replenished my drinking horn, and as frequently assisted me in finishing its contents.

"Everything at length being pronounced ready, I was requested to take my seat at the table, a boss of straw being placed for my accommodation. I, however, preferred remaining on the bed, watching their whole proceedings, for want of other amusement. The company, who soon seated themselves, consisted of Eichess, Mahrian, Walderheros, Musculo, and a younger brother of the latter, named Abtah Mahrian, one of the king's gunmen, who had come in during the preparation of the meal. Musculo took the straw seat, the rest squatted around the table upon their heels, and formed altogether a good picture of an Abyssinian family.

"Eichess commenced by dipping several folds of the thin bread into the cayenne pottage, until well saturated with the condiment. With a quantity of this she supplied each individual, taking for that purpose the topmost layer of the heap of bread assigned to them, which, after sopping, was returned to its previous situation. The party now proceeded on their own account, tearing off portions of the under bread and wiping it upon the moistened morsel above, by the contact giving to it the required hot relish, in a manner somewhat analogous to our putting mustard upon meat.

"The wort or cayenne pottage may be termed the national dish of the Abyssinians, as that, or its basis *dillock*, is invariably eaten with their ordinary diet—the thin crumpet-like bread of teff or wheat flour. Equal parts of salt and of the red cayenne pods are well powdered and mixed, together with a little pea or bean meal to make a paste. This is called 'dillock,' and is made in quantities at a time, being preserved in a large gourd-shell generally suspended from the roof. The wort is merely a little water added to this paste, which is then boiled over the fire, with the addition of a little fat meat and more meal to make a kind of porridge, to which sometimes is also added several warm seeds, such as the common cress and black mustard, both of which are indigenous in Abyssinia. When unable to make the wort, a little of the 'dillock' is placed *en masse* upon the bread, which the eater endeavours to make go as far as possible by slight touches of each portion of the food he puts into his mouth.

"The supper grew gradually to a close; and as the viands disappeared matter for conversation seemed to increase. As the appetites of the party were appeased, I noticed little choice bits of the fowl that remained at the bottom of the wort basin were taken out by the fingers of the lady of the house, and being rolled up in a mass of bread far too large for the mouth, were successively handed to all around. Each one as he received the compliment, slightly rising from the ground, kissed the joined wrists of his own hands, as he offered to support the hand of Eichess whilst she held the morsel to the mouth until it had entirely disappeared. Mahrian the slave girl, who sat with the rest, was not neglected, for a larger portion came to her share than to any of the others. The repast being concluded, all wiped their pottage-soiled fingers upon the last fragments of the bread, which were then duly swallowed. Mahrian now got up, and from out a gourd-shell poured a little water upon the hands of each of the party, who, rubbing the fingers together a little, then dried them upon their ample robes. A *gambo* of strong ale called *thalah*, containing at least five gallons, was now opened, and deep horn cups were frequently replenished, whilst a lively conversation concerning the events of the last two or three days was kept up."

It would seem an invariable rule that the savage with an extraordinarily large appetite is profusely hospitable. We have seen this to be the case with the Abyssinian, and an even more striking example is furnished by the North American. With this barbarian, as says a modern traveller, "The pot is always boiling over the fire, and any one who is hungry

(either of the household or from any other part of the village), has a right to order it to be taken off, and to fall to eating as he pleases. Such is an unvarying custom amongst the North American Indians, and I very much doubt whether the civilized world have in their institutions any system which can properly be called more humane and charitable. Every man, woman, or child in Indian communities, is allowed to enter any one's lodge, even that of the chief of the nation, and eat when they are hungry, provided misfortune or necessity has driven them to it. Even so can the poorest and most worthless drone of the nation; if he is too lazy to hunt or to supply himself, he can walk into any lodge and any one will share with him as long as there is anything to eat. He, however, who thus begs when he is able to hunt, pays dear for his meat, for he is stigmatized with the disgraceful epithet of a poltroon and a beggar."

The above-quoted authority—no less an one than Mr. Catlin—indignantly denies, in the face of no end of contrary testimony, that the North American is a glutton. "It is time," says he, "that an error on this subject, which has gone generally abroad in the world, was corrected. It is everywhere asserted, and almost universally believed, that the Indians are enormous eaters, but comparatively speaking this is an error. There are no persons on earth who practise greater prudence and self-denial than the men do (amongst the wild Indians), who are constantly in war, and in the chase, or in their athletic sports and exercises; for all of which they are excited by the highest ideas of pride and honour, and every kind of excess is studiously avoided. Many a man who has been a few weeks along the frontier amongst the drunken, naked, and beggared part of the Indian race, and run home and written a book on Indians, has, no doubt, often seen them eat to beastly excess; and he has seen them, alas! guzzle whiskey till, glutted and besotted, without will or energy; and many such things can always be seen where white people have made beggars of the Indians, and they have nothing to do but lie under a fence and beg the whole week to get meat and whiskey enough for one feast and one carouse; but amongst the wild Indians in this country there are no beggars, no drunkards, and every man, from a beautiful natural precept, studies to keep his body and mind in such a healthy shape and condition as will at all times enable him to use his weapons in self-defence, or struggle for the prize in their manly games."

All North American Indian tribes sit at their meals cross-legged, or rather, with their ankles crossed in front of them, and both feet drawn

close under their bodies; or, which is very often the case also, take their meals in a reclining posture with the legs thrown out and the body resting on one elbow and fore-arm, which are under them. The dishes from which they eat are invariably on the ground or floor of the lodge—the group resting on buffalo-robes or mats of various structure and manufacture.

The position in which the women sit at their meals and on other occasions, is different from that of the men, and one which they take and rise from again with great ease and much grace; by merely bending the knees both together, inclining the body back, and the head and shoulders quite forward, they squat entirely down to the ground, inclining both feet either to the right or the left. In this position they always rest while eating, and it is both modest and graceful, for they seem with apparent ease to assume the position and rise out of it without using their hands in any way to assist them.

These women, however, although graceful and civil, and ever so beautiful or ever so hungry, are not allowed to sit in the same group with the men while at their meals. Men form the first group at the banquet, and women and children and dogs all come together as the next, and these gormandize and glut themselves to an enormous extent.

Their mode of curing and preserving the buffalo-meat is somewhat curious, for it is all cured or dried in the sun without the aid of salt or smoke. The method of doing this is the same amongst almost all the tribes, and is as follows:—The choicest parts of the flesh from the buffalo are cut out by the squaws, and carried home on their backs, or on horses, and then cut *across* the grain in such a manner as will take alternately the layers of lean and fat; and, having prepared it all in this way, in strips about half an inch in thickness, it is hung up by hundreds and thousands of pounds on poles resting on crotches out of the reach of dogs and wolves, and exposed to the rays of the sun for several days, when it becomes so effectually dried that it can be carried to any part of the world without damage. This seems almost an unaccountable thing, and the more so as it is done in the hottest months of the year, and also in all the different latitudes of an Indian country. So singular a fact as this can only be accounted for on the ground of the extraordinary rarity and purity of the air which we meet with in these vast tracts of country, which are now properly denominated "the great buffalo plains"—a series of exceedingly elevated plateaus or prairies lying at or near the base of the Rocky Mountains.

It is a fact that meat can be cured in the sun without the aid of smoke or salt; and it is a fact equally true and equally surprising also, that none of these tribes use salt in any way, although their country abounds in salt springs, and in many places the prairies may be seen for miles together covered with an incrustation of salt as white as the drifted snow.

There is a very curious custom among the Assinneboins, from which they have taken their name,—a name given them by their neighbours, from a singular mode they have of boiling their meat, which is done in the following manner. When they kill meat a hole is dug in the ground about the size of a common pot, and a piece of the raw hide of the animal taken from the back is put over the hole, and then pressed down with the hands close around the sides, and filled with water, and in a fire which is built near by, several large stones are heated to a red heat, which are successively dipped and held in the water until the meat is boiled; from which singular and peculiar custom the Ojibbeways have given them the appellation of Assinneboins, or *stone boilers*. This custom is a very awkward and tedious one, and used only as an ingenious means of boiling their meat by a tribe which was too rude and ignorant to construct a kettle or pot.

The Ojibbeway Indians would seem, from their geographical position, to be essentially fishermen, dwelling as they do upon the borders, or in the vicinity, of the two great lakes, Superior and Huron. But, really, they are not so, but rather hunters. Indeed the fish forms no part of their institution, in comparison with the beasts of the chase. Their medicine-bags, although made of every variety of skins, are never of fish skin. Neither are their *totems* or signs represented by any fish. The scaly inhabitants of the lakes are rarely sung of in their magic songs, or indeed spoken of in their every day language. Still the occupation of fishing is not altogether neglected, more especially by those dwelling very near the lakes. Nearly all their fishing is with the spear, that weapon being of various shapes and sizes, according to the size of the fish hunted.

Lake Superior, which is remarkable for its transparency, is in winter the scene of a curious and ingenious mode of fishing. Of course, at this period of the year, the lake is usually covered with ice. Advantage is taken of this phenomenon to hunt the sturgeon, which the Indians call "sturgeon spearing." A hole is chiselled in the ice, some two feet in diameter, over which is built a rude hut of bushwork, and the whole

spread over with a cloth. Into this hut the fisherman crawls, with his legs outside, and places his head over the hole. The light falls through the transparent ice; and the cloth spread over the hut, keeps off the reflection from the opening. This, in such clear water, enables him to discern clearly, fish at the depth of forty or fifty feet. The length of the spear used is about forty feet, which they use with wonderful dexterity and precision; transfixing the sturgeon with the greatest certainty, providing the water is quite calm, as in Lake Superior. But as all the waters are not so well suited to this mode of fishing, owing to the under currents, another, and equally ingenious mode of spearing fish is practised, which, however, necessitates the assistance of a second person. A channel is cut from the man-hole, where the spearer stands, through the ice and against the current. This channel is about twenty-five feet long, and a cord is fastened to the lower part of the spear. At the further end of the channel the assistant stands, holding the cord in his hands, and correcting its movements according to the signals of the spearer. When the latter sees a sturgeon moving along in the water beneath, he closely follows its movements, and motions to his assistant to slacken or tighten the cord, until he gets the fish in a good position, when he throws his spear, and obtains his prey easily. The sturgeon, however, swims in very deep waters and hence is much more difficult to spear than those fishes which swim near the surface, so that it is more convenient, if possible, to bring it up a little higher, and render its capture more easy. To effect this, the Indians contrive small fish out of bone or wood, which are coloured so as to resemble as near as possible the fish which they represent. This bait is fastened to a long string, the other end of which is fastened to a piece of wood, and weighted so that it may sink perpendicularly into the water. This is lowered into the water, and is immediately sighted by some voracious sturgeon, who, of course, attempts to seize it. But the fisherman gradually draws it up higher and higher; the sturgeon assiduously following, and at last, having got the fish at a convenient depth and position, the enemy suddenly changes his tactics, and throws a more powerful bait in the shape of a long spear with a sharp head; which at once and for good brings it to the surface, and then quickly out of it. In the capture of large fish, the head of the spear is merely fastened on with a cord, so that on striking the fish, it becomes detached from the pole, and the fish swimming away, carries the spearhead along with it, and soon becomes exhausted and is captured with little trouble.

W. DICKES.

BURYING A LIVE KING.

LONDON.

YORK
RARY
LENOX
NDATIONS

Mr. Catlin (from whom the above particulars are mainly derived) was on one occasion invited by a chief to "just a quiet chop." He thus describes it:—

"The simple feast which was spread before us consisted of three dishes only, two of which were served in wooden bowls, and the third in an earthen vessel of their own manufacture, somewhat in shape of a bread-

Catlin and Indian Chief at Dinner.

tray in our own country. This last contained a quantity of *pem-i-can* and *marrow-fat*; and one of the former held a fine brace of buffalo-ribs delightfully roasted, and the other was filled with a kind of paste or pudding made of the flour of the *pomme blanche*, as the French call it—a delicious turnip of the prairie, finely flavoured with the buffalo berries, which are collected in great quantities in this country and used in divers dishes in

cooking, as we in civilized countries use dried currants, which they very much resemble.

"A handsome pipe and a tobacco-pouch made of the otter-skin, filled with *k'nick-k'neck* (Indian tobacco), lay by the side of the feast, and when we were seated mine host took up his pipe and deliberately filled it, and instead of lighting it by the fire which he could easily have done, he drew a few strong whiffs through it and presented the stem of it to my mouth, through which I drew a whiff or two, while he held the stem in his hands. This done, he laid down the pipe, and drawing his knife from his belt, cut off a very small piece of the meat from the ribs, and pronouncing the words "Ho-pe-ne-chee wa-pa-shee" (meaning a *medicine* sacrifice), threw it into the fire. He then (by signals) requested me to eat, and I commenced, after drawing out from my belt my knife (which it is supposed that every man in this country carries about him, for at an Indian feast a knife is never offered to a guest). Reader, be not astonished that I sat and ate my dinner *alone*, for such is the custom in this strange land. In all tribes in these western regions it is an invariable rule that a chief never eats with his guests invited to a feast, but while they eat he sits by at their service and ready to wait upon them, deliberately charging and lighting the pipe which is to be passed around after the feast is over. Such was the case in the present instance; and while I was eating Mah-to-top-pa sat cross-legged before me, cleaning his pipe and preparing it for a cheerful smoke when I had finished my meal.

"My appetite satiated I straightened up, and with a whiff the pipe was lit, and we enjoyed together for a quarter of an hour the most delightful exchange of good feelings and clouds of smoke, and pantomimic signs and gesticulations. Pemican is an article of food used throughout this country as familiarly as we use bread. It is made of buffalo-meat dried very hard and afterwards pounded in a large wooden mortar until it is made nearly as fine as saw-dust; when packed in this dry state in bladders or sacks of skin, it is easily carried to any part of the world in good order. Marrow-fat is collected by the Indians from the buffalo bones, which, when broken to pieces, yield prodigious quantity of marrow, which is boiled out and put into buffalo-bladders which have been distended, and after it cools becomes quite hard like tallow, and has the appearance and very nearly the flavour of the richest yellow butter. At a feast, chunks of this marrow-fat are cut off and placed in a tray or bowl with the pemican, and eaten with it."

n his curious book concerning odd people, Captain Reid mentions a
e of Indians called Yamparico, or root digger, inhabiting the great
rt between the Nevada and the Rocky Mountains, and although
account is rather a long one, it is so extremely interesting that
will take the liberty of borrowing it for the reader's delectation.

miserable "Digger," says the Captain, is of a dark brown or
ɔer colour. He stands about five feet in height—often under but
ly over this standard—and his body is thin and meagre, resembling
of a frog stretched upon a fish-hook. The skin that covers it—
cially that of an old Digger—is wrinkled and corrugated like the
of an Asiatic rhinoceros—with a surface dry as parched buck-skin.
feet, turned in at the toes—as with all the aborigines of America—
some resemblance to human feet; but in the legs this resemblance
. The lower limbs are almost destitute of calves, and the knee-pans
of immense size—resembling a pair of pads or callosities, like those
1 goats and antelopes. The face is broad and angular, with high
k-bones; the eyes small, black, and sunken, and sparkle in their
ɔw sockets, not with true intelligence, but that sort of vivacity which
often be observed in the lower animals, especially in several species
ıonkeys. Throughout the whole physical composition of the Digger,
e is only one thing that appears luxuriant—and that is his hair.
all Indians he is amply endowed in this respect, and long black
es—sometimes embrowned by the sun, and matted together with
or other filth—hang over his naked shoulders. Generally he crops
1.

ı the summer months, the Digger's costume is extremely simple—
the fashion of that worn by our common parents, Adam and Eve.
vinter, however, the climate of his desert home is rigorous in the
ɜme—the mountains over his head, and the plains under his feet,
g often covered with snow. At this season he requires a garment to
ɜr his body from the piercing blast; and this he obtains by stitching
ther a few skins of the sage-hare, so as to form a kind of shirt or body

He is not always rich enough to have even a good coat of this
le material; and its scanty skirt too often exposes his wrinkled limbs
ıe biting frost.

ɜtween the Digger and his wife, or "squaw," there is not much
rence either in costume or character. The latter may be distin-
ıed, by being of less stature, rather than by any feminine graces in

her physical or intellectual conformation. She might be recognized, too, by watching the employment of the family; for it is she who does nearly all the work, stitches the rabbit-skin shirt, digs the "yampa" and "kamas" roots, gathers the "mezquite" pods, and gets together the larder of "prairie crickets." Though lowest of all American Indians in the scale of civilization, the Digger resembles them all in this—he regards himself as lord and master, and the woman as his slave.

There is no such thing as a *tribe* of Diggers—nothing of the nature of a political organization; and the chief of their miserable little community—for sometimes there is a head man—is only he who is most regarded for his strength. Indeed, the nature of their country would not admit of a large number of them living together. The little valleys or "oäses"—that occur at intervals along the banks of some lone desert stream—would not, any one of them, furnish subsistence to more than a few individuals—especially to savages ignorant of agriculture—that is, not knowing how to *plant* or *sow*. The Diggers, however, if they know not how to *sow*, may be said to understand something about how to *reap*, since *root-digging* is one of their most essential employments—that occupation from which they have obtained their distinctive appellation, in the language of the trappers.

Not being agriculturist, you will naturally conclude that they are either a pastoral people, or else a nation of hunters. But in truth they are neither one nor the other. They have no domestic animal—many of them not even the universal dog; and as to hunting, there is no large game in their country. The buffalo does not range so far west; and if he did, it is not likely they could either kill or capture so formidable a creature; while the prong-horned antelope, which does inhabit their plains, is altogether too swift a creature, to be taken by any wiles a Digger might invent. The "big-horn," and the black and white-tailed species of deer, are also too shy and too fleet for their puny weapons; and as to the grizzly bear, the very sight of one is enough to give a Digger Indian the "chills."

If, then, they do not cultivate the ground, nor rear some kind of animals, nor yet live by the chase, how do these people manage to obtain subsistence? The answer to this question appears a dilemma—since it has been already stated, that their country produces little else than the wild and worthless sage plant.

Were we speaking of an Indian of tropical America, or a native of the

lovely islands of the great South Sea, there would be no difficulty whatever in accounting for his subsistence—even though he neither planted nor sowed, tended cattle, nor yet followed the chase. In these regions of luxuriant vegetation, nature has been bountiful to her children; and, it may be almost literally alleged, that the loaf of bread grows spontaneously on the tree. But the very reverse is the case in the country of the Digger Indian. Even the hand of cultivation could scarce wring a crop from the sterile soil; and Nature has provided hardly one article that deserves the name of food.

How then does the Digger obtain his food? Is he a manufacturer—and perforce a merchant—who exchanges with some other tribe his manufactured goods for provisions and "raw material?" Nothing of the sort. Least of all is he a manufacturer. The hare-skin shirt is his highest effort, in the line of textile fabrics; and his poor weak bow, and flint-tipped arrows, are the only tools he is capable of making. Sometimes he is even without these weapons; and may be seen with another—a long stick, with a hook at one end—the hook itself being the stump of a lopped branch, with its natural inclination to that which forms the stick. The object and purpose of this simple weapon we shall presently describe.

The Digger's wife may be seen with a weapon equally simple in its construction. This is also a stick—but a much shorter one—pointed at one end, and bearing some resemblance to a gardener's "dibble." Sometimes it is tipped with horn—when this can be procured—but otherwise the hard point is produced by calcining it in the fire. This tool is essentially an implement of husbandry—as will presently appear.

Let us now clear up the mystery, and explain how the Digger maintains himself. There is not much mystery after all. Although, as already stated, his country produces nothing that could fairly be termed *food*, yet there are a few articles within his reach upon which a human being *might* subsist—that is, might just keep body and soul together. One of these articles is the bean, or legume of the "mezquite" tree, of which there are many kinds throughout the desert region. They are known to Spanish Americans as *algarobia* trees; and, in the southern parts of the desert, grow to a considerable size—often attaining the dimension of twenty to twenty-five feet in height.

They produce a large legume, filled with seeds and a pulp of sweetish-acid taste—similar to that of the "honey locust." These beans are collected in large quantities, by the squaw of the Digger, stowed away in

grass-woven baskets, or sometimes only in heaps in a corner of his cave, or hovel, if he chance to have one. If so, it is a mere wattle of artemisia, thatched and "chinked" with grass.

The mêzquite seeds, then, are the *bread* of the Digger; but, bad as is the quality, the supply is often far behind the demands of his hungry stomach. For vegetables, he has the "yampah" root, an umbelliferous plant, which grows along the banks of the streams. This, with another kind, known as "kamas" or "quamish" (*Camassia esculenta*), is a spontaneous production; and the digging for these roots forms, at a certain season of the year, the principal occupation of the women. The "dibble"-like instrument already described is the *root-digger*. The roots here mentioned, before being eaten, have to undergo a process of cooking. The yampah is boiled in a very ingenious manner; ingenuity is not native to the Shoshokees, and has been obtained from their more clever kindred, the Snakes. The pot is only a basket, a mere vessel of wickerwork! How, then, can water be boiled in it? The birch-bark pot is not set over fire; but stones are heated and thrown into it—of course already filled with water. The hot stones soon cause the water to simmer, and fresh ones are added until it boils, and the meat is sufficiently cooked.

The *kamas* roots are usually baked in a hole dug in the earth, and heated by stones taken from the fire. It requires nearly two days to bake them properly; and then, when taken out of the "oven," the mass bears a strong resemblance to soft glue or size, and has a sweet and rather agreeable taste—likened to that of baked pears or quinces.

I have not yet specified the whole of the Digger's larder. Were he to depend altogether on the roots and seeds already mentioned, he would often have to starve—and in reality he often *does* starve—for, even with the additional supplies which his sterile soil scantily furnishes him, he is frequently the victim of famine.

There may be a bad season of the mezquite-crop, and the bears—who are as cunning "diggers" as he—sometimes destroy his "plantations" of yampah and kamas. He finds a resource, however, in the *prairie-cricket*, an insect—or reptile, you may call it—of the *gryllus* tribe, and of a dark-brown colour—not unlike the *gryllus migratorius* of Africa, and with very similar habits. When settled thickly upon the ground, the whole surface assumes a darkish hue, as if covered with crape; and when they are all in motion—creeping to and fro in search of their food—a very singular effect is produced. At this time they do not take to wing; though they

ttempt to get out of the way, by making short hops from place to place, nd crawling with great rapidity. Notwithstanding their efforts to scape, hundreds of them are "squashed" beneath the foot of the pedes-rian, or hoofs of the traveller's horse.

The Diggers *cook* their crickets sometimes by boiling them in the pots fore-mentioned, and sometimes by "roasting." They also mix them vith the mezquite seeds and pulp—the whole forming a kind of plum-udding, or "cricket-pasty,"—or, as it is jocosely termed by the trappers, 'cricket-cake."

Their mode of collecting the grasshoppers is not without some display f ingenuity. When the insects are in abundance, there is not much ifficulty in obtaining a sufficient supply; but this is not always the case. ometimes they appear very sparsely upon the plains; and, being nimble n their movements, are not easily laid hold of. Only one could be taken t a time; and, by gleaning in this way, a very limited supply would be btained. To remedy this, the Diggers have invented a somewhat inge-ious contrivance for capturing them wholesale—which is effected in the ollowing manner:—When the whereabouts of the grasshoppers has been iscovered, a round hole—of three or four feet in diameter, and of about qual depth—is scooped out in the centre of the plain. It is shaped omewhat after the fashion of a kiln; and the earth that has been taken ut is carried out of the way.

The Digger community then all turn out—men, women, and children—nd deploy themselves into a wide circle, enclosing as large a tract as heir numbers will permit. Each individual is armed with a stick, with vhich he beats the sage bushes, and makes other violent demonstrations: he object being to frighten the grasshoppers, and cause them to move nward towards the pit that has been dug. The insects, thus beset, move s directed—gradually approaching the centre—while the "beaters" ollow in a circle constantly lessening in circumference. After a time the rickets, before only thinly scattered over the plain—grow more crowded s the space becomes contracted; until at length the surface is covered vith a black moving swarm; and the beaters, still pressing upon them, nd driving them onward, force the whole body pell-mell over the edges f the pit.

Bunches of grass, already provided, are now flung over them, and upon hat a few shovelfuls of earth or sand; and then—horrible to relate!—a large pile of artemisia-stalks is heaped upon the top and set on fire! The

result is that, in a few minutes, the poor grasshoppers are smoked to death, and parched at the same time—so as to be ready for eating, whenever the *débris* of the fire has been removed.

Last and least of our Savages comes the diminutive Bushman of Australia. It is pleasant to find that the poor little pigmy is at least

Emu.

ingenious for his stomach's sake, and that if his bill of fare be not as a whole tempting to the fastidious palates of civilized beings, it is extensive and various. The tail of the kangaroo makes excellent soup; the haunch is tolerable venison, but, like most really wild venison,

it is too lean. A good bushman, or a black, knows however where to find a certain portion of fat when he is about to make a hunter's dish, which might with propriety be called an Australian kabaub. The directions are as follows: Skewer, or "skiver" (to use my informant's stronger word), alternate slices of lean and fat on your ramrod, roast at a fire the cook will make with two sticks, or yourself with a flash of gunpowder (if you have no match-box), and if you happen to be hungry you will not require knife or fork, salt, pepper, or pressing. Kangaroo steamer is another Bush dish—a sort of haggiss of venison and salt pork, very popular with those who have time and patience for the culinary process called simmering.

Besides the kangaroo which is his venison, the emu his pheasant, he has fish and wild fowl, both of which he catches with nets neatly constructed by the women. Then he delights in such small game as snakes, guanas, grubs, and the larvæ of white ants. The gum of the acacia, which resembles gum-arabic but is sweeter, and the pulp of a bulrush ground into flour, are among his most innocent articles of food. Honey is no less so; and the black deserves to enjoy this luxury for the dexterity with which he sometimes discovers its whereabout. Catching a stray bee, he sticks upon its little busy body with gum an atom of white down from the owl or swan, and releasing the sacred insect, follows it by eye and foot to the hole of an hollow tree where the comb is concealed, and whence it is quickly cut out after the hive has been well smoked.

At Sandy Cape, E. coast of Australia, the natives fish with a pair of hand-nets: two nets are attached to bowed sticks, which are held in each hand; at the centre of each bow a handle is attached on the outside in an oblique direction, so as to bear on the outer part of the wrist.

Concerning the habits and customs of these natives, Mr. H. S. Melville says:—

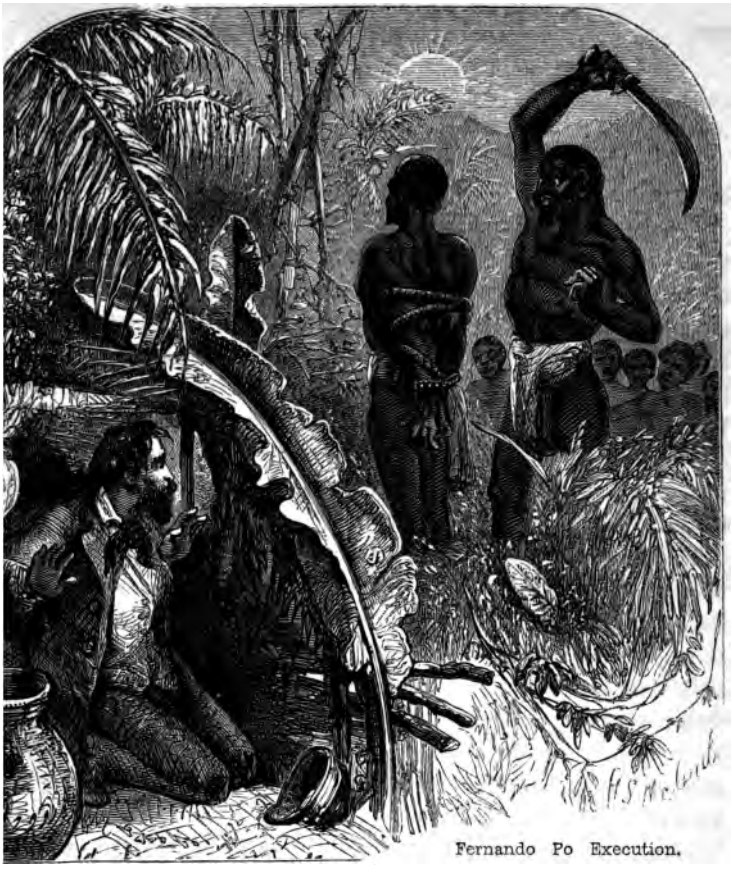
"We surprised a party of these fishermen, nets in hand, rushing now and again into the surf as a shoal of small fish appeared; with a rapid outstretching of the arms the nets were plunged into the water and the bows brought instantly together in a straight line, the leverage at the wrist counteracting the resistance of the water. The operation to a beginner must be a painful one, as in every individual we observed a very large and hard corn on the outer bone of the wrist, caused by the great friction in the use of their bow-nets."

Pity that all his gastronomic tastes are not quite so innocent! but it is

to be feared, despite the resistance of this creed by some experienced colonists and travellers, that the New Holland savage is a most atrocious cannibal. If he be not so, for what purpose have long flakes of flesh been cut from the bodies of murdered men, white and black, and hung up to dry in the sun? And what peculiar virtue is there in human kidney fat, which is undoubtedly accounted an article of value by the Australian tribes? I fear, very much fear, that the former is but the *pemican*, the latter the *ragoût*, of the savage cuisine. The brawny chieftain the Old Bull is suspected of having in his earlier days treated one or more Englishmen, not to mention black game, precisely as an Englishman would have treated a woodcock, *i.e.* brought him down in good style, given him a turn or two before the fire, and discussed him with zest and appetite. The jaws and teeth of this huge savage certainly promised unequalled powers of mastication.

Well-authenticated instances of this terrible practice are to be found in the works of various authors; but one related in the Parliamentary Blue Book of 1844 exhibits, as Sir George Gipps remarks, perhaps one of the most ferocious acts of cannibalism on record. It is too long and too horrible to find admission here; but those who do not shrink from revolting details may find the incident alluded to at page 241 of the collection of Parliamentary Papers on this colony, 9th August, 1844. Instances of parents killing and devouring their children, if uncommon, are not unknown.

A Sandy Cape Fisherman.



Fernando Po Execution.

CHAPTER XV.

SAVAGE LAW—CRIMINAL AND CIVIL.

a horror of death—Trial by Mboundou—The witch-doctor proceeds to business—He discovers e witches—Their fate—Ordeal of the hot ring—African mode of recovering a debt—Divination Western Africa—Ordeals of the needle, hatchet, and kettle—A modern instance of African vagery—The Ju-ju butcher—All over—A head spoiled for eating—Game laws in Southern rica—Caffre trial about an ox—A tooth for a tooth—The Malagasey Tanguin ordeal—Concern- g Robert Drury—Robert's master consults an Umosa—Robert imposes on his master's cre- ility—Wai Haruru—A Samoan magistrate—Samoan pains and penalties—Betting in Abyssinian urts—A scene in court—A bishop hanged—Mr. Moffat's picture of a Bushman—Sir Thomas itchell and the larcenous natives—The affecting narrative of Jacky-Jacky—Famine—Costigan ot—Jacky and Mr. Kennedy meet "Black fellows"—Black fellows make an attack—Kennedy ounded and killed—Jacky-Jacky escapes to Fort Albany.

IT is a fallacy to regard the savage as a "lawless" individual. Litigation is his delight; to have any—literally—twopenny business "legally" settled he will sell his cooking-pots, his

cattle, his grandmother even, if he can find a purchaser, for the chance of being able to laugh at his adversary and taunt him with defeat.

Among such people this would be curious enough were justice meted out as honestly and impartially as amongst us; were it merely a question of evidence, and were the penalties insignificant, it might be supposed that the savage would be induced to risk an adverse verdict for the glory of making a figure before a crowd of idlers, and the opportunity of making a speech; but, as is notorious, mere evidence in a savage court of justice is of the smallest consideration; utter ignorance is the beam from which the judicial scales depend, and the magistrate holding the beam, instead of being blindfold, merely has his vision obscured by the spectacles of avarice; nor are the penalties insignificant: in truly savage regions prisons are unknown, and but three degrees of punishment wait on the decision of the judge—confiscation of property, maiming, and death.

This as regards civil cases; the criminal code is even more "gloriously uncertain" in its working. Witchcraft, murder, and robbery are the three capital offences throughout the savage world, and in nine cases out of ten the means adopted to attach the crime to a culprit are as summary as the infliction of the punishment that follows. In very savage regions, such for instance as equatorial Africa and many islands of the Polynesian group, "natural" death is not believed in. Should death overtake a man it is at once concluded that he has been cruelly robbed of life by the devil or his agents—been killed by witchcraft in fact, and the first concern of the dead man's furious relatives is to find the emissary of Satan, and take instant vengeance.

No section of savage humanity entertains so profound a horror of death as the various tribes inhabiting the far interior of Africa. So far from regarding the release of the spirit from the body as a thing to rejoice at—even though the said body be shattered by accident or war, worn out by long service, or tortured by disease—the inevitable climax cannot be even thought of without a shudder, a fervent clasping of the evil-averting *gree-gree*, and an earnest prayer that "the last scene of all" may yet be far distant. They flee from the presence of death as from a local pestilence. Should a man inhabiting one of the isolated villages, numbering perhaps a thousand souls, cease to live, uneasiness seizes the rest, and they go about their daily business with fear and trembling: should another man or woman die within a short period, then a panic takes possession of the entire settlement; it is no longer a safe abiding place, it is "bewitched;" and

even though the second death takes place in the middle of the night, in less than an hour the affrighted villagers have packed up their tools and cooking pots and are "on the road," leaving the dead man alone to be devoured by the first savage beast that chooses to cross the threshold of the deserted hut.

Should an African savage be hale and hearty to-day and die to-morrow, or even should so considerable time as a week stand between the full flush of health and his dissolution, his friends have the most perfect conviction that foul play has been indulged in;—not that he has been poisoned or otherwise secretly assassinated, but that a *wizard* has been at work, and by his devilish agents spirited the life out of the man. Not only the dead man's relatives, but the entire settlement privately entertain and publicly express the same opinion. It is a monstrous thing that at the wicked caprice of a wizard, a man's unoffending spirit should be turned out of its comely flesh house, leaving the former to shiver in the cold and the latter to decay and fall to hideous ruin! The rascally witch must be found: send for the *Ouganga* (wizard finder), and let him discover where the monster is harboured, and let him or her drink *mboundou.*

Drinking mboundou is, among the savages of the region in question, the great "witch" test. It is a vegetable poison of the terrible strychnine order, and unless one is acquainted with the antidote, immediate death is the certain result of imbibing any quantity of it in a liquid form. The antidote to the poison is known to the Ouganga, who holds the secret with no less tenacity than might be expected, when it is considered that he maintains his powerful and lucrative position solely by virtue of its possession. He can drink mboundou. He will quaff it from the same cup as that offered to the unfortunate wretch whom he selects for trial, and no doubt the sight of the witch-doctor on the one side, calm and uninjured after the terrible draught, and on the other of the miserable victim writhing on the ground in the spasms of death, establishes the barefaced quack the more firmly in the affections of his dupes each time he practises the diabolical cheat.

The law of witchcraft among the savages of equatorial Africa is no respecter of persons. The dreadful Ouganga gives judgment, and though it be a chief, or even a prince, that is accused, there is no appeal. "Drink mboundou and prove your innocence," is all the reply vouchsafed to the prayers and appeals of the poor wretch, who well knows that to drink is to die.

The same gentleman who furnishes the account already given of the poor old fellow "turned out to die," gives a most interesting account of a wholesale mboundou drinking as witnessed by him at Goumbi, an African town in the midst of the gorilla country.

"I was asked to go and see an old friend of mine, Mpomo, who was now sick. They had spent the whole night before drumming about his bedside to drive out the devil. But I soon saw that neither drumming nor medicine would help the poor fellow. The film of death was already on his eyes, and I knew he could scarce live through the approaching night.

"When I awoke next morning, I heard the mournful wail which proclaimed that poor Mpomo was gone to his long rest. This cry of the African mourners was the saddest I ever heard. Its burden was really and plainly 'All is done. There is no hope. We loved him. We shall *never* see him again.' They mourn literally as those who have no hope. When I went to Mpomo's house I saw his wives sitting in tears upon the ground, throwing moistened dust and ashes over their heads and rending their clothes.

"This mourning lasted two days, during which time the rumours of witchcraft grew more and more general, and as soon as the dead man was buried, the whole town was clamorous for a witch doctor to come and 'try the case,' and use his mysterious art to discover the hateful wizard.

"In order to make quite sure, a canoe was despatched down the river to fetch the most celebrated Ouganga in the country. The mighty man came. He had on a high head dress of black feathers; his eyelids were painted red; and a red stripe from the nose upward divided his forehead into two parts. Another red stripe passed round his head. The face was painted white, and on each side of the mouth were two round red spots. About his neck hung a necklace of glass, and also a cord which held a box against his breast. This little box is sacred, and contains spirits. A number of strips of leopard and other skins crossed his breast and were exposed about his person, and all these were charmed, and had charms attached to them. From each shoulder down to his hands was a stripe of white, and one hand was painted quite white. To complete this horrible array he wore a string of little bells about his body.

"He sat on a box or stool, before which stood another box containing charms. On this stood a looking-glass, beside which lay a buffalo horn containing some black powder, and said, in addition, to be the refuge

of many spirits. He had a little basket of snake bones, which he shook frequently during his incantation; as also several skins to which little bells were attached. Near by stood a fellow beating a cord with two sticks. All the people of the village gathered about this couple.

"For two days and nights this hideous mockery continued, and at last on the third morning the Ouganga announced that he was ready to disclose the names of the devil's kin who had witched poor Mpomo to death. The entire population assembled to hear the denouncement. Every man and boy was armed, some with spears, some with swords, some with guns and axes; and on every face was shown a determination to wreak bloody revenge on those who should be pointed out as the criminals. The whole town was wrapped in indescribable fury and thirst for human blood. For the first time I found my voice without authority in Goumbi,—I did not even get a hearing. As a threat, when I saw that the proceedings had begun, I said I would make Quengueza (the king of Goumbi, with whom Chaillu was on capital terms) punish them for the murders done in his absence. But alas! here they had outwitted me. On the day of Mpomo's death they had sent secretly to Quengueza to ask if they could kill the witches. He, poor man, sick himself, and always afraid of the power of sorcerers, and without me to advise him, at once sent back word to kill them all without mercy. Finding all my endeavours vain, and that the work of bloodshed was to be carried through to its dreadful end, I determined at least to see how all was conducted.

"At a motion from the doctor the people became at once quite still. This sudden silence lasted about a minute, when the loud harsh voice of the doctor was heard.

"'There is a very black woman who lives in a house'—describing it fully with its location—'she bewitched Mpomo.'

"Scarcely had he concluded when the crowd, roaring and screaming like so many hideous beasts, rushed frantically for the place indicated. They seized upon a poor girl named Okandaga, the sister of my good friend and guide Adoma. Waving their weapons over her head, they tore her away towards the water side. Here she was quickly bound with cords, and then all rushed away to the doctor again. Presently silence again fell upon the crowd, and the witch doctor's hoarse voice once more made itself heard.

"'There is an old woman in a house'—describing it—'she also bewitched Mpomo.'

"Again the crowd rushed off. This time they seized a niece of King Quengueza, a noble-hearted and rather majestic old woman. As they crowded about her she rose proudly from the ground, looked them in the face unflinchingly, and motioning them to keep their hands off, said, 'I will drink mboundou, but woe to my accusers if I do not die!'

"Once more the Ouganga raised his damning voice, and this time against a mother of six children—one of the king's household. She likewise was secured and led down to the river side. Gathering the crowd once more, the witch-finder recited the crime of which each woman was accused. Okandaga, he said, being the dead Mpomo's relative, had requested some salt at a time when that commodity was scarce, and had been refused. Therefore she had conceived a deadly hatred for her kinsman, and bargained with the devil to take his life. As for Quengueza's niece, she was barren, so said the wizard-doctor—barren, and envious of Mpomo who had a family; therefore she wished Mpomo dead. The third, the slave woman, had asked Mpomo for a looking-glass and been refused; consequently she had invoked the aid of Satan to kill him for his churlishness.

"As each accusation was recited the people broke out into curses. Even the relatives of the poor victims were obliged to join in this; everyone rivalled his neighbour in cursing, each fearful lest lukewarmness in the ceremony should expose him to a like fate. Next, the victims were put in a large canoe, with the executioners, the doctor, and a number of other people, all armed.

"Then the tom-toms were beaten and the proper persons prepared the mboundou. Quabi, Mpomo's eldest brother, held the poisoned cup. At sight of it poor Okandaga began again to cry, and even Quengueza's niece turned pale. Three other canoes now surrounded that in which the victims were, and each was crowded with armed men.

"Then the mug of mboundou was handed to the old slave woman, next to the royal niece, and last to Okandaga. As they drank the multitude shouted 'If they are witches let the mboundou kill them; if they are innocent let the mboundou go out.' A dead silence now ensued. Suddenly the slave fell down. She had not touched the boat's bottom ere her head was hacked off by a dozen rude swords. Next came Quengueza's niece. In an instant her head was off and her blood dyeing the river. Meanwhile, poor Okandaga staggered and struggled and cried, vainly resisting the working of the poison in her system. Last of all she fell too, and in an instant her head was hewed off. Then all became confusion.

ı almost random hacking ensued, and in an incredibly short space of ıe the bodies were cut to small pieces, which were cast into the river." M. Chaillu also relates the case of a little boy, son to Aquailai. The ;tor who had driven the witch from the street of Goumbi reported that ɔ of Quengueza's men had damaged a Bakalai canoe. The owner ıuired to be paid for the injury. The Goumbi man denied the act and ;ed for a trial. An Ashira doctor was called in, who said that the only

'Ordeal of Hot Ring."

y to make the truth appear was by the trial of a ring boiled in oil. reupon the Bakalai and the Goumbi men gathered together and the ıl was at once made.

The witch-doctor set three little billets of bar wood in the ground with ir ends together, then piled some smaller pieces between till all were d as high as the three pieces. A native pot half full of palm oil was ; upon the wood and the oil was set on fire. When it burned up

brightly, a brass ring from the doctor's hand was cast into the pot; the doctor stood by with a little vase full of grass soaked in water of which he threw in now and then some bits. This made the oil blaze up afresh. At last all was burned out, and now came the trial. The accuser, the little boy, was required to take the ring out of the pot. He hesitated, but was pushed on by his father. The people cried out, "Let us see if he lied or told the truth." Finally, he put his hand in, seized the red-hot ring, but quickly dropped it, having severely burnt his fingers. At this there was a shout, "He lied! he lied!" and the Goumbi man was declared innocent.

After these instances, the reader will not be surprised to hear that the Equatorial Africans occasionally prefer to take the law into their own hands in preference to submitting their case to any recognized judicial authority. The authority last quoted furnishes an instance.

"Mbango was a great trading man. Therefore Mbango had debts owing him. Now Mbango's debtors, like most debtors on the African coast, were not fond of paying; and I found that Mbango made a practice of lying in wait for them, seizing them, and robbing them of what they happened to have with them, as a kind of new way to pay old debts.

"Accordingly, as we were sailing along, my steersman kept an unusually sharp look-out a-head. His care was presently rewarded. We saw a large boat sailing along down toward us carelessly, as though they had no enemies to dread. No sooner, however, were the boatmen near enough to recognize us than with a little shout of surprise they put about and sailed and paddled off in the utmost haste.

"But Mbango also gave a little shout. He recognized in the same moment in the other boat a veteran poor debtor of his. Turning our boat after the other, he urged his men to paddle, and meantime shouted to the others to stop.

"But the more he called 'Stop!' the harder they paddled off.

"Now our side became excited. Mbango called that he would fire upon them

"This only frightened them more.

"Our men seized their guns, and (slyly shaking the powder out of the touchholes, I must say to their credit) pointed directly at the flying boat.

"Now the women even seized paddles, and plied them vigorously.

"Then our side fired a few random shots over the heads of the flying debtors. Still they paddled on.

"By this time, however, it became apparent that our boat was the fastest. Presently, indeed, we overtook the other.

"I had been sitting quietly watching the fun, but now as we hauled alongside the enemy's boat, and I saw a good deal of fierce blood up on both sides, I began to remonstrate. I did not wish to see blood spilt, nor did I care to be upset in the scuffle; but my voice was drowned in the uproar. A desperate hand-to-hand fight began at once, as we ranged alongside. How we escaped upsetting I do not yet understand, but I suppose the fellows instinctively poised themselves aright. I was wet through, the canoe took in water, and murder was imminent, when suddenly the other canoe again gave us the slip.

"Now the chase began again. Again we shouted, and the other side paddled as for dear life; but it was of no avail. Presently we again hauled alongside, and this time we made fast. Then came another fight, in the midst of which the boatmen, seeing they were about to be overpowered, snddenly leaped into the water and swam off. Though we were some miles from shore, they had no uneasiness as to the result. Mbango caught two of them, and took besides a woman prisoner, then coolly turned on his course again, saying to me with a smile, that he had done a very good day's work. He explained that these people had long owed him a quantity of bar-wood for which he had paid in advance; and now that he had some of the party prisoners they would soon settle up."

In Western Africa the system of ordeal prevails universally. When a person dies, or when an important robbery has been committed, resort is immediately had to the witch-doctor, whom they call Quimbanda, to make his *shinglamento* or divination, and discover the culpable person.

These diviners have various methods of discovering, as they pretend, the guilty person. Amongst a numerous category, Valdez, the well-known African explorer, selects the following:—1st. Quirigué Mêná, or the Drink of Truth. 2nd. Maniângue Ombô, or Sheep's Blood. 3rd. Gánanzambi Mutchi, the God, or Fetisch Stick. 4th. Quirigué Tubia, or Fire of Truth.

The first, Quirigué Mêná, is a liquid extracted from the rind of the ensaca, a portion of which is given to several of the persons present. If the diviner has a grudge against any one of them, or believes any one to be guilty, his portion is mixed with some deleterious drugs, which cause him great pain and agony, and on his exhibiting the distortions of the

countenance naturally produced by such a cause, he is adjudged guilty and dealt with accordingly.

The second test, Maniângue Ombô, is as follows:—A sheep is slaughtered and the blood is distributed to be drunk by certain persons specified. Any one who sickens, and whose stomach rejects the potion, or any one who becomes intoxicated, is adjudged guilty and treated according to the laws in such cases made and provided; but, as in the former case, the blood is supposed, in some instances, to be mingled with other ingredients to produce the symptoms desired by the witch-doctor.

The third test is the Gánanzambi Mutchi, or the fetisch's stick, to each extremity of which is attached a small bell. It is thrown by the diviner to ascertain where the guilty party is to be found; and if he is unsuccessful, there is always a plausible excuse prepared and ready at hand.

The fourth test, the Quirigué Tubia, or fire of truth, is the severest, for when a member of a family is suspected of a crime, the whole are subjected to the ordeal, which is conducted in the following manner:—The witch-doctor applies a red-hot iron rod to any part of the body of each individual, and the person who sustains the greatest injury without flinching during the ordeal is acquitted; so that it mainly depends on the diviner or witch-doctor whether the accused shall escape or not. It is, however, the prerogative of the chief to commute the sentence of the individual pronounced guilty, which he generally does to perpetual banishment. His property also becomes confiscated for the benefit of the heirs of the deceased, and the wife and children of the criminal become the property of the heirs according to usage. The penalty of slavery is awarded to those convicted of theft or adultery when they possess no wife or property wherewith to make restitution to the injured parties.

In Eastern Africa, again, there are endless "tests" for every degree of crime. There is—

Kirapo ja Zoka, the ordeal of the hatchet. The magician who administers the oath and performs the other ceremonies in connection with it, takes the hand of the supposed thief or criminal and makes him repeat as follows:—"If I have stolen the property of ——— (naming the person), or committed this crime, let Mulungo (Heaven) respond for me; but if I have not stolen, nor done this wickedness, may He save me." After these words the magician passes the red-hot iron four times over the flat hand of the accused; and the Wakamba believes that if he is guilty his hand will be burnt, but if innocent, that he will suffer no injury. In the for-

mer case the accused must undergo the punishment for the alleged crime whether he confess it himself or not, Mulungo having responded by means of the ordeal.

Kirapo ja jungu ja Guandu, the ordeal of the copper kettle. The magician takes an empty copper kettle, makes it red-hot, and casts into it a stone called Mango, which emits sparks. He then adds a portion of a slaughtered goat, saying to the accused "Hera lombore," come, say thy prayer, to which the latter responds, "May God let me have justice." Then the suppliant reaches with his hand into the kettle and takes out the glowing stone, and if guilty his hand and face are burnt, if innocent no harm happens to him.

Kirapo ja Sumba, the ordeal of the needle. The magician takes a thick needle, makes it red-hot, and draws it through the lips of the alleged criminal. If guilty a quantity of blood will flow from the wound, but none if innocent.

Kirapo ja Hikahi, the ordeal of the piece of bread. The accused has to eat the piece of bread which had been poisoned. If innocent he will swallow it without trouble; if guilty it will stick in his throat, and can only be rejected with considerable pain and loss of blood. Instead of bread, rice is often used.

On such occasions the magician receives a piece of clothing from the accused and from the accuser by way of recompense.

But, the reader may exclaim, these are not recent experiences of African customs. Civilization in these days makes such rapid strides that, although all these horrors may have been in full swing some ten years ago, they are probably by this time abolished. Let the following most "modern instance," furnished by Mr. Hutchinson in his recently published work "Ten Years in Ethiopia," supply the melancholy answer to the humane reader's suggestion. Concerning the quality of the culprit's real or supposed crime we will say nothing. The performers of the tragedy are not of a sort to keep in view one moment longer than necessary; and so, without preface—

"A distant murmur of gabbling voices was heard approaching nearer and nearer, till passing the corner house on my left, I saw a group of negroes—an indiscriminate crowd of all ages and both sexes, so huddled together that no person whom I could particularly distinguish as either an executioner or culprit was visible amongst them. But above their clattering talk came a sound of a clanking chain that made me shudder.

"They stopped in the middle of the square opposite the ju-ju house and ceased talking.

"One commanding voice uttered a single word and down they sat upon the grass, forming a circle round two figures standing upright in the centre—the executioner and the man about to be killed. The former was remarkable only by the black skull-cap which he had on, and by a common cutlass which he held in his hand. The latter had chains round his neck, his wrists, and his ankles. There was no sign of fear or cowardice about *him*—no seeming consciousness of the dreadful fate before him—no evidence even upon his face of that dogged stubbornness which is said to be exhibited by some persons about to undergo an ignominious death.

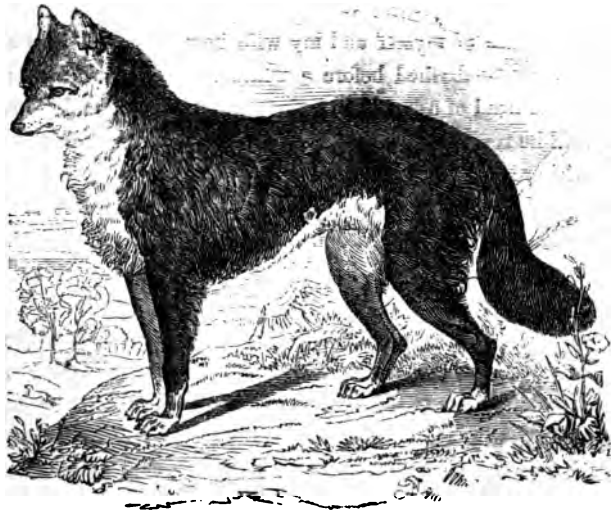
"Save that he stood upright, one would scarcely have known that he was alive. Amongst the spectators, too, impassiveness which was appalling—not a word, nor gesture, nor glance, of sympathy that could make me believe I looked at beings who had a vestige of humanity amongst them.

"As the ju-ju butcher stepped back, and measured his distance to make an effectual swoop at his victim's neck, the man moved not a muscle, but stood as if he were unconscious—till—

"Chop! the first blow felled him to the ground.

"No other sound was here—none from the man, not a whisper nor a murmur from those who were seated about. I was nearly crying out in mental agony, and the sound of that first stroke will haunt my ears to my dying day. How I wished some one to talk or scream to destroy the impression of that fearful 'hough,' and the still more awful silence that followed it. Again the weapon was raised to continue the decapitation—another blow as the man lay prostrate, and then a sound broke the silence—a gurgle and gasp accompanying the dying spasm of the struck-down man. Once more the weapon was lifted. I saw the blood flow in gory horror down the blade to the butcher's hand, and there it was visible in God's bright sunshine to the whole host of heaven. Not a word had yet been uttered by the crowd. More chopping and cleaving, and the head severed from the body was put by the ju-ju executioner into a calabash, which was carried off by one of his women to be cooked. He then repeated another cabalistic word, perhaps the same as at first, and directly all who were seated rose up whilst he walked away. A yell, such as reminded me of a company of tigers, arose from the multitude—cutlasses

were flourished as they crowded round the body of the dead man—sounds of cutting and chopping rose amidst the clamour of the voices, and I began to question myself whether if I were on the other side of the river Styx, I should see worse than I saw here through the little slit in the wall of my hiding-place. A crowd of human vultures gloating over the headless corpse of a murdered brother negro, boys and girls walking away from the crowd, holding pieces of bleeding flesh in their hands, while the blood marked their road as they went along, and one woman snapping from the hands of another, both of them raising their voices in clamour over a part of the body of that poor man in whom the breath of life was vigorous not a quarter of an hour ago.



The Dingo or Australian Dog.

"The whole of the body was at last divided and nothing left behind but the blood. The intestines were taken away to be given to an Iguana, the Bonnyman's tutelary guardian. But the blood was still there in glistening pools, though no more notice was taken of it by the gradually dispersing crowd than if it were a thing as common in that town as Heaven's bright dew is elsewhere. A few dogs were on the spot who devoured the fragments. Two men arrived to spread sand over the place, and there was no interruption to the familiar sound of coopers hammering, just beginning in the cask houses, or to the daily work of hoisting palm oil puncheons on board the ships.

"Lecture these people on the sin and shame of such things, and judge by what I am about to record of the effect which such remonstrance is likely to have.

"Six or eight months subsequent to my having witnessed the foregoing slaughter, Mrs. Hutchinson accompanied me to Bonny in a man-of-war steamer, as she had had fever and required change of air. Whilst we were there staying with Mr. Straw, supercargo of the hulk 'Ambrosie' belonging to Messrs. Charles Horsfall and Sons of Liverpool, there came on board one morning the very same executioner that I had seen at his bloody work during my former visit. Rumours had been afloat that another affair like the previous one had come off a few days before. Indeed, so much of certainty was attached to these rumours that Mr. Straw asked the ju-ju man in the presence of myself and my wife how he could have so little shame as to stand unabashed before a white lady who had heard of his having eaten the head of a brother black man. With the most imperturbable *sang froid* he replied that he had not eaten it as his cook had spoiled it by not putting enough of pepper upon it."

In Southern Africa the trial of criminal and civil cases is marked by a greater show of deliberation. The complainant asks the man against whom he means to lodge his complaint to come with him to the chief. This is never refused. When both are in the kotla the complainant stands up and states the whole case before the chief, and the people usually assembled there. He stands a few seconds after he has done this to recollect if he has forgotten anything. The witnesses to whom he has referred then rise up and tell all they themselves have seen or heard, but not anything that they have heard from others. The defendant, after allowing some minutes to elapse so that he may not interrupt any of the opposite party, slowly rises, folds his cloak around him, and in the most quiet deliberate way he can assume begins to explain the affair, denying the charge or admitting it as the case may be. Sometimes when galled by his remarks the complainant utters a sentence of dissent; the accused turns quietly to him and says, "Be silent; I sat still while you were speaking: can't you do the same? Do you want to have it all to yourself?" And as the audience acquiesce in this bantering and enforce silence he goes on until he has finished all he wishes to say in his defence. If he has any witnesses to the truth of the facts of his defence they give their evidence. No oath is administered, but occasionally when a statement is questioned a man will say, "By my

ather," or "By the chief it is so." Their truthfulness towards each other s quite remarkable, but their system of government is such that Euro-eans are not in a position to realize it readily. A poor man will say in is defence against a rich one, "I am astonished to hear a man so great as e make a false accusation," as if the offence of falsehood were felt to be ne against the society which the individual referred to had the greatest nterest in upholding.

If the case is one of no importance the chief decides it at once; ir rivolous, he may give the complainant a scolding and put a stop to the ase in the middle of the complaint, or he may allow it to go on without aying any attention to it whatever. Family quarrels are often treated n this way, and then a man may be seen stating his case with great luency and not a soul listening to him. But if it is a case between nfluential men, or brought on by under-chiefs, then the greatest decorum revails. If the chief does not see his way clearly to a decision he emains silent; the elders then rise one by one and give their opinions ften in the way of advice rather than as decisions, and when the chief inds the general sentiment agreeing in one view, he delivers his judgment ccordingly. He alone speaks sitting, all others stand. No one refuses to cquiesce in the decision of the chief, as he has the power of life and leath in his hands and can enforce the law to that extent if he chooses; ut grumbling is allowed, and when marked favouritism is shown to any elative of the chief, the people generally are not so astonished at the partiality as we should be in England.

Among the Makalolo, the sway of authority, although essentially des-potic, is considerably modified by custom. One of the Makalaka had stabbed an ox, and had been detected by his spear, which he had been unable to extract. The culprit, bound hand and foot, was placed in the sun to force him to pay a fine. He continued to deny his guilt. His mother, believing in the innocence of her son, came forward with her hoe, and threatening to cut down anyone who interfered, untied the cords and took him home. "Where the criminal was unable to give direct compensa-tion, it had not occurred to the chiefs to make him pay in work till I sug-gested the system, on the occasion of a stranger who visited Sesheki for the purpose of barter having been robbed by one of the Makalaka of most of his goods. The Makalolo were much enraged at the idea of their good name being compromised; and as throwing the criminal into the river, their customary mode of punishing what they conceive to be a heinous

offence, would not restore the lost property, they were sorely puzzled how to act. When the case was referred to me, I paid the value of the goods, and sentenced the thief to work out an equivalent with his hoe in a garden. Thieves are now condemned to raise an amount of corn in proportion to their offences." So says Dr. Livingstone.

Of all phases of "law," however, found prevailing in Southern Africa, none are so curious as the "game laws." The lands of each chief are well defined, generally by rivulets; and if an elephant is wounded on one man's land and dies on that of another, the under half of the carcase is claimed by the lord of the soil; and so stringent is the law, that the hunter may not cut up his own elephant without sending notice to the lord of the soil, and waiting until that personage sends his representative to see a fair division made. The hind leg of a buffalo must also be given to the man on whose land the animal was grazing, and a still larger quantity of the eland, which throughout the entire country is esteemed right royal food. The only game laws in the interior are, that the man who first wounds an animal, though he has inflicted but a mere scratch, is considered the killer of it; while the second is entitled to a hind-quarter, the third to a fore-leg, and the chief to a royalty consisting, in some parts, of the breast—in other parts, of the ribs and one fore-leg. The knowledge that he who first succeeds in reaching the wounded beast is entitled to a share, stimulates the whole party to greater exertions in dispatching it.

The following curious Caffre law-case came under the personal notice of Fleming, the African traveller, and will serve to elucidate the shrewdness of the *amapakati* or Caffre lawyers:—

A verdict was required in the case of a Caffre who, as plaintiff, brought on the trial, asserting that an ox of his had been stabbed, and a portion eaten by six Caffres who were placed before the bar as prisoners. They pleaded "not guilty" on the ground that the ox had been gored by another ox, and having died from the wound they had eaten it, thinking it no harm. The case caused great excitement in the tribe, and the shrewdest *amapakati* were employed by the chief in the trial. After a careful hearing the senior prisoner made a very eloquent defence and urged therein that from *the length of the wound* it was quite impossible that a *man* could have inflicted it. He was heard throughout patiently, but when he finished an old *amapakati* cross-examined him thus:

"*Q.* Where did the goring ox's tail grow?—*A.* On its rump.

"*Q.* How did it grow there, up or down or at the side?—*A.* Down.

"*Q.* Where did its horns grow?—*A.* On the head.

"*Q.* How did they grow there, up or down or at the side?—*A.* Up.

"*Q.* If, then, that ox gored the other, to do so he would have to put his head down and tear up, would he not?—*A.* Yes.

"*Q.* He could not tear down, could he?—*A.* No.

"Now examine the wound and see where the first incision was made, at the top or at the bottom. He answered with reluctance, 'The wound is largest at the bottom.'

"*Finding*—The ox was stabbed not gored; the prisoners are guilty. *Sentence*—Each to be fined two cows. This judgment was received with great applause."

The son of a powerful Caffre chief, finding himself cold one evening, crept stealthily to the dwelling of a Mochuana, who had an abundant supply of wood. It was dark, and the man who usually executed his orders was with him. "Go," said the young prince, "and take a good armful of wood, and if you meet with any resistance, run away; but be careful to make no noise." The man was willing enough to go on this ignoble errand, but just as he was seizing the desired fagot, a large stone, thrown by the owner of the wood, knocked out four of his teeth and broke his nose. After being confined to his hut for some weeks, he went to the young prince and demanded retribution for the loss of his teeth. The owner of the wood was summoned. "I must have an ox for my four teeth," said the wounded man. "I owe you nothing," said the other coolly, "I only defended my property." "It was not I who stole the wood; I only obeyed the orders of my chief, who is here present." "I have nothing to do with that: every one has a right to defend himself in his own dwelling." "But who will pay me for the loss of my teeth?" "You owe me allegiance," said the chief, "and I have nothing to pay you." In the midst of the embarrassment caused by this shameful dispute, it was remembered that the father of the young prince was still living, and it was decided that he should pay for the bad conduct of his future successor.

The natives had also recourse to several kinds of divination for discovering the perpetrators of acts of injury, especially theft. Among these was a kind of water ordeal; it resembled in a great degree the *wai haruru* of the Hawaiians. When the parties who had been robbed wished to use this method of discovering the thief, they sent for a priest, who, on being informed of the circumstances connected with the theft, offered prayers to

his demon. He now directed a hole to be dug in the floor of the house, and filled with water; then taking a young plantain in his hand, he stood over the hole and offered his prayers to the god whom he invoked, and who, if propitious, was supposed to conduct the spirit of the thief to the house, and place it over the water. The image of the spirit which they imagined resembled the person of the man was, according to their account, reflected in the water, and being perceived by the priest, he named the individual or the parties who had committed the theft, stating that the god had shown him the image in the water. The priests were rather careful how they fixed upon an individual, as the accused had but slight prospect of escaping if unable to falsify the charge; but when he could do this, the credit of the god and the influence of the priest were materially diminished. Sometimes the priest, after the first attempt, declared that no answer had been returned, and deferred till the following day the repetition of his enchantments. The report, however, that this measure had been resorted to, generally spread among the people; and the thief, alarmed at the consequences of having the gods engaged against him, usually returned the stolen property under cover of the night, and by this superseded the necessity for any further inquiries.

We are indebted to Madam Pfieffer for the following graphic sketch of the ordeal of *Tanguin* as practised in Madagascar:—

"The *Tanguin*, or poisoning test, is often applied to persons of all grades, to the high nobles as well as the slaves, for the mere accusation of any crime is sufficient to bring it upon the victim. Any one may start up as accuser. He need not bring forward any proofs, for the only condition he has to fulfil is to deposit a sum of twenty-eight and a half dollars. The accused persons are not allowed to make any defence, for they must submit to the poisoning ordeal under all circumstances. When any one gets through without perishing, a third part of the deposited money is given to him, a second third belongs to the queen, and the remainder is given back to the accuser. If the accused dies the accuser receives all his money back, for then the accusation is looked upon as well founded.

"The poisoning process is managed in the following manner:—The poison employed is taken from the kernel of a fruit as large as a peach growing upon trees called *Tanguinea Veneniflora*. The lampi-tanguini, or person who administers the poison, announces to the accused the day on which he is to take it. For forty-eight hours before the appointed time

he is allowed to eat very little, and for the last twenty-four hours before the trial nothing at all. His friends accompany him to the poisoner's house; here he has to undress himself and make an oath that he has not had recourse to any kind of magic. The lampi-tanguini then scrapes away as much powder from the kernel with a knife as he judges necessary for the trial. Before administering the dose to the accused, he asks him if he confesses his crime; but the culprit never does this, as he would have to take the poison notwithstanding. The lampi-tanguini spreads the poison on three little pieces of skin, about an inch in size, cut from the back of a fat fowl; these he rolls together and bids the accused swallow them.

"In former days almost every one who was subjected to this ordeal died in great agony, but for the last ten years every one who has not been condemned by the queen herself to the tanquin is permitted to make use of the following antidote. As soon as he has taken the poison, his friends make him drink rice-water in such quantities that his whole body sometimes swells visibly and quick, and violent vomiting is generally brought on. If the poisoned man is fortunate enough to get rid not only of the poison but of the three little skins (which latter must be returned uninjured) he is declared innocent, and his relations carry him home in triumph with songs and rejoicings. But if one of the pieces of skin should fail to re-appear, or if it be at all injured, his life is forfeited and he is executed with the spear or by some other means."

Somewhere about the beginning of this book, in speaking of the terribly heathen condition of Madagascar, it was asserted that the people there abiding knew no more efficacious god than an absurd thing called "Sikidy," and which consisted of an odd number of beans and pebbles to be consulted as boys play "odds and evens" with cherry stones. For this assertion, however, I feel bound to apologize to Robert Drury. Possibly the reader may never before have heard of this gentleman, and I must confess that I myself was ignorant of his ever having existed, till within the last three months, when a book-stall yielded me in the shape of a ragged-edged battered volume his "Adventures during Fifteen Years' Captivity in the Island of Madagascar, with an Account of the Manners, Customs, Religion, and Civil Policy of the Inhabitants;" and in order that no one may doubt the credibility of Robert Drury, there is appended to the work the following certificate furnished by the captain of the ship that rescued Robert from bondage:—"This is to certify that Robert Drury, fifteen years a slave in Madagascar, now living in London, was redeemed

from thence and brought into England, his native country, by myself. I esteem him an honest, industrious man, of good reputation; and do firmly believe that the account he gives of his surprising adventures is genuine and authentic.—(Signed) Captain W. Mackett, May 7, 1728." After this I trust that the readers will rely on Robert Drury, and take as facts what he has to say about "the umossees who pretend to be magicians, sorcerers, and fortune-tellers."

"One of these was on his travels from Autensso into the country, and took up his abode at the house of my master. My master had been that day into the woods to look at his beehives and perceived several of them robbed of their store; he returned before night in a very great passion, threatening to shoot, if he could find him, the person who stole his honey, let him be who he would. The umossee coming to pay his respects to him just at that time, and hearing his complaint, told him he could give him a secret or charm, which would effectually prevent his honey from being stolen, but he was afraid to communicate it because it would infallibly kill the person who should taste of it. My master replied he did not care if they were all killed. Hereupon it was agreed that the umossee should have two cows in case his project proved effectual and should stay to see the desired success.

"Accordingly the next morning the umossee went out into the woods and singled out a tree which the natives call *Roe-Bouche;* we have none like it in England, nor is it very material, for any tree would have done his business, I presume, as well. He went to the eastward of this tree and dug up a piece of its root and then turned to the westward and dug up another piece. After this he took the eastern root and ordered my master to rub it on a stone with a little water and sprinkle the water among the bees and the honeycombs in the hives, and if any (said he) shall steal the honey, in a quarter of a day they will swell and break out in spots like a leopard from head to foot, and in three days will die. My master was highly pleased at this discovery, and said, 'How shall I do when I want to make use of the honey for myself and family?' The umossee replied, 'The remedy is here in my hand, and is no other than a root of the same tree, but dug to the westward; and when you take your honey rub a little of this upon another stone with a little water and sprinkle the hives; this being done your eastern root will have no power. But if any one has stole your honey and feels the bad effects of it, and you are inclined to be merciful and save his life, give him a small quantity of the western root,

and it will take down all the swelling, the spots will vanish, and the person will be restored to his former state of health.'

"All this was mighty well, but the principal point was to try the virtues of it and see if it would answer all the purposes promised of it; this my master could not help being doubtful of; therefore sprinkling his hives with the charmed water, he proposed to several of his slaves to make the experiment, offering as a reward an ox in case the experimentalist survived: none, however, seemed inclined to venture.

"Now I had observed before the simplicity of the people on such occasions, and plainly saw that therein lay the security of the artful umossee. I was very sensible that there was nothing more in all this, and that it had already met with the desired effect by striking terror into the people, and having a considerable quantity of honey myself" (it should be understood that at this period of his captivity Robert Drury was in his master's good graces and growing prosperous), "I imagined that if I had the secret it would also preserve mine. I sent word, therefore, to my master that I would oblige him, if he would communicate the secret to me in case I recovered. He not only sent for me immediately and agreed to my proposal, but made me a promise of a considerable reward besides.

"I went accordingly with my master and several others to the hive, which was duly sprinkled with the poison, and swallowed down the honey by handsful before them, asking them at the same time if they would not eat some with me. They would not touch it, they said, for ten thousand cattle, making several grimaces in the meantime, and expecting every moment some dismal calamity would befal me for my presumption. When I had filled my belly, my master would have me home with him in order to have the cure at hand; but I chose rather to stay with my comrades, by which means I had opportunity to contrive some way to deceive them. As fortune would have it, being in the fields I saw at some distance a calf sucking a cow, and nobody being in sight, I tied up the calf and milked the cow into my mouth as long as ever I could. This and the honey together had the desired effect, for it began to swell immediately and rumbled in my belly so that it might be heard. Away went I to my comrades, who, perceiving my condition and hearing the unusual noise, advised me to run home, and cried out I was poisoned. While in their panic they forsook me I seized my chance, and taking some nettles, whipped my body so severely that in a little time the rash and the spots prognosticated by the umossee made their appearance, and to crown the

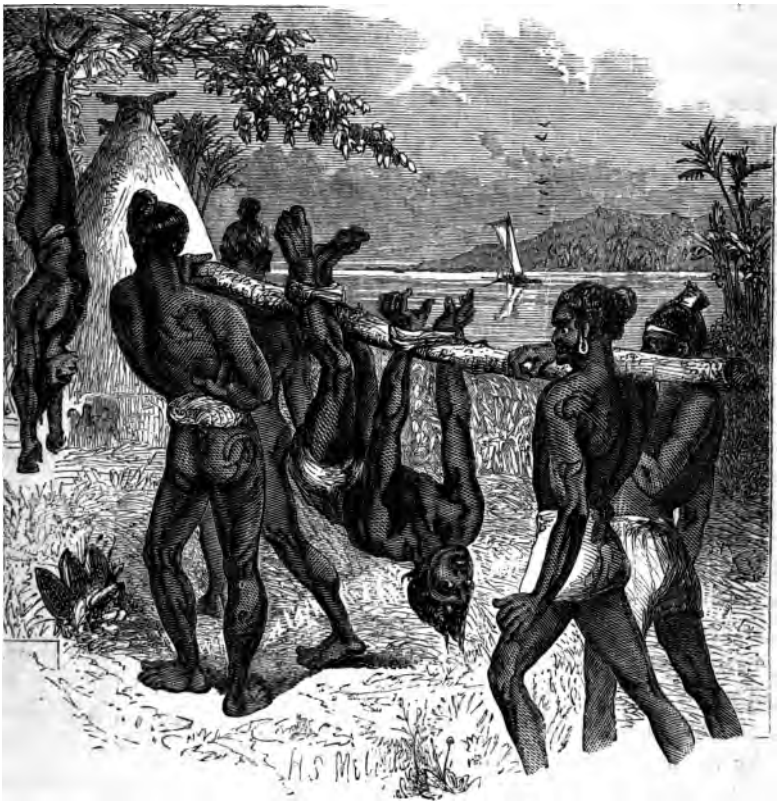
deceit you may be sure I did not fail to complain and to cry out most lustily.

"They helped me to my master's house, where I found already prepared a decoction of the root that was to restore me. My master pitied me very much, while as for the umossee, who likewise was present, he was vastly troubled, though, as I should think, rather on the score of the unexpected effect of his trick, than any danger be apprehended for me. However, I drank the healing medicine, and then lay down comfortably for the space of four hours, and got up quite well. Every one was satisfied except the umossee, who was heard to say that had he known the charm to be so extremely efficacious he should have demanded twenty cows instead of two; so not to drive too hard a bargain, my master added two calves to the cows promised. As for me I was very well served. My master not only revealed to me as much concerning the magic roots as the umossee had confided to him, but he gave me a calf as well as a cow, besides promising me his future friendship for the pain and hazard I had undergone.

"When I returned to my plantation, my neighbours and fellow-slaves having observed the sudden and terrible effects of the poison, begged of me to put a mark upon all my hives, that when they went out a honey-stealing they might not be killed by eating any of mine. This was the very thing I aimed at, and accordingly I put a white stick before every hive and never lost any honey afterwards. Nobody would go near my hives for fear my bees should sting them and the wounds should prove of more dangerous consequence than those of others."

It is curious what a semblance of justice is kept up in the most savage and despotic regions of the earth. Thus in the cannibal land of Figi, if a man be dissatisfied with the decision of his chief he may appeal to the governor of the island, and even then, should he suspect that impartial justice has not been done him, he may walk straight to the house of the king, and lay his case before his terrible majesty. "The house or front yard of the king or governor," says Mr. Ellis, "is the usual court of justice, and is sometimes quite a court of equity. Judgment is seldom given till both parties are face to face. They have several ordeals for trying those accused of different crimes. One of the most singular is *wai haruru*, shaking water. A large calabash or wooden dish is placed in the midst of a circle, on one side of which the accused party is seated. A prayer is offered by the priest, and the suspected individuals are required one by one to hold

both hands with the fingers spread out over the dish, while the priest or the chief looks steadfastly at the face of the water; and it is said that when the person who has committed the crime spreads his hands over the vessel the water trembles. Probably conscious guilt and superstitious dread may make the hands of the culprit shake and occasion the tremulous appearance of the water, in which they are reflected. No unnecessary



Samoan Modes of Punishment.

delays take place in the redress of grievances or the administering of justice. I was once sitting with Kariamouku, when a poor woman came to complain of the chief of her district who, she said, had kept the water running through his own plantation for several days, while the potatoes and taro in her garden were parched up with drought. After making a few enquiries, he called one of his favourite chiefs and said, 'Go with this

woman, and if the chief has kept back the water, open the channels, and let it flow over her fields immediately.' The chief girded up his *maro*, and, followed by the woman, set off for the district in which she resided. No lawyers are employed to conduct their public trials; every man advocates his own cause, usually sitting cross-legged before the judge."

Crossing from Figi to Samoa we find that the chief of the village and the heads of families form the legislative body of the place, and the common court of appeal in all cases of difficulty. One of these heads of families is the sort of prime minister of the chief. It is his special business to call a meeting, and it is also his province to send notice to the other heads of families on the arrival of a party of strangers, and to say what each is to provide towards entertaining hospitably the village guests. Having no written language, of course they had no written laws; still, as far back as we can trace, they had well understood laws, for the prevention of theft, adultery, assault and murder, together with many other minor things, such as disrespectful language to a chief, calling him a pig for instance, rude behaviour to strangers, pulling down a fence, or maliciously cutting a fruit tree. Nor had they only the mere laws; the further back we go in their history, we find that their penalties were all the more severe. Death was the usual punishment for murder and adultery; and as the injured party was at liberty to seek revenge on the brother, son, or any member of the family to which the guilty party belonged, these crimes were all the more dreaded and rare. In a case of murder the culprit and all belonging to him fled to some other village of the district, or perhaps to another district—in either case it was a city of refuge. While they remained away it was seldom any one dared to pursue them and risk hostilities with the village which protected them. They might hear, however, that their houses had been burned, their plantations and land taken from them, and they themselves prohibited by the united voice of the chief and heads of families from ever again returning to the place. Fines of large quantities of food which provided a feast for the entire village were common; but there were frequently cases in which it was considered right to make the punishment fall exclusively on the culprit himself. For adultery the eyes were sometimes taken out, or the nose and ears *bitten* off. For other crimes they had such punishments as tying the hands of the culprit behind his back and marching him along—naked sometimes—like the ancient French law of *amende honorable*, or tying him hand to hand and foot to foot and then carrying him sus-

pended from a prickly pole run through between the tied hands and feet, and laying him down before the family or village against whom he had transgressed, as if he were a pig to be killed and cooked; compelling the culprit to sit naked four hours in the broiling sun, to be hung up by the heels, or to beat the head with stones till the face was covered with blood, or to play at hand ball with the prickly seaurchin, or to take five bites of a pungent root which was like filling the mouth five times with Cayenne pepper. It was considered cowardly to shrink from the punishment on which the village court might decide, and so the young man would go boldly forward, sit down before the chiefs, bite the root five times, get up and walk away with his mouth on fire.

Another region where the "law" is meted out in a way sufficiently savage and curious to claim description in these pages is Abyssinia. The legal disputes of the Abyssinians are conducted in a rather different manner from our own. They have a sort of self-taught counsellor who is called a *magwatch*, but who is neither educated for his profession nor called to the bar, being indeed only an ordinary man with an extraordinary gift of the gab. These men are sometimes employed by the disputants in serious cases, but not invariably, as almost every one in the country is more or less gifted. If two persons have a dispute on any subject, however trifling, one of them getting heated proposes to refer it to the chief or *dainya* as he is termed. A servant of his is sent for, whose business is to conduct the disputants before his master. He first ties the corners of their garments together in a knot, holding which in his hand he adjures them by the back of Oubi and by that of the chief that neither of them should presume to speak while on their way. The interests of the *dainya* as well as of justice are served by the enforcement of this arrangement, as the person who disobeys an order so given is liable to a fine nominally of nine dollars, which is the perquisite of the chief, who however usually contents himself with exacting a part of it only. Some disputants nevertheless agree beforehand that a mule or cow shall be the forfeit.

Arrived at the chief's, the litigants are placed before him with a servant between them to prevent any personal disputes or blows should they be inclined to give vent to their excited feelings. They then have permission to open their cause. First the accuser begins by placing his opponent under restrictions lest he should disturb his speech, which he does by jaduring him, as before, that he shall neither speak, nor advance his foot,

nor move his hand in the way of gesture, until he shall have his permission to do so. It must be a very disagreeable thing in an English court of law to be obliged to hear the examination of the witnesses for the opposing party without being able to contradict or answer any statement which you know to be false or easy of explanation. How much more so must it be for a hot-tempered Abyssinian, just warm from a dispute, to stand by, unable even to gesticulate, while his opponent is savagely and perhaps unjustly attacking his honour, or what is yet dearer to him, his interest. Still he dare not break through his restraint unless he would pay the "patience fine" before mentioned. All that he is allowed to do is to grunt "Em, em!" which he continues to do in every tone and expression of voice, so long as his adversary keeps him under restriction. At last his turn comes, and his tongue being liberated, he gives vent to his pent-up feelings in a proportionally excited answer, his accuser being in turn silenced, if he chooses. Witnesses are called, documents (if there be any) are referred to, and judgment is passed. But we have forgotten one part of the business which is perhaps the most absurd of any and at the same time the most lucrative to the chief. Bets, or rather forfeits, are made during the trial of the cause. For instance, if the subject of dispute be the ownership of a piece of land (by no means an uncommon cause of litigation in a country where title-deeds are traditionary) one party will say "This land was held by my father, grandfather, great-grandfather, etc., since the days of such and such a king. On it a mule." Or sometimes even ten mules, each of which is reckoned at ten dollars. If the other accepts the challenge, the loser pays over the sum to the chief. Sometimes, however, when one of the parties is poorer than the other who offers the bet, he will say, "I cannot afford so much as ten mules, I make it a cow." This amendment is almost always agreed upon. Horses, guns, or any other article of value, may be substituted; but the absurd part of the business is that these wagers frequently exceed in value the property in dispute. "I myself," Mr. Parkyns further tells us, "was once present when ten mules, equivalent to £20 16*s.* 8*d.* of our money, of course a large sum in Abyssinia, were lost in a dispute between two farmers as to which had to pay in tribute a small quantity of corn of the value of a shilling or two. The loser of any of these wagers or forfeits is required to produce a surety for their payment, and should he be unable to do so he is imprisoned or rather chained by the arm to some servant of the chief."

To the credit of Abyssinia, however, be it written that there is but one

ality of justice for princes and slaves. Of this Mr. Bruce, while a guest the king, witnessed a notable instance. A rebellion, the particulars which it is unnecessary here to enter upon, had been organized and empted by certain of the chief men in the kingdom, and among them Salama, or chief priest whose official standing and power is at least ual to that of our Archbishop of Canterbury. However, he was made soner and brought to the king's presence mounted on a mule, with his s tied under the animal's belly, as were his hands behind his back, ving a rope fastened to them, which a man held in his hand on one e, while another took the halter of the mule on the other. While they re untying Abba Salama, Mr. Bruce went into the presence-chamber, l stood behind the king's chair. Very soon after, the prisoners were ought in, and as usual thrown down violently with their faces to the ound, on which they had a very rude fall, as their hands were bound ind them. The Salama rose in a vehement passion; he struggled loose his hands, that he might perform the act of denouncing excommunication, which is by lifting the right hand and extending the forefinger; but finding that impossible, he cried out, "Unloose my hands, or u are all excommunicated." It was with difficulty that he could be prevailed upon to hear the king, who, with great composure, or rather indifference, said to him, "You are the first ecclesiastical officer in my household, you are the third in the whole kingdom; but I have not yet rned that you ever had power to curse your sovereign, or exhort his bjects to murder him. You are to be tried for this crime to-morrow; prepare to show in your defence, upon what precepts of Christ or his postles, or what part of the general councils, you found your title to do s." "Let my hands be unloosed!" cried Salama violently. "I am a est, a servant of God; and they have power, says David, to put kings chains and nobles in irons. And did not Samuel hew king Agag in ces before the Lord? I excommunicate you, Tecla Haimanout." hile he was going on in this manner, Tecla Mariam, son of the king's retary, a young man, struck Salama so violently on the face, that it de his mouth gush out with blood, saying at the same time, "What! fer this in the king's presence!" On this the high priest or Salama s hurried out of the king's presence, without being permitted to more; indeed, the blow had so disconcerted him as to deprive n for a time of the power of speaking. In Abyssinia it is death to ike, or lift the hand to strike, before the king; but in this case the

provocation was so great, so sudden, and so unexpected, and the worth of the youth, and the insolence of the offender, so apparent to everybody, that a slight reproof only was ordered to be given to Tecla Mariam, and that by his father.

Next morning, about nine o'clock, the king entered Gondar. Ras Michael, the chief councillor, proceeded immediately to the palace with the king, who retired as usual to a kind of cage or lattice-window, where he always sits unseen when in council. Mr. Bruce was in the council-chamber, where four of the judges were seated: none of the governors of provinces were present but Ras Michael and Kasmati Tesfos, of Sire. Abba Salama was brought to the foot of the table, without irons, at perfect liberty. The accuser for the king, a post in this country in no high estimation, opened the charge against him with great force and eloquence. He stated one by one the crimes committed by him at different periods; the sum of which amounted to prove Salama to be the greatest monster on earth: among them were various kinds of murder, especially by poison, and incest of every degree. He concluded this black list with high treason, or cursing the king, and absolving his subjects from their allegiance, which he characterized as the greatest of crimes, from its involving in its consequences every other species of guilt. Abba Salama, though he seemed very impatient, did not farther interrupt him than with the exclamation, "You lie," and "It is a lie," which he repeated at every new charge. Being desired to answer in his own defence, he entered upon it with great dignity, and an air of superiority very different from his behaviour in the king's tent the day before: he laughed and made extremely light of the charges, and insisted that in every age the patriarchs had acted as he did, and were not the less beloved of God.

The Ras seemed to avoid hearing, sometimes by speaking to people standing behind him, sometimes by reading a paper; and in particular asked Mr. Bruce in a low voice: "What is the punishment in your country for such a crime?"—To which the latter replied: "High treason is punished with death in all the countries I have ever known."

Whether or no the wretched Salama heard any part of this latter question and answer is uncertain, but instantly he turned to Mr. Bruce and exclaimed, that it was against the law of the country to suffer him there; that he was accursed, and ought to be stoned as an enemy of the Virgin Mary. The Ras here interrupted him, saying, "Confine yourself to your own defence; clear yourself first, and then accuse any one you please: it

is the king's intention to put the law in execution against all offenders, and it is only because he believes you to be the greatest, that he has begun with you." This calmness of the Ras seemed to disconcert Abba Salama. He declared to the Ras that it was owing to his having excommunicated Kasmati Eshte, that room was made for him to come to Gondar; without this event, the king would never have been upon the throne, so that he had still done them as much good as harm by his excommunications. He moreover told the Ras and the judges, that they would all be doubly under the curse if they offered to pull out his eyes, or cut out his tongue, and entreated them with tears not to think of either, if it were only for the long fellowship or friendship which had subsisted between them.

An officer, named Kal Hatze, always stands upon the steps, at the side of the lattice-window, where there is a hole, covered in the inside with a curtain of green taffeta, behind which the king sits, and sends through the hole what he has to say to the Court, who rise and receive the messenger standing. He had not interfered till now, when the officer, addressing himself to Abba Salama, said: "The king requires you to answer directly why you persuaded the Abuna to excommunicate him? The Abuna is a slave of the Turks, and has no king: you are born under a monarchy. Why did you, who are his inferior in office, take upon you to advise him at all? or why, after having presumed to advise him, did you advise him wrong, and abuse his ignorance in these matters?" At this pointed question, the culprit lost all temper; he cursed the Abuna, calling him Mahometan, Pagan, Frank, and infidel; and was running on in this wild manner, when Tecla Haimanout, the eldest of the judges, rose, and addressing himself to the Ras: "It is no part of my duty," said he, "to hear all this railing; he has not offered so much as one fact material to his exculpation."

The king's secretary sent up to the window the substance of the defence: the criminal was carried to the other end of the room, while the king was reading. When he had finished, the Ras called upon the youngest judge to give his opinion, which was: "He is guilty, and should die." The same said all the officers, and after them the judges. When it came to Ras Michael, he said, with affected moderation, "That he was accused of being the enemy and accomplice of Abba Salama; in either case it was not fair that he should judge him." The last voice remained with the king, who sent Kal Hatze to the Court with this sentence: "He is guilty, and shall die the death. The hangman shall hang him upon a tree to-day." The unfortunate ecclesiastic was immediately hurried away by

the guards to the place of execution, which is a large tree before the king's gate; where, uttering to the very last moment curses against the king, the Ras, and the Abuna, he suffered the death he very richly deserved, being hanged in the very vestments in which he used to sit before the king, and in all the ornaments of his civil and sacerdotal pre-eminence. In going to the tree, he said he had four hundred cows, which he bequeathed to some priests to pray for his soul; but the Ras ordered them to be brought to Gondar, and distributed among the soldiers.

Turning from the Abyssinian to our little friend the Bushman native of Australia, we search in vain for satisfactory evidence of any manifestation of jurisprudence among them. Are they then immaculate? or are there "six of one and half-a-dozen of the other"—all rogues together—all owning glass houses and nobody throwing stones? Alas, that it should be so! the latter seems the correct solution to the question. Travellers all—ancient and modern, laymen and churchmen—with scarcely a single exception, hold up the poor little Bushman as altogether the most contemptible being wearing human shape. Even Mr. Moffat, the most charitable of missionaries, is compelled to express his opinion of the Bushman in the following terms:—

"Their manner of life is extremely wretched and disgusting. They delight to besmear their bodies with the fat of animals mingled with ochre, and sometimes with grime. They are utter strangers to cleanliness, as they never wash their bodies, but suffer the dirt to accumulate so that it will hang a considerable length from their elbows. Their huts are formed by digging a hole in the earth about three feet deep, and then making a roof of reeds, which is, however, insufficient to keep off the rains. Here they lie close together like pigs in a sty. They are extremely lazy, so that nothing will rouse them to action but excessive hunger. They will continue several days together without food rather than be at the pains of procuring it. When compelled to sally forth for prey, they are dexterous at destroying the various beasts which abound in the country, and they can run almost as well as a horse. They are total strangers to domestic happiness. The men have several wives, but conjugal affection is little known. They take no great care of their children, and never correct them except in a fit of rage, when they almost kill them by severe usage. In a quarrel between father and mother, or the several wives of a husband, the defeated party wreaks his or her vengeance on the child of the conqueror, which in general loses its life. Tame Hottentots seldom destroy

eir children except in a fit of passion; but the Bushmen will kill their ildren without remorse on various occasions, as when they are ill-shaped, hen they are in want of food, when the father of a child has forsaken its other, or when obliged to flee from the farmers or others, in which case ey will strangle them, smother them, cast them away in the desert, or ıry them alive. There are instances of parents throwing their tender fspring to the hungry lion who stands roaring before their cavern, fusing to depart till some peace offering be made to him. In general ıeir children cease to be the objects of a mother's care as soon as they are ıle to crawl about in the field. In some few instances, however, you eet with a spark of natural affection which places them on a level with ıe brute creation."

The ethnologist can discover clear and distinctive characteristics in the ustralian aboriginal people to warrant him in classifying them as the *urthest removed* type of humanity from any other race with whom we are cquainted. Their general description may be given thus, according to uropean notions on the standard of humanity, as exemplified in the orthern varieties of mankind. They are hideously ugly, with flat noses aving wide nostrils, eyes deeply sunk in the head, large and wide apart, vershadowed by bushy black eye-brows; the hair black and straight, lotted but not woolly, the males having long curly beards; the mouth is xtravagantly wide, with thick prominent lips; and the colour of the skin varies from dark bronze to jet black. The skull and jaws, when stripped of the hair, integuments, and muscles, present still more distinct characteristics. The cranium is thick and spongy, the inner and outer plates being wide apart, the coronal region flattened. By external admeasurement the capacity of a male skull—that of a native doctor who died about forty years of age—is one hundred and seventeen cubic inches, which, when compared with average sized Anglo-Saxon crania, according to Mr. Straton's tables, scarcely equals the admeasurement of a boy ten years of age, laid down by him at one hundred and twenty cubic inches. The facial angle, according to Count Strzlecki, is between 80° and 85°. The zygomatic process is widely arched, and the lower jaw, although unusually expanded at the base, is short and forms a remarkably small chin. The molar teeth are flattened more than ordinarily, and sometimes are so smoothly ground by friction in chewing, that they resemble the teeth of ruminating animals. Their stature is below the average of the most diminutive European race, and they are wretchedly thin and ill-

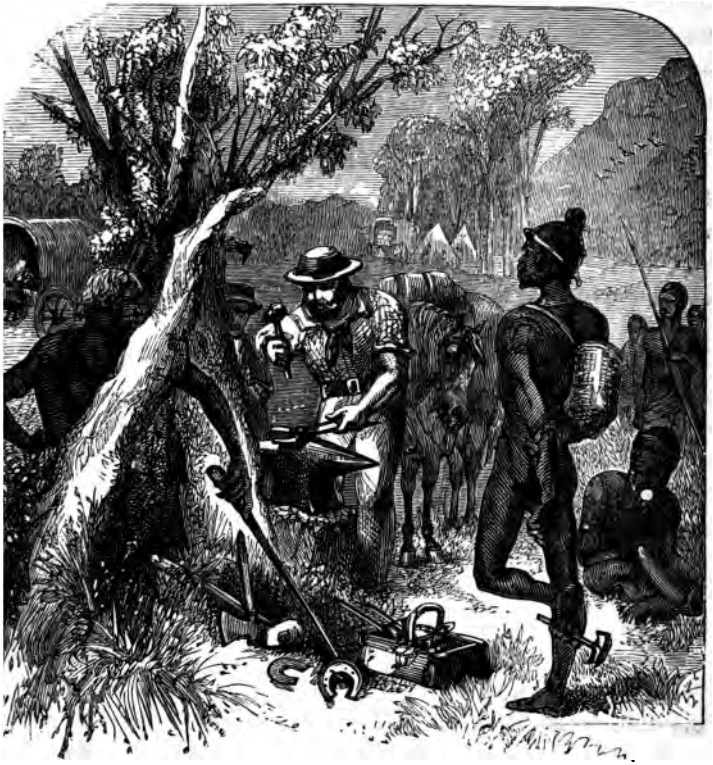
made, with long lean arms and legs and short wide feet, the great toe largely developed, which is strengthened to a wonderful degree by use from their youth in placing that member in the notches they cut with a tomahawk on the trees when in search of animals for food. To add to their natural deformity they thrust a bone through the cartilage of the nose, and stick with gum to their hair matted with moss the teeth of men, sharks, or kangaroos, and tails of dogs, jaw-bones of fish, etc., and daub their faces and bodies with red and white clay, and scarify the skin in every part with sharp shells.

On the sea-coast they live principally upon fish, turtle, and shell-fish; the former are caught by nets, hooks, and speared by double and treble-pronged spears. In the interior they hunt the kangaroo, wallaby, and emu, with the boomerang, spears and waddies, besides which they procure an uncertain supply of opossums, flying-squirrels, sloths, storks, cranes, ducks, parrots, cockatoos; also lizards, snakes, grubs, ants and their eggs, tuberous roots, wild berries, and honey—in fine, any description of creature or plant from the animal or vegetable world which can supply any nutriment does not come amiss to the appetites of these attenuated savages. Nay, more—although man be described specifically as a cooking animal, the Australian in his natural state scarcely troubles himself with the process beyond that of throwing a bird or beast on the burning embers of a fire without skinning it or drawing the entrails, and when it is partially roasted tearing a mouthful or two with his teeth and throwing it into the fire again to cook another portion of it, when this process of mastication is repeated until the bones are picked.

Nevertheless, and despite his cranial malformation and mental obtuseness, this savage of the bush is one of the most expert thieves that ever earned stocks or whipping-post. Everybody says so, but as the reader would probably prefer the evidence of one known and credible "body" to the vague hearsay of a cloud of "everybodys," he shall have that of Sir Thomas Mitchell, who in the course of his inland explorations came on an aboriginal tribe of fierce aspect, but who, when Sir Thomas and his followers "camped down" and produced no end of Europeon curiosities were pacific enough, their ferocity giving place to unbounded curiosity. When the blacksmith of the party rigged up his forge for the purpose of making some smithy repairs, and arranged his tools and began to ply his bellows, their amazement reached a climax.

"All this," says Sir Thomas Mitchell, "contrasted strangely with the

ıl occupation of honest Vulcan, whom I had positively enjoined not ugh or stop working. At length I prevailed on an old man to sit ı by me and gave him a clasp knife in order to check the search he lisposed to make through my pockets. Meanwhile the others came ıd the forge and immediately began to pilfer whatever they could lay



An Ingenious Thief.

· hand or foot upon. While one was detected making off with a file er seized something else, until the poor blacksmith could no longer ɛd with his work. One set his foot on an axe and thus, all the staring the overseer (who eyed him) in the face, he quickly receded ıl yards, jumping backwards to another who stood ready behind him ɛe it. Some jogged others at the moments most opportune for g something, and an old man made some amusing attempts to fish

up a horse-shoe into the hollow of a tree. The best of this part of the scene was that they did not so much mind being observed by any one except the blacksmith, supposing they were robbing him only. He was at last tempted to give one of them a push from him, when a scene of chaunting, spitting, and throwing dust, commenced on the part of the thief, a stout fellow who carried a spear, and which he made something like a motion to use. Notwithstanding all the vigilance of several men appointed to watch the articles about the forge, they carried off an excellent rasp or file at last. They left our party, however, in a perfectly civil way, and we were right glad to feel at peace with them on any terms."

But we cannot find it in our hearts to set the poor pigmy Australian before our readers in this plight—a hideous, spiteful, cruel, cunning little thief, without a single redeeming quality beyond that of being able to perform the duties of thief-catcher tolerably. If we cannot find a redeeming quality in each individual let us seek for an individual of their race who showed himself faithful and noble and good.

"Jacky-Jacky" is the individual. In all probability the English boy never heard of this celebrity; if, however, he had lived in Sydney a few years ago he would have found "Jacky-Jacky" in everybody's mouth, and not without reason. The facts are these: In the year 1848 Mr. Kennedy, the government assistant surveyor, accompanied by Mr. Carron the botanist, eleven white servants and one black—Jacky-Jacky—set out to explore the country lying between Rockingham Bay and Cape York. Famine overtook the party; they fell off one at a time till Mr. Kennedy, the black, and three whites resolved to push on and seek succour. Finally the black returned alone, and his account of the business is as follows:—

"I started with Mr. Kennedy from Weymouth Bay for Cape York on the 13th November, 1848, accompanied by Costigan, Dunn, and Luff, leaving eight men at the Camp at Weymouth Bay. We went on until we came to a river which empties itself into Weymouth Bay. A little further north we crossed the river. Mr. Kennedy and the rest of us went on a very high hill and came to a flat on the other side of the river. I went on a good way next day; a horse fell down a creek; the flour we took with us lasted three days. We had much trouble in getting the horse out of the creek. We went and came out and camped on the ridges: we had no water. Next morning we went on, and Luff was taken ill with a very bad knee; we left him behind, and Dunn went back again and brought him on. Then we went on and camped at a little creek; the

flour being out on this day, we commenced eating horse-flesh, which Carron gave us when we left Weymouth Bay, as we went on. We came to a small river and saw no blacks there. As we proceeded we gathered nandas and lived upon them and the meat. We stopped at a little creek, and it came on raining, and Costigan shot himself in putting his saddle under the tarpaulin; a string caught the trigger and the ball went in under the right arm and came out at his back. We went on this morning, all of us, and stopped at another creek in the evening; and the next day we killed a horse named Bowry and smoked him that night, and went on next day, taking as much of the horse as we could with us, and then turned back to where we killed the horse because Costigan was very bad and in much pain. We went back again because there was water there. Then Mr. Kennedy and I had dinner there and went on in the afternoon, leaving Dunn, Costigan, and Luff at the creek. This was near Shelbourne Bay. We left some horse-meat with the three men and carried some with us on a pack-horse. If Costigan died, Luff and Dunn were to come along the beach until they saw the ship, and then fire a gun. They stopped to take care of the man who was shot. We killed a horse for them before we came away. Having left these three men we camped that night where there was no water. Next morning Mr. Kennedy and me went on with the four horses, two pack-horses and two saddle-horses. One horse got bogged in a swamp; we tried to get him out all day, but could not, so we left him and camped at another creek.

"The next day Mr. Kennedy and I went on again and passed up a ridge very scrubby, and had to turn back again, and went along gulleys to get clear of the creek and scrub. Now it rained, and we camped. There were plenty of blacks here, but we did not see them, but plenty of fresh stacks and camps and smoke. Next morning we went and camped at another creek and the following evening close to a scrub, but we could not get through. I cut and cleared away, and it was near sundown before we got through the scrub; there we camped. It was heavy rain next morning and we went on in the rain, and I changed horses and rode a black colt to spell the other . . . . and the horse fell down, me and all, and the horse lay upon my right hip. Mr. Kennedy got off his horse and moved my horse from my thigh; we stopped there all night and could not get the horse up. We looked to him in the morning and he was dead. We had some horse-meat left and went on that day and crossed a little river and camped.

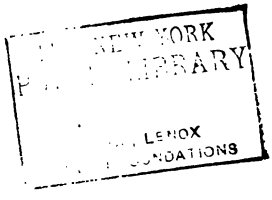
'The next day Mr. Kennedy told me to go up a tree to see a sandy hill somewhere. I went up and saw a sandy hill a little way from Port Albany. The next day we camped near a swamp. It was a very rainy day. The next morning we went on, and Mr. Kennedy told me we should get round to Port Albany in a day. We travelled on till twelve o'clock, and then we saw Port Albany. Then he said: 'There is Port Albany, Jacky, a ship is there. You see that island there,' pointing to Albany Island. This was when we were at the mouth of Escape River. We stopped there a little. All the meat was gone. I tried to get some fish, but could not. We went on in the afternoon half a mile along the river side, and met a good lot of blacks, and we camped. The blacks all cried out: 'Powad-Powad,' and rubbed their bellies, and we thought they were friendly, and Mr. Kennedy gave them fish-hooks all round. Every one asked me if I had anything to give, and I said, No, and Mr. Kennedy said, 'Give them your knife, Jacky.' I gave a man my knife. We went on this day, and I looked behind and they were getting up their spears and ran all round the camp we had left. I told Mr. Kennedy that very likely these blacks would follow us; but he said: 'No, Jacky; those blacks are very friendly.' I said, 'I know those black fellows very well; they too much speak.' We went on two or three miles and camped. I and Mr. Kennedy watched them that night, taking it in turns every hour. By-and-by I saw the black fellows—it was a moonlight night—and I walked up to Mr. Kennedy and said: 'There is plenty of black fellows now.' This was in the middle of the night. Mr. Kennedy told me to get my gun ready. The blacks did not know where we slept for we made no fire. We both sat up all night. After this daylight came and I fetched the horses and saddled them. Then we went on a good way up the river, and then we sat down a little while, and we saw three black fellows coming along our track, and they saw us, and one fellow ran back as hard as he could run and fetched up plenty more—like a flock of sheep almost. I told Mr. Kennedy to put the saddles on the two horses and to go on; and the blacks came up and they followed us all day, and all along it was raining, and I now told him to leave the horses and come on without them—that the horses made too much track. Mr. Kennedy was too weak and would not leave the horses. We went on this day till towards evening—raining hard—and the blacks followed us all the day, some behind, some planted before, in fact blacks all around, and following us. Now we went into a little bit of a scrub, and I told Mr. Kennedy to look

behind always. Sometimes he would do so, and sometimes he would not look behind to look out for the blacks. Then a good many black fellows came behind in the scrub and threw plenty of spears, and hit Mr. Kennedy in the back first. Mr. Kennedy said to me, 'Oh, Jacky, Jacky, shoot em, shoot 'em.' Then I pulled out my gun, and hit one fellow over the face with buckshot. He tumbled down, got up again and wheeled right round, and two black fellows picked him up and carried him away. They went away then a little way, and came back again throwing spears all round more than they did before—very large spears. I pulled out the spear at once from Mr. Kennedy's back, and cut out the jag with his knife. Then Mr. Kennedy got his gun and snapped, but it would not go off. The blacks sneaked all along by the trees, and speared Mr. Kennedy again in the right leg, above the knee a little, and I got speared over the eye; and the blacks were now throwing their spears all ways, never giving over, and shortly again speared Mr. Kennedy in the right side. There were large jags to the spears, and I cut them out and put them into my pocket. At the same time we got speared the horses got speared too, and backed about and got into the swamp. I now told Mr. Kennedy to sit down while I looked after the saddle bags, which I did, and when I came back again I saw blacks along with Mr. Kennedy. I then asked him if he saw the blacks with him; he was stupid with the spear-wounds and said, 'No;' then I asked him where was his watch. I saw the blacks taking away his watch and hat as I was returning to Mr. Kennedy. Then I carried Mr. Kennedy in the scrub. He said, 'Don't carry me a good way.' Then Mr. Kennedy looked this way very bad (Jacky rolling his eyes). I said to him, 'Don't look far away,' as I thought he would be frightened. I asked him often, 'Are you well now?' and he said, 'I don't care for the spear-wound in my leg, Jacky; but for the other two spear-wounds in my side and back,' and said, 'I am bad inside Jacky.' I told him black fellow always die when he got spear in there (in the back). He said, 'I am out of wind, Jacky.' I asked him, 'Mr. Kennedy, are you going to leave me?' and he said, 'Yes, my boy, I am going to leave you.' He said: 'I am very bad, Jacky; you take the books to the Captain, but not the big ones; the Governor will give anything for them.' I then tied up the papers. He then said: 'Give me paper and I will write.' I gave him paper and a pencil, and he tried to write, and then he fell back and died, and I caught him as he fell back and held him. I then turned round myself and cried: I was crying a good deal till I got

well—that was about an hour—and then I buried him. I digged up the ground with a tomahawk and covered him over with logs, then grass, and my shirt and trousers. . . . . I went on next morning and I felt very bad, and I spelled here for two days. I lived upon nothing but salt-water. Next day I went on and camped one mile away from where I left, and eat one of the pandanva. Next morning I went on two miles and sat down there, and I wanted to spell a little here and go on; but when I tried to get up I could not, but fell down again, very tired, and cramped, and I spelled here two days; then I went on again one mile and got nothing to eat but one nonda, and I went on that day and camped, and on again next morning about half-a-mile and sat down where there was good water and remained all day. On the following morning I went a good way, went round a swamp and mangroves, and got a good way by sundown. The next morning I went and saw a very large track of black fellows. I went clear of the track and of swamp and sandy ground, then I came to a very large river and a large lagoon; plenty of alligators in the lagoon about ten miles from Albany. I now got into the ridges by sundown and went up a tree and saw Albany Island; then next morning at four o'clock I went on as hard as I could go all the way down over fine clear ground, fine iron bark timber, and plenty of good grass. I went on round the point; this was towards Cape York. I knew it was Cape York because the sand did not go on further. I sat down then a good while; I said to myself, this is Port Albany, I believe, inside somewhere. Mr. Kennedy also told me that the ship was inside close up to the mainland. I went on a little way and saw the ship and boat. I met close up here two black gins and a good many piccaninnies; one said to me, 'Powad-Powad;' then I asked her for eggs; she gave me turtles' eggs and I gave her a burning-glass; she pointed to the ship which I had seen before. I was very frightened of seeing the black men all along here, and when I was on the rock cooeying and murrey murrey (very very) glad when the boat came for me."

W. DICKES.

LONDON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New Guinea Huts.

CHAPTER XVI.

SAVAGE ARCHITECTURE.

Brute architecture compared with human—"Go to the ant"—The wonderful "Itá palm"—Board, lodging, and clothing—Human tree-nests—Lofty hammocks—Dining up a tree—Architecture in Samoa—Wooden pillows for savage heads—Figian houses and house builders—Figian thatchers—The man-eater at his club—Refreshment for club members—Bornean village, consisting of one house—An Abyssinian interior—An inodorous carpet—An Abyssinian kitchen—Soudan houses—Huts of the Damaras—Caffre habitations—Architecture in Western Africa—Two story houses only for the nobility—Beaver-like dwellings on the banks of the Binne—House building in Eastern Africa—The "Iwanza" or village ale-house—The tents of the Red Indians—The habitation of the Esquimaux.

IN nothing does the savage figure so dimly in an intellectual light as when considered as an architect. Not only is he in this respect widely inferior to the civilized man of the lowest grade, but even the beasts of the field, the birds of the air,—even flying and creeping insects, seem, in many instances, entitled to claim of him precedence as house-builders. Take the cases of the Bushman of Australia, the Chinook of North America, the stalwart Patagonian, or his opposite neighbour the ilfish Fuegian, and contrast their various abodes with those of the ant, the bee, the beaver, the little harvest-mouse, the magpie, the tailor bird, the bottle tit, and a dozen others. Take the magpie's nest, bristling without with such an array of spears and spines that the cunningest of the host of lurking and prowling beasts of prey shall pass it by and make no attempt, or assailing it go whining off with a lacerated nose; but while its outside is so impregnable the most luxurious baby-basket that riches can procure is less cosy and comfortable within; set this by no means excellent specimen of bird architecture side by side with the filthy hole, swarming with vermin, steaming with pestilential exhalations, with no

other inlet for fresh air and sunlight than such a doorway as would discredit a rabbit-warren, and with no more durable roof than one composed of green boughs sluttishly arranged! Set the house of the harvest-mouse, round as a ball and seemingly as solid, but nevertheless with snug interior accommodation for half-a-dozen little blind mice—though whether the house was first built and the baby mice afterwards thrust in, or the tiny things suspended in the air and the house built round them, no naturalist was yet found daring enough to give a positive opinion—nobody knows even how the mother-mouse gets at her progeny to feed them, as they hang within the solid walls of their spherical mansion to a pliant corn-stalk. Compare this marvel of mechanism with the lairs—houses they cannot be called—a mere handful of saplings stuck into the ground in a circle and tied together at top, and festooned with reeds and boughs and grass—as constructed by the Fuegian and Adamaner. Compare the admirable work of the beaver with the styish abode of the New Guinea Savage!

The result of contrast in each case will give rise to feelings not only of profound humiliation but also of wonder. How is it that the Bushman with mechanical skill enough to make him spears and bows and arrows, and invention enough to discover and prepare animal and vegetable poisons with which to tip the latter, making a mere scratch with the tiny things as certain a forerunner of death as a sure aimed bullet—how is it that he does not provide himself and his family with at least a warm and dry place of abode? Truly, he has no conception of the comforts of "home" as the term is applied in civilized countries; still he is human, "if you prick him he bleeds, if you tickle him he laughs," and if he lies on the damp earth with the rain trickling through his bough roof and the wind whistling in at a hundred chinks he catches cold and coughs and sneezes and becomes afflicted with rheumatism and pulmonary disease—him and his children, who drop from the tree of life like blighted apples. Why doesn't he alter so miserable a condition of things? Why doesn't he "go to the ant," or to any other of God's creatures around him, and learn wisdom?

It should not be inferred, however, that all savages are heedless of home comfort as the Bushman and the others of whom he has been taken as an example. There are races of men who, all their works considered rightfully, bear the appellation of savages, yet have the forethought and industry to build them dwelling-places convenient as their means allow, weatherproof and comfortable, and claiming mention in these pages only

that they are highly curious. Most prominent among these are the "Guaraons" of South America.

Near to the mouth of the vast river Orinoco there resides a tribe of Indians known as the tribe of "Guaraons." They are not a numerous people—the most modern account numbers them at about eight thousand—nor are they ever likely to be, as, from motives known only to themselves, they refrain from associating with neighbouring peoples and have no commerce with the rest of mankind beyond a very limited trading.

The Guaraon has little or no need to engage in barter; his wants are confined to wherewithal to satisfy his hunger, to shield him from the inclemency of the weather, and to enable him to float on the water for fishing purposes. All these wants are supplied by a single and wonderful tree—the Itá palm. This marvellous vegetable production grows to the length of upwards of a hundred feet, and its leaves are so large that one together with the stalk that attaches it to the trunk is a load for a man; very few of these leaves suffice for the walls and roof of the Guaraon's house. Besides these useful leaves the Itá bears a prodigious quantity of apple-shaped fruit enclosed in which is a nut which, bruised and set to ferment in water, yields a delicious beverage exhilarating and slightly—very slightly—intoxicating. If, however, our savage is inclined "to give his mind to drinking," he has but to tap the trunk of the Itá and it will yield him a wine that, drank but in moderate quantity, renders him as thoroughly "drunk and incapable" as the most inveterate civilized candidate for a station-house lodging could wish to be. Nor is the wonderful Itá yet exhausted. Its trunk is a meal-barrel as well as a wine-cask, and by splitting its trunk and preparing the pith therein contained he has a dish that in quality nearly approaches anything that could be concocted from the best sago. Not yet even has the valuable qualities of this palm-tree been enumerated. To quote the words of Captain Reid, "The trunk can be scooped out into dishes or cut into spoons, ladles, and trenchers. The flower's 'spathe' also gives him cups and saucers. The bows and arrows which he uses are obtained from the tough sinewy petiole of the leaf; so is the harpoon-spear with which he strikes the great manatee, the porpoise, and the alligator; the canoe, light as a cork, which carries him through the intricate channels of the delta, is the hollow trunk; his nets and lines and the cloth which he wears round his loins are all plaited or woven from the young leaflets before they have expanded into the fan-like flower.

"Such is the Itá palm. Now for its uses—the uses to which it is put by the Guaraon.

"When the Guaraon wishes to build himself a habitation, he does not begin by digging a foundation in the earth. In the spongy soil on which he stands, that would be absurd. At a few inches below the surface, he would reach the water; and he might dig to a vast depth without finding firm ground. But he has no idea of laying a foundation upon the ground, or of building a house there. He knows that in a few weeks the river will be rising; and would overtop his roof, however high he might make it. His foundation, therefore, instead of being laid in the ground, is placed far above it—just so far, that when the inundation is at its height the floor of his dwelling will be a foot or two above it. He does not take this height from guess-work: that would be a perilous speculation. He is guided by certain marks upon the trunks of palm-trees—notches which he has himself made in the preceding year, or the natural watermark, which he is able to distinguish by certain appearances on the trees. This point once determined, he proceeds to the building of his house.

"A few trunks are selected, cut down, and then split into beams of sufficient length. Four fine trees, standing in a quadrangle, have already been selected to form the corner-posts. In each of these, just above the watermark, is cut a deep notch with a horizontal base to serve as a rest for the cross-beams that are to form the foundation of the structure. Into these notches the beams are hoisted, by means of ropes, and there securely tied. To reach the point where the platform is to be erected—sometimes a very high elevation—ladders are necessary; and these are of native manufacture—being simply the trunk of a palm-tree, with notches cut in it for the toes of the climber. These afterwards serve as a means of ascending and descending to the surface of the water, during the period of its rise and fall. The main timbers having been firmly secured in their places, cross-beams are laid upon them, the latter being either pieces of the split trunks, or, what is usually easier to obtain, the petioles of the great leaves, each of which, as already stated, forms of itself a large beam, twelve feet in length and from six to twelve inches in breadth. These are next secured at both ends by ropes of the palm-fibre. Next comes a layer of palm-leaves, the strong, tough leaflets serving admirably as laths to uphold the coating of mud which is laid thickly over them. The mud is obtained from below without difficulty, and in any quantity required; and when trowelled smooth and dry—which it soon becomes under the

; sun—constitutes an excellent floor, where a fire may be kindled with-
; danger of burning either the laths or joists underneath.

'As yet the Guaraon has completed only the floor of his dwelling, but
t is his principal labour. He cares not for walls—neither sides nor
)les. There is no cold frosty weather to chill him in his tropical home—
snow to be kept out. The rain alone, usually falling in a vertical
ection, has to be guarded against; and from this he secures himself by
econd platform of lighter materials, covered with mats, which he has
eady woven for the purpose, and with palm leaflets, so placed as to cast
the heaviest shower. This also shelters him against the burning sun,
enemy which he dreads even more than the rain.

'His house is now finished; and, with the exception of the mud floor,
ll of Itá palm—beams, cross-timbers, laths, ropes, and mats. The
es he has obtained by stripping off the epidermis of the full-grown
lets, and then twisting it into cordage of any thickness required. For
s purpose it is equal to hemp. The mats he has made from the same
erial; and well does he, or rather his wife—for this is usually the
k of the females—know how to plait and weave them.

'Like other beings, the Guaraon must at times sleep. Where does he
tch his body?—on the floor?—on a mat? No. He has already pro-
ed himself with a more luxurious couch—the 'rede,' or hammock,
ich he suspends between two trees; and in this he reclines, not only
ing the night, but by day, when the sun is too hot to admit of violent
rtion. His wife has woven the hammock most ingeniously. She has
off the column of young leaves that projects above the crown of the
richi. This she has shaken, until the tender leaflets become detached
n each other and fall apart. Each she now strips of its outer covering,
hin riband-like pellicle of a pale yellow colour, which shrivels up
ost like a thread. These she ties into bundles, leaving them to dry
ile; after which she spins them into strings, or, if need be, twists
n into larger cords. She then places two horizontal rods or poles
ut six feet apart, and doubles the string over them some forty or fifty
es. This constitutes the *woof;* and the *warp* is obtained by cross-
ngs twisted or tied to each of the longitudinal ones, at intervals of
n or eight inches. A strong cord, made from the epidermis of the
-grown leaves, is now passed through the loop of all the strings, drawn
ther at both ends, and the poles are then pulled out. The hammock,
g finished and hung up between two trees, provides the naked Indian

with a couch, upon which he may repose as luxuriantly as a monarch on his bed of down."

The practice of seeking a home among the boughs, although rare, is not confined to the savages of South America. Stedman makes mention of the same thing as observed by him in Africa, as does Mr. Moffat, who, detailing the curious sight, says:—

"Having travelled one hundred miles five days after leaving Mosega we came to the first cattle outposts of the Matabele, when we halted by a fine rivulet. My attention was arrested by a beautiful and gigantic tree standing in a defile leading into an extensive and woody ravine between a high range of mountains. Seeing some individuals employed on the ground under its shade, and the conical points of what looked like houses in miniature protruding through its evergreen foliage, I proceeded thither and found that the tree was inhabited by several families of Bakones,—the aborigines of the country. I ascended by the notched trunk, and found to my amazement no less than seventeen of these aerial abodes, and three others unfinished. On reaching the topmost hut, about thirty feet from the ground, I entered and sat down. Its only furniture was the hay which covered the floor, a spear, a spoon, and a bowl full of locusts. Not having eaten anything that day, and from the novelty of my situation not wishing to return immediately to the waggons, I asked a woman who sat at the door with a babe at her breast, permission to eat. This she granted with pleasure, and soon brought me more locusts in a powdered state. Several more females came from the neighbouring roosts, stepping from branch to branch to see the stranger who was to them as great a curiosity as the tree-dwellers were to him. I then visited the different abodes, which were on several principal branches. The structure of these houses was very simple. An oblong scaffold, about seven feet wide, is formed of straight sticks. On one end of this platform a small cone is formed, also of straight sticks, and thatched with grass. A person can nearly stand upright in it; the diameter of the floor is about six feet. The house stands on the end of the oblong, so as to leave a little square space before the door. On the day previous I had passed several villages, some containing houses all built on poles about seven or eight feet from the ground, in the form of a circle. The ascent and descent is by a knotty branch of a tree placed in front of a house. In the centre of the circle there is always a heap of the bones of game they have killed. Such were the domiciles of the impoverished thousands of the aborigines of the coun-

try, who, having been scattered and robbed by Moselikatse, had neither herd nor stall, but subsisted on locusts, roots, and the chase. They adopted this mode of architecture to escape the lions which abounded in the country. During the day the families descend to the shade beneath, to dress their daily food. When the inhabitants increased they supported the augmented weight on the branches by upright sticks, but when lightened of their load they removed these for fire-wood."

Let us however descend to *terra firma*, and take note of how the—well, it matters little where we begin: Polynesia is as good a starting-place as

Samoan House.

any; let us away there and make enquiry of Mr. Turner how the Samoan builds his house. That gentleman responds willingly and promptly. He bids you imagine a gigantic beehive, thirty feet in diameter, a hundred in circumference, and raised from the ground about four feet by a number of short posts at intervals of four feet all round, and you have a good idea of the appearance of a Samoan house. The spaces between these posts, which may be called open doors and windows, all round the house, are shut in at night by roughly-plaited cocoa-nut leaf blinds. During the day the blinds are pulled up, and all the interior exposed to a free current of air. The floor is raised six or eight inches with rough stones; then an upper layer of smooth pebbles! then some cocoa-nut leaf mats, and then

a layer of finer matting. In the centre of the house, there are two or three posts or pillars, twenty feet long, sunk three feet into the ground, and extending to, and supporting the ridge pole. These are the main props of the building. Any *Samson* pulling them away, would bring down the whole house. The space between the rafters is filled up with what they call ribs, viz., the wood of the bread-fruit tree, split up into small pieces, and joined together so as to form a long rod the thickness of the finger, running from the ridge pole down to the eaves. All are kept in their places, an inch and a half apart, by cross pieces, made fast with cinnet. . . . . The wood of the bread-fruit tree, of which the greater part of the houses are built, is durable, and if preserved from wet will last fifty years. The thatch is also laid on with care and taste; the long dry leaves of the sugar-cane are strung on to pieces of reed five feet long; they are made fast to the reed by overlapping the one end of the leaf, and pinning it with the ribs of the cocoa-nut leaflet, run through from leaf to leaf horizontally. . . . . The great circular roofs are so constructed that they can be lifted bodily off the posts, and removed anywhere, either by land, or by a raft of canoes. But, in removing a house, they generally divide the roof into four parts, with the two sides, and the two ends, where there are particular joints left by the carpenters, which can easily be untied, and again fastened. There is not a single nail in the whole building; all is made fast with cinnet. A house, after the novel Samoan fashion, has but one apartment; it is the common parlour, dining-room, etc., by day, and the bedroom of the whole family by night. They do not, however, herd indiscriminately. If you peep into a Samoan house at midnight, you will see five or six low oblong tents, pitched, or rather strung up, here and there throughout the house. They are made of native cloth five feet high, and close all round down to the mat. Four or five mats laid loosely, the one on the top of the other, form the bed. The pillow is a piece of thick bamboo, three inches in diameter, three to five long, and raised three inches from the mat by short wooden feet. The sick are indulged with something softer, but the hard bamboo is the invariable pillow of health. The bedding is complete with a single sheet of calico, or native cloth. The fireplace is about the middle of the house; it is merely a circular hollow, two to three feet in diameter, a few inches deep, and lined with clay. The furniture consists of the bed and bedding, a bundle or two of native cloth, a basket, a fan or two, a butcher's knife, a fishing net, a gun strung up along the rafters, a few paddles, a wooden

nest in one corner, and a few cocoa-nut shell water bottles in another: nese are about all the things in the shape of furniture or property in a amoan house.

Being in the neighbourhood let us cross to the renowned man-eating 'igi. We find that the Figians are remarkable neither for elegance, armony, nor stability in their habitations. As, says the observant mis-onary Williams, in one district a village looks like an assemblage of quare wicker baskets; in another like so many rustic arbours; a third eems a collection of oblong hayricks with holes in the sides; while in a ourth these ricks are conical. By one tribe just enough frame-work is uilt to receive the covering for the walls and roof, the inside of the house eing an open space. Another tribe introduces long centre-posts, posts alf as long to receive the wall-plates, and others still shorter as quarter-ngs to strengthen the walls. To those are added tie-beams to resist the utward pressure of the high-pitched rafters, and along the side is a ubstantial gallery on which the property is stored.

The walls or fences of a house are from four to ten feet high; and in ome cases are hidden on the outside by the thatch being extended to the round so as to make the transverse sections of the building an equilateral riangle. The walls range in thickness from a single reed to three feet. The houses to windward of the island have the advantage in appearance, ut those to leeward are the warmest. In the latter quarter patterns are wrought in the walls with cinnet and reeds. A house-builder master of difficult patterns is highly valued, and the work of some of them is so artistic and even elegant that it is a pity it is not more durable. Some-times the reeds within the grass walls are reticulated skilfully with black lines. The fireplaces are sunk a foot below the floor, nearly in the centre of the building, and are surrounded by a curbing of hard wood.

Slight houses are run up in an incredibly short time. Williams relates that once when he was at Lakemba he passed a number of men who had just planted the posts of a house twenty feet long. He was away for about an hour and a half, and on returning found the house finished excepting the completion of the ridge.

Ordinary grass houses have no eaves, but there is over the doorway a thick semicircular projection of fern and grass forming a pent. Some houses have openings for windows, and for protection against unwelcome visitors the doorways are made so low that swift and sudden entrance is extremely difficult.

For thatching long grass or leaves of the sugar-cane and stone-palm are used. The latter are folded in rows over a reed and sewn together so as to be used in lengths of four and six feet, and make a very durable covering. The leaves of the sugar-cane are also folded over a reed; but this is done on the roof and cannot be removed as the other may without injury. The grass or reed thatch is laid on in rather thin tiers and fastened down by long rods found ready for use in the mangrove forests, and from ten to twenty feet long, and secured to the rafters by split rattans. Some very good houses are covered first with the cane leaves and then with the grass, forming a double thatch. Sometimes the canes are made two feet thick with ferns, and have a good effect; but when thicker they look heavy, and by retaining the wet, soon rot.

The ridge of superior buildings receives much attention. The ends of the ridge-pole project for a yard or more beyond the thatch, having the extremities blackened and increasing with a funnel shape and decorated with large white shells. The rest of the ridge is finished as a large roll bound with vines, and on this is fixed a thick well-twisted grass cable; another similar cable is passed along the under side of the roll, having hung from it a row of large tassels.

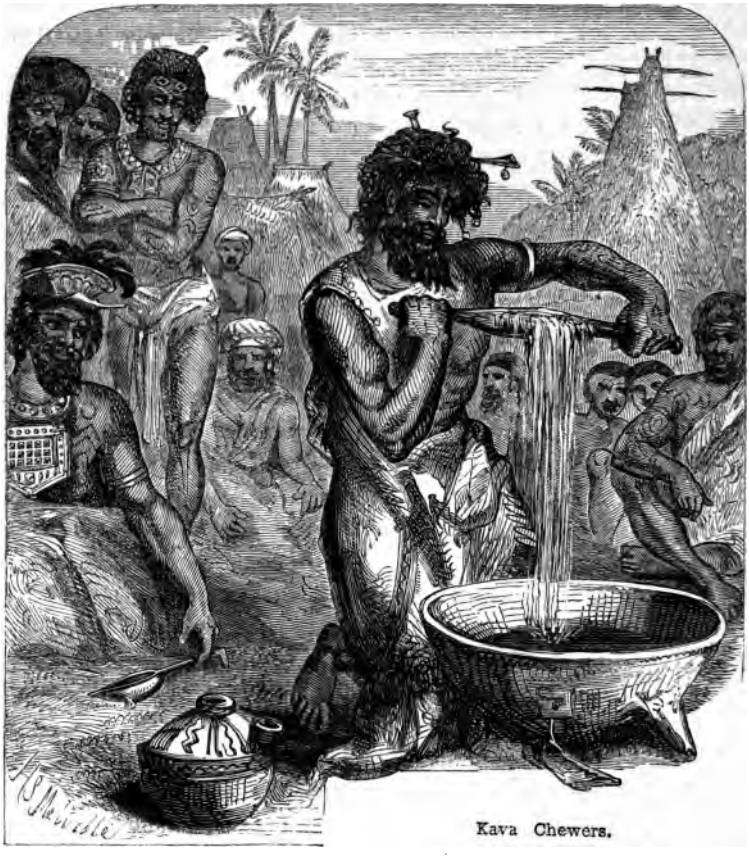
A more animated scene than the thatching of a Figian house can scarcely be conceived. When a sufficient quantity of material has been collected round the house, the roof of which has been previously covered with a net-work of reeds, from forty to three hundred men and boys assemble, each being satisfied that he is expected to do some work, and each determined to be very noisy over doing it. The workers within pair with those outside, each tying what another lays on. When all have taken their places and are getting warm, the calls for grass, rods and lashings, and the answers, all coming from two or three hundred excited men and boys with voices of every imaginable key, stamping down the thatch and uttering shrill cries of exultation, the result is a miniature Babel in which the Figian—a notorious proficient in nearly every variety of halloo, whoop, and yell—fairly outdoes himself.

"I noticed," observes the gentleman already quoted, "three *bures ni sa*, strangers' houses or sleeping bures. At least two of the latter are invariably found at every Figian town or village. They may be compared to our clubs; and those frequented by the ruling chiefs do not seem visited much by the lower class of people. That at Bau, already mentioned, was the largest I saw. All along the sides are sleeping-places,

overed with fine mats, and large enough for two men to sleep, and between ach there is a fireplace and stages to put their legs on. Overhead a good upply of firewood is stowed. The centre of the building is covered with oose grass. There are no windows, only low doors which may be, and always re, closed towards evening by means of thick mats, in order to keep the nosquitoes out. A large kava bowl and bamboo vessels filled with spring vater seem to be the only utensils admitted. In buildings or bures like hese all the male population, married and unmarried, sleep. The boys, ntil they have come of age, erect a bure of their own, often built or aised stages over the water, and approachable only by a long narrow runk of a tree. The women and girls sleep at home; and it is quite against Figian etiquette for a husband to take his night's repose anywhere except t one of the public bures of his town or village, though he will go to his amily soon after dawn. In the daytime the bures are generally deserted. Towards four o'clock the people begin to pour in; and if any strangers rrive they will invariably take up their quarters at these places. Here politics and all events of the day are discussed; and when talking, the men—even high chiefs—will be plaiting cocoa-nut fibre into cinnet, so much used in the construction of houses, canoes, and arms. And a great deal these people have to talk about: the politics of the groups, independent of the new element introduced by the cession of the country to England, the never-ending intrigues of the Tonguese immigration, the endeavour of missionaries, consuls, and traders, to spread Christianity and civilization, are rather complicated, and give rise to a good deal of discussion and speculation.

When evening is coming on and the bure is beginning to fill, most of the fires between the sleeping places are lit, and the natives are leisurely stretched on the mats, their legs cocked up the stages like Yankees in a tavern, all smoking their cigarettes made of self-grown tobacco and dry banana leaves. Now comes the kava-chewers, comely looking youngsters, carrying the large wooden bowl, a cocoa-nut shell for drinking the beverage, the bamboo water vessel, a handful of fibre for straining the kava, and the root of the South Sea pepper from which it is prepared. No sooner have they taken their seats and commenced chewing, taking care to throw the rope affixed to the kava-bowl toward the person highest in rank, than a leading man, perhaps a heathen priest, begins chanting a song in which the whole assembly joins, and two young fellows beat time with little sticks applied on a bamboo, or any other sounding wood that happens to be handy. The leader of the chant does not sit motionless but waves his

body, arms, and hands, in such a variety of ways and with such extreme ease, that you fancy you can imitate him as readily as the whole assembly does; but the very first time you fail, to the great delight of your native spectators. His motions are not difficult, but you never know what they are going to be until it is too late to imitate and he has already passed on



Kava Chewers.

to something else. The interest of this bye-play is thus well kept up, and the Figians deserve full credit for having obtained hold of one of the great secrets of fixing the attention on an object, or making it, in other words, interesting. They know the art of concealing the end as long as possible. What would novelists do without the use of this machinery? How dull would life itself be if the future was unveiled to us.

he lads having chewed a sufficient quantity of the root, place the ticated mass into the bowl. Now water is poured on the whole owish-looking fluid, strained through fibres, and a cup filled. Whilst cup-bearer is holding it to hand to the chief, or highest personage ient, an old man gives the toast, the cup is emptied in one draught thrown by the drinker on the mat to be filled again and handed to next in rank, until the whole assembly has been served. The song omes less and less hearty, and conversation slackens, and one by one men drop off to sleep. Strange sight. Their pillows are made of a ik stick, have four legs, and are put just under the neck, so that the r of the sleepers may not be deranged. They have had it only recently rly done up, washed with lime to make it frizzed like that of negroes, d in various colours, and arranged in many different ways. Several s must have been spent to get some of these extraordinary heads ssed. And for this reason—no other—they are ready to sleep all their s on a pillow made of a stick of wood, and so constructed that a Euro- n could not rest his neck five minutes upon it without suffering dreadful n.

Turning to Borneo, and to Mr. St. John as a guide, we travel to village of Tungong, on the banks of the river Lundu. Here we d the curious spectacle of *one* building serving for almost the entire pulation. Tungong is enclosed by a slight stockade, and within this fence there is *one* enormous house for the whole population, and ree or four small huts. The exterior of the defence, between it d the river, is occupied by sheds for prahus, and at each extremity e one or two houses belonging to Malay residents. The common bitation, as rude as it is enormous, measures five hundred and ninety- ur feet in length, and the front room, or street, is the entire length the building, and twenty-one feet broad. The back part is divided r mat partitions into the private apartments of the various families, id of these there are forty-five separate doors leading from the iblic apartment. The widowers and young unmarried men occupy the iblic room, as only those with wives are entitled to the advantages of parate rooms. The floor of this edifice is raised twelve feet from the round, and the means of ascent is by the trunk of a tree with notches it in it—a most difficult, steep, and awkward ladder. In front is a rrace fifty feet broad, running partially along the front of the building, rmed like the floors, of split bamboo. This platform, as well as the

front room, besides the regular inhabitants, is the resort of pigs, dogs, birds, monkeys, and fowls, and presents a glorious scene of confusion and bustle. Here the ordinary occupations of domestic labour are carried on—padi ground, mats made, etc., etc. There were two hundred men, women, and children counted in the room, and in front, whilst we were there in the middle of the day, and allowing for those abroad and those in their own rooms, the whole community cannot be reckoned at less than four hundred souls. Over head, about seven feet high, is a second crazy story, on which they stow their stores of food and their implements of labour and war. Along the large room are hung many cots, four feet long, formed of the hollow trunks of trees cut in half, which answer the purpose of seats by day and beds by night. The Sibnowan Dyaks are a wild looking but apparently quiet and inoffensive race. The apartments of their chief, by name Sejugah, is situated nearly in the centre of the building and is larger than any other.

"Some thirty skulls were hanging from the roof of the apartment," continues Mr. St. John, "and I was informed that they had many more in their possession, all, however, the heads of enemies, chiefly of the tribe of Sarebus. On enquiring, I was told that it is indispensably necessary a young man should procure a skull before he gets married. When I urged on them that the custom would be more honoured in the breach than in the observance, they replied that it was established from time immemorial, and could not be dispensed with. Subsequently, however, Sejugah allowed that heads were very difficult to obtain now, and a young man might sometimes get married by giving presents to his lady-love's parents. At all times they, warmly denied ever obtaining any heads but those of their enemies, adding, they were very bad people, and deserved to die.

"I asked a young unmarried man whether he would be obliged to get a head before he could obtain a wife. He replied "Yes." 'When would he get one?" "Soon." "Where would he go to get one?" "To the Sarebus river." I mention these particulars in detail as I think had their practice extended to taking the head of any defenceless traveller, or any Malay surprised in his dwelling or boat, I should have wormed the secret out of them.

The reader has already been made acquainted, both typographically and by means of Mr. Melville's accurate pencil, with the shape of the ordinary habitation of the Abyssinian, with its clay walls and conical

thatch. Let us now initiate him into some of the mysteries of the interior.

The "arat" is the couch or bed on which all town Abyssinians sleep, that is to say, all those who can afford the luxury. It is a solid frame-work of wood on four legs. A fresh raw hide is cut into strips, and these are stretched over the frame in and out, one crossing the other, about an inch or rather more apart. The whole tightens in drying, and forms a rather hard, but very agreeable cool bed. It is the custom always to sleep naked, but covered with the quarrie or cotton cloth worn in the daytime, and the only bedding used is a piece of native tanned leather, so that the air has free access from below. In these hot climates, however, it is more usual to sleep out of doors, the arat inside the house being used for cold or wet weather only, or for receiving visitors in the daytime. The "mídele"—a sort of fixed couch built of stone and plaster fixed against the wall of an inner chamber—in like manner is covered with a piece of red leather, unless it happens that some wealthy dame has a carpet of Egyptian or Turkish manufacture. The pillows are mostly of wood, either a square block about four inches long by three inches broad, a little hollowed on one side for the head, or sometimes very tastefully shaped, the stand being neatly turned like a candlestick bottom. It is about seven or eight inches high, and the part on which the head rests is crescent shaped. Some of the latter I have seen made of ivory, and stained with henna. This form of pillow is very necessary to people who, from the custom of having their hair fancifully dressed, and arranged, and plastered with butter, could not lay their heads on any ordinary one, as they would saturate it with grease, besides seriously disarranging their coiffure; so they use the hollow wooden pillow, just laying their ear on it and allowing their hair to hang freely behind. It is rather fatiguing at first to be obliged to keep one's head for a whole night in one position, and that indeed not the most comfortable, but habit reconciles one to almost anything. The floor is carpeted with grass, which, in the first instance, is spread nearly half a foot deep all over the room, and afterwards, whenever a visitor comes, a little fresh grass is politely strewed for him to sit on, so that in course of time it accumulates to a considerable quantity. Now this is one of the most disagreeable customs in the country, for, as before and after meals, and on other occasions, the hands of every person in the room are washed by a servant pouring water on them out of a drinking horn, or any other

utensil he may have at hand, you are obliged, from the want of a basin to receive the water, to scratch a small hole in the grass to prevent it splashing you. Add to this the beer and other liquids spilt there every day, the manure left by the mules' feet in passing too and from the stable, and the cleaning out of the stable itself, which is done two or three times a week for the sake of the mules' feet, which would otherwise become softened by remaining in the wet. This last operation makes a great deal of dirt, for having no buckets, they carry out the manure and filth in any sort of basket, gourd, or dish they can first lay hands on, dropping of course a good deal on the way. This beautiful carpet becomes in time nothing less than a manure heap in a high state of fermentation or putrefaction. Its surface, from the continual supply, keeps an appearance of freshness; but though the eye may be deceived for a time, the nose cannot be, and the smell becoming intolerable, the whole is obliged to be cleaned out. For at least a day after this operation the house must be left to ventilate, otherwise no one could live in it. Dirty as this practice is, we cannot much complain of it in the Abyssinians, as the old English custom of strewing the room with rushes entailed consequences that would probably now-a-days seem quite as disgusting. Let us now take a survey of the kitchen. Imagine a small room about ten feet long, six broad and eight high, with or without a window, according to circumstances, but more usually, as in mine, without one, and at all events without a chimney, so that the smoke, which is always kept going, and that vigorously, finds the door the nearest exit, and it may be easily conceived that the atmosphere is so dense as to render it difficult for any one but a native to remain long in the room. Even the cook-women, who pass the greater part of the day in this smoke, never think of standing up to do their work, but always remain squatted as low as possible, either near the door or fire. Every article the room contains becomes, like the apartment itself, of a pure soot black. The kitchen utensils are, the "magogo" or oven, if it may be so called, a few jars of different forms and sizes, according to the use they are intended to be put to—some with long necks and narrow mouths, for keeping water in; others with wide mouths and no necks at all, for holding the liquid dough of which the bread is formed—and the earthen dishes or saucers in which the meat and other eatables are prepared and served up. The "magogo" is an oblong building, three feet by four, and about a foot high. It is constructed of clay and small stones, with a place in the

terior for a fire. The whole is covered with a circular slab of a rt of pottery-work, being nearly the same material as that of which ıe dishes are formed, nicely polished on the upper surface, which is ightly concave in order to receive more easily the liquid dough for ıe bread. At the back is a hole by which the smoke may escape, nd in front a sort of doorway by which the fire is lighted, and which eing placed exactly opposite the kitchen door has always a draught of ir to keep up a good fire. The cover is made of clay, and is used to eep out the smoke and dirt and to retain the heat.

Abyssinian Oven.

The habitations of the people of the Soudan were found by Mr. Petherick to consist without exception of round conical huts called tukkel made of a slender framework of poles tied together with strips of bark, covered with reeds. "They are easily constructed and afford capital shelter from wind and rain, the heaviest gales blowing harmlessly over them, and it often struck me that for temporary purposes, as during fishing or shooting excursions in secluded localities, or to provide shelter for shepherds on distant moors or hills, they might be of service to any country. In the centre of the spot selected, a peg is driven into the ground, to which a cord half the length of the intended diameter of the hut is attached; this drawn round, marks a circle, and indicates the outline of its base. Holes about one foot deep are then dug with a pointed stick, at distances of a yard from

each other, on the line marked out: into these stakes about the thickness of a man's arm are driven perpendicularly. The top of each stake is forked for the purpose of receiving a bundle of reeds or rods, like slender pea-sticks, which, lashed firmly together with strips of bark, form a circle at an elevation of generally three feet from the ground. Two poles about a yard longer than the diameter of the hut, are then attached together with rushes or bark at one extremity, to open and close like a pair of compasses, the pointed ends when raised are thrust into the circle of the rods, and another pair of poles similarly tied together being fixed transversely to them at right angles, the foundation, if I may so express myself, of the roof is formed. A smaller circle of reeds, like a hoop in size, is then attached underneath the poles near their extremities about two and a half feet in diameter, in order to secure them, and another similarly formed circle placed half-way between it and the larger one on the stakes, forms a good support for the rafters of the roof, each of which being pointed is driven into the reeds which support the whole fabric. At regular distances from the base to the top, slender reeds are attached, with bark or rushes, to the outside of the rafters to support the thatch, and thus the hut at this stage is constructed like a cage, without the employment of auger, hammer, or nail. The thatch formed of the long reeds of the millet is then put on, and the sides underneath being covered with the same material, leaving a small aperture to serve for door, window and chimney, the hut is finished, not having cost the owner one para (the fortieth part of a piastre) for either material or construction. The reeds at the top of the conical roof are bound tightly together so as to prevent the rain from percolating through them, and cut off square, form a finish to the hut, on which the storks are permitted to build their nests. Others to prevent them, place a stick ornamented with ostrich eggs perpendicularly in the centre of the projection, the uppermost eggs being generally surrounded by ostrich feathers.

"The generality of the huts used as dwelling houses are finished with a flat-roofed shed of some twelve feet square immediately in front of them, which, in the dry season, forms the usual sitting-room. If the family is large, or more space is desired, the shed is constructed in an oblong form to the length required. It has a spacious doorway in front, through which light is admitted in sufficient abundance to dispense with windows, and is never closed when any of the family are at home. When they are absent, a piece of wicker-work placed against it and sustained in its

position by a piece of wood, serves to keep out dogs, fowls and cattle, and being a sufficient indication that the inmates are absent, no one will approach it. Locks are dispensed with, and as house-breaking is unknown, they are not required.

"The furniture of the shed consists of two or more angeribs of home manufacture. In a corner is the 'murhakka,' the crude stone on which, with plenty of elbow-grease, they grind their corn. The opposite corner is furnished with a couple of large earthen pitchers, containing water. Attached to the roof are rough baskets of cotton, several gourds used as drinking vessels, and an empty water-skin or two reserved for the use of the family whilst labouring in the corn-fields. At night this shed is the

Damara Huts.

sleeping apartment of the elder children, whilst the hut is occupied by the man, wife, and infant, if they have one.

"Their bed is a mat on a large couch in the centre of the hut under a canopy, and completely enveloped by fixed curtains made of various coloured malting; the only access to it being through a small aperture left in one side. The hut is also the store-room for the good wife's crockery, which is suspended in strings to the roof, and a thousand other household necessaries are distributed with equal care and ingenuity in its interior."

The dwellings of the savage inhabitants of Southern Africa are described as wretched affairs, those of the Damaras especially. The women are the builders. They first cut a number of sticks eight or nine feet high, and also strip off quantities of bark from the trees which they shred and use

as string; holes are then "crowed," or dug with pointed sticks, in a circle of eight or ten feet across, in which the sticks are planted upright; their tops are next bent together and lashed with the bark shreds; this makes the framework; round about it brushwood is woven and tied, until the whole assumes a compact surface; a hole for a door three feet by two is left in one side and a forked prop is placed in the middle of the hut to support the roof; the whole is then daubed and plastered over, and the work is completed. As the roof becomes dried and cracked with the heat of the fire, and indeed as it generally has a hole in it for a chimney, the Damaras lay old ox-hides upon its top weighting them with stones that they may not be blown off; these they draw aside when they want ventilation, but pull them over at night when they wish to make all snug. The furniture of the hut consists of a couple of ox-hides for lying and sitting on, three or four wooden vessels, a clay cooking pot, a bag of pig-nuts, a leather box containing a little finery, such as red iron earth to colour themselves with, and a small skin of grease. There may perhaps be an iron knife and a wood-chopper; everything else is worn on the person, or buried secretly in the ground. When they sleep the whole population of the hut lie huddled up together like pigs, and in every imaginable position round the small fire. They have nothing to cover themselves with.

In Caffre-land the huts, which have the form of a hemisphere, are from eighteen to twenty feet in diameter, and from six to seven feet high; they are generally built by the women, poles being first stuck into the earth from which flexible boughs are arched over the top. This bower-shaped wattle work is thatched with straw, and plastered over with clay or cow-dung. A small aperture is left for the door, which is formed of basket-work and usually screened by a rustic sort of portal. The fireplace is formed in the centre, and the only outlet for the smoke is the doorway; to this may be attributed in a great measure the circumstance of the inmates of their rude dwellings being so frequently afflicted with weak or sore eyes. The floor is usually composed of the earth of ant-hills, which by long exposure to the heat of the sun has become dry and hardened, being thus well adapted for the purpose and producing a smooth and even surface.

A few mats to sit and sleep on, a small one to hold the food when dressed, a few coarse earthen pots of native manufacture for cooking, a basket of peculiar workmanship so closely woven as to be capable of con-

aining liquor, and a bundle of assagais or spears constitute the furniture f a Caffre hut. In that of a wealthy Caffre there is usually a milk ack made of bullock's hide so closely sewn together as to prevent leakage nd capable of containing several gallons; but the poorer classes are ontent to keep their milk in calabashes. The food of these people varies ith the seasons; their principal support is milk and a coarse description f unleavened bread made from a kind of millet called Caffre corn, roughly round between two stones. Meat is only eaten on great occasions, such

Interior of Caffre Hut.

s marriages and other festivals, or when they are obliged to kill an ox or the support of their wives while engaged in the duties of cultivating the land and suckling an infant; or at the time when karrosses are required for the use of the family, which seldom happens more than once a-year and among the poorer class not so frequently. They never eat salt, to which they have a decided aversion. The milk is poured into a leathern sack, as before described, which being placed in the sun soon curdles; a mess of this with a little Caffre corn either boiled or roasted, is in their estimation a most delicious banquet. They preserve their corn in

holes dug for the purpose, in the centre of their cattle karall, covering it with manure, which, being trodden down and well hardened, generally protects it from the wet, and where they consider it as being more safe from the attacks of the marauders. Should it prove occasionally rather musty, it is considered by no means unpalatable, but on the contrary possesses a flavour agreeable to their taste.

Before they sit down to eat in company (says Mr. Cassalis, from whose account of the Basutos this sketch is derived) the Caffres are very careful to immerse their hands in cow-dung, wiping them on the grass, which is considered the perfection of cleanliness. Except an occasional plunge in the river they never wash themselves; so the ordinary condition of their bodies may be very well imagined. On a fine day their karrosses are opened out in the sun and such specimens of insect life as shew themselves meet speedy destruction. It often happens that one Caffre performs for another the kind office of collecting these insects, in which case he preserves the entomological specimens, carefully delivering them to the person to whom they appertained, supposing, according to their theory, that as they derived their support from the blood of the man from whom they were taken, should they be killed by another the blood of his neighbour would be in his possession, thus placing him under supernatural influence.

At Whydah, in Western Africa, the king alone enjoys the privilege of dwelling in a house of more than one story; and we are told that the tyrant Bossa Ahadee, desirous of letting the whole world see how much he honoured one of his favourite generals, actually gave him leave to build *a house two stories high.* The buildings are composed of posts as thick as a man's thigh, one placed at each of the four corners and sunk into the ground about a foot and a half, other smaller ones are placed between at the distance of about two feet, and the intermediate spaces are filled up by plaiting with twigs and wattles. The walls, which are about six feet high, are plastered inside and outside with clay, which is left to harden in the sun; but, to prevent their drying too quickly and cracking, they are frequently moistened with water and allowed to stand for several days or weeks exposed, before the roof is put on. It is seldom that the house consists of more than one apartment, but sometimes it is divided by a partition of wattles plastered with clay, reaching, however, only as high as the outside walls. Sometimes a kind of ceiling is made to the apartments, consisting of small spars

of bamboo laid very close to each other, scarce strong enough to walk upon, and intended only as a store-room to preserve their goods, etc.; but in general the space from the top of the walls upwards is left open. For the sake of coolness, also, they leave the space of a foot open between the upper part of the wall and the roof. The roof, which is of thatch composed of the branches of a species of bamboo, or of long grass, is generally of a conical form, which gives the town, at a small distance, the appearance of a collection of small hay-stacks. The roof by projecting a few feet beyond the outer walls forms a kind of piazza which affords shelter from the rain, and here, in the dry season, they spend much of their time, either swinging in a hammock, or reclined upon mats spread on a bank of earth raised about a foot and a half high and two or three broad, which runs round the outside of the house except at the entrance.

The houses have seldom any other openings than the doors, of which there are usually two opposite to each other, and serve the purpose of keeping up a current of air; they also admit the light and afford an exit to the smoke of the fire which is made on the middle of the floor. The entrance of a house is seldom closed by anything but a mat which is occasionally let down and is a sufficient barrier against all intruders. The most intimate friend will not presume to lift the mat and enter in, unless the salutation be returned. The Africans are not much burthened with household furniture: a few mats to sleep on, and cloths to guard them from the cold at night, an iron pot, a few calabashes, a copper kettle for water, a basket, with a small box for the women's clothes, constitute the chief part of it.

On the banks of the Upper Binne, in this same quarter of the globe, Bakie the traveller discovered a colony of savages whose architecture more closely resembled that of the beavers than of any of the human species.

"We advanced right into the middle of the village and found no resting place; right and left, before and behind, all was water. People came out of the huts to gaze at the apparition, and, standing at the doors of their abodes, were, without the smallest exaggeration, immersed nearly to their knees, and one child I particularly observed up to its waist. How the interior of the huts of these amphibious creatures were constructed I cannot conjecture, but we saw dwellings from which, if inhabited, the natives must have dived like beavers to get outside. We pulled in speechless amazement through this city of waters, wondering greatly that human

beings could exist under such conditions. We had heard of wild tribes living in caverns and among rocks. We had read of races in Hindustan roosting in trees, of whole families in China spending their lives on rafts and in boats on their rivers and canals. We knew too of Tuariks and Shanbah roaming over fast sandy deserts, and of Eskimo burrowing in snow retreats, but never had we witnessed or even dreamt of such a spectacle as that of creatures endowed like ourselves, living by choice like a colony of beavers, or after the fashion of the hippopotami and crocodiles of the neighbouring swamp.

"A little distance from us we espied a large tree, round the foot of which was a patch of dry land, towards which we pulled, but grounding before reaching quite to it. Mr. May and I waded to it, instruments in hand, to take observation. We were barely allowed to conclude when nearly the entire population of the place, half wading, half swimming across a small creek, came upon us and stared at us in wild astonishment A hurried set of sights being taken we carried our things back into the boat, and as we wished to get another set about three quarters of an hour after noon, we tried to amuse ourselves and to spend the intervening time as we best could. We were now able to look a little more attentively at our new friends, who in large numbers crowded round, and who, male and female, were nearly all equally destitute of a vestige of clothing. One young man understood a few words of Hansa, and by his means we learnt that this was Dulto of which we had heard at Djin, and that the inhabitants were of the same stock as at the other villages; but they were by far more rude, more savage, and more naked than any of the other Barbai whom we had encountered. A canoe came near us, lying in the bottom of which was a curious large fish, of which I had just time to make a rough eye-sketch, when I had to retreat to the boat; and Mr. May, who had been exploring in another direction, also returned. The behaviour of these wild people now attracted our notice; the men began to draw closer around us, to exhibit their arms, and to send away the women and children. Their attentions became momentarily more and more familiar, and they plainly evidenced a desire to seize and plunder our boat. A sour-looking old gentleman who was squatting on the branch of a tree was mentioned as their king; but if so, he made no endeavour to restrain the cupidity of his *sans culottes*. Part of a red shirt belonging to one of our Krumen was seen peeping out from below a bag and some advanced to lay hold of it, when suddenly my little dog, who had been lying quietly in

the stern-sheets, raised her head to see what was causing such a commotion. The sudden appearance startled the Dulto warriors, who had never seen such an animal before, so they drew back to take counsel together, making signs to me to know if she could bite, to which I replied in the affirmative. Matters were beginning to look serious; our crew, as usual, were timid; and Mr. May and I had only ourselves to depend upon in the midst of three or four hundred armed savages who were now preparing to make a rush at us. There was no help for it; we had to abandon all hopes of our remaining observations and of so fixing an exact geographical position. As at Djin, I seized a few trinkets, and handing them hastily to those nearest to us, we shoved off while the people were examining these wondrous treasures."

From Western Africa to Eastern, and there we find the dwelling-house assumes its normal African form,—the circular hut described by every traveller in the interior, and especially by Mr. Burton, from whose account of the architecture of Eastern Africa we are, in the following descriptions, much indebted. Dr. Livingstone appears to judge rightly that its circularity is the result of a barbarous deficiency in inventiveness. It has however several varieties. The simplest is a loose thatch thrown upon a cone of sticks fixed in the ground and lashed together at the apex: it ignores windows, and the door is a low hole in the side. A superior kind is made after the manner of our ancient bee-hives; it is cup-shaped with bulging sides and covered with neat thatch cut in circles, which overlap one another tile fashion: at a distance it resembles an inverted bird's nest. The common shape is a cylindrical framework of tall staves, or the rough trunks of young trees planted in the earth, neatly interwoven with parallel and concentric rings of flexible twigs and withes; this is plastered inside and outside with a hard coat of red or grey mud; in the poorer tenements the surface is rough and chinked, in the better order it is carefully smoothed, and sometimes adorned with rude imitations of life. The diameter averages from 20 to 25 feet, and the height from 7 to 15 feet in the centre, which is supported by a strong roof tree to which all the stacked rafters and poles converge. The roof is subsequently added; it is a structure similar to the wall interwoven with sticks, upon which palm-fronds are thrown, and the whole is covered with thatch tied on by strips of tree-bark. It has eaves which, projecting from two to six feet—under which the inhabitants love to sit and shade themselves—rest upon horizontal bars, which are here and there

held by forked uprights, trees rudely barked. Near the coast the eaves are broad and high; in the interior they are purposely made so low that a man must creep in on all fours. The doorway resembled the entrance to an English pig-sty; it serves however to keep out the heat in a hot season and to keep in smoke and warmth during the rains and the cold weather. The threshold is garnished wiih a horizontal log or board that defends the interior from inundation. The door is a square of reeds fastened together by bark or cord and planted upright. In the colder and damper regions there is a second wall and roof outside, the first forming, in fact, one house within the other. Westward of Unyamwezi in Uvinza and about the Tanganyika Lake the round hovel again finds favour with the people, but even there the Arabs prefer to build for themselves the more solid and comfortable tembe.

The tembe wants but the addition of white-wash to make it an effective feature in African scenery; as it is it appears from afar like a short line of raised earth. The form is a hollow square or oblong, generally irregular, with curved projections and semicircles; in the East African Ghauts the shape is sometimes round or oval to suit the exigencies of the hill sides and the dwarf cones upon which it is built. On the mountains and in Ugogo, where timber is scarce, the houses, from the continued frontage of the building, which is composed of mimosa trunks, stout stakes, and wattle and dab, rarely exceeds seven feet in height. In the southern regions of Usagara, where the tembe is poorest, the walls are of clods loosely put together and roofed over with a little straw. About Mesene, where fine trees abound, the tembe is surrounded by a separate palisade of young unbarked trunks, short or tall, and capped here and there with cattle skulls, blocks of wood, grass wisps, and similar talismans; this stockade in damper places is hedged with a high thick fence, sometimes doubled and trebled, of peagreen milk bush, which looks pretty and refreshing, and is ditched outside with a deep trench serving as a drain. The cleared space in front of the main passage through the hedges is often decorated with a dozen poles placed in a wide semicircle to support human skulls, the mortal remains of ill conducted boors. In some villages the principal entrance is approached by long, dark, and narrow lanes of palisading. When the settlement is built purely for defence it is called Kaya, and its headmen Muinyi Kaya; the word, however, is sometimes used for Boma or My, a palisaded village in general. In some parts of Unyamwezi there

is a Bandani or exterior booth, where the men work at the forge or sit in the shade, and where the women husk, pound, and prepare their grain for cooking.

The general roof of the tembe is composed of mud and clay heaped upon grass thickly strewed over a framework of rafters, supported by the long walls. It has usually an obtuse slope to the front of another to the rear, that rain may not lie; it is, however, flat enough to support the bark-bins of grain, gourds, old pots, firewood, water melons, pumpkins, manaioc, mushrooms, and other articles placed there to ripen or dry in the sun. It has no projecting eaves, and it is ascended from the inside by the primitive ladder, the inclined trunk of the tree with steps formed by the stumps of lopped boughs. In each external side of the square one or two doorways are pierced, which are large enough to admit a cow. They are jealously closed at sunset, after which hour not a villager dares to stir from his home till morning. The outer doors are sometimes solid planks, more often they are three or four heavy beams suspended to a cross bar passing through their tops. When the way is to be opened they are raised from below and are kept up by being planted on a forked tree trunk inside the palisade; they are let down when the entrance is to be closed and are barred across with strong poles.

In Unyamwezi the centre is sometimes occupied by the Iwanza or village "public-house." Of these buildings there are two in every settlement, generally built at opposite sides, fronting the normal Mremba tree, which sheds its filmy shade over the public court yard. That of the women, being a species of harem, was not visited; as travellers and strangers are always admitted into the male Iwanza it is more readily described. This public-house is a large hut, somewhat more substantial than those adjoining, often smeared with smooth clay, and decorated here and there with broad columns of the ovals before described, and the prints of palms dipped in ashes and placed flat like the hands in ancient Egyptian buildings. The roof is generally a thatch raised a foot above the walls, an excellent plan for ventilation in these regions. Outside the Iwanza is defended against the incursions of cattle by roughly barked trunks of trees resting upon stout uprights; in this space men sit, converse, and smoke. The two doorways are protected by rude charms suspended from the lintel, hares' tales, zebras' manes, goats' horns, and other articles of prophylactic virtue. Inside half the depth is appropriated to the Ubiri, a huge standing bed-frame, formed like the plank benches of

a civilized guard room, by sleepers lying upon horizontal cross bars these are supported by forked trunks, about two feet long, planted firmly in the ground. The floor is of stamped earth. The furniture of the Iwanza consists of a hearth and grinding stone; spears, sticks, arrows, and shillalahs are stuck to smoke in the dingy rafter ceiling, or are laid upon hooks of crooked wood depending from the sooty cross beams; the corners are occupied by elephant spears, and similar articles. In this public-house the villagers spend their days, and often, even though married, their nights, gambling, eating, drinking pombe, smoking bhang and tobacco, chatting, and sleeping, like a litter of puppies,

African Village Public-house.

destitute of clothing, and using one another's backs, breasts, and stomachs as pillows. The Iwanza appears almost peculiar to Unyamwezi.

The Red Indians are not wanderers by nature, but rather from necessity; most of them live in tents made of buffalo-skins, or the bark of trees, which are as picturesque as they are original. These tents are generally the shape of a reversed funnel; the opening at the top serves at once as a window to admit light and air and as an egress for smoke. The door, which does not close, is low and narrow.

These tents are generally very spacious, on an average twenty feet in height by thirty or forty feet in width; with rare exceptions they are very clean in the interior. The Indians have, like the European, some idea of comfort and even elegance in their dwellings. Among some *tribes*, especially the Crows, the Blackfeet Indians, and the Comanches,

he skins destined to cover the tents are prepared with as much care as hose employed for making tunics or mocassins. Some of these skins repared by the Comanches are very soft to the touch, and brilliantly white inside; many were even ornamented with designs in coloured narquetry, representing sometimes a buffalo hunt, sometimes groups of rms and shields, arranged with great art.

These tents are generally only provisional dwellings, constructed for the uration of a halt or of a season at most. When a tribe becomes station-ry, or at least intends to remain a long time in the same country, it builds nall habitations of a more solid description which afford better protection gainst the inclemency of the season. In the north-west of America the ndians build huts of the trunks of trees for the winter, like those the mericans call log-houses. They are constructed of blocks of wood, cut quare, placed side by side, and joined together by a mortice at both ex-emities. These cabins are of an oblong shape, and the door is narrow, w, and on a level with the ground, so that it is often necessary to kneel wn to penetrate into the interior; a thatched roof completes this rude d primitive dwelling.

The Shoshoness, above all those who live in the midst of the mountains Utah, inhabit caverns in the rocks. The Chinooks build their houses of ick and broad planks, which they prepare with great trouble, out of the unks of large fir-trees, which grow in great abundance in their country. he houses are oblong, and two rows of beds ranged one over the other, ke berths in a ship, are placed against the wall.

In Oregon, the habitations of the Indians are generally mere huts, six ten yards long, conical in shape, and crossed in the interior by beams hich are used for drying salmon. The Indian huts on the banks of the olumbia are for the most part constructed of the bark of trees, pine ranches, and brambles, which are sometimes covered with skins or rags, nd have a very squalid appearance. Round about are scattered in profu-ion the bones of animals, the refuse of fish, and heaps of dirt of every escription. In the interior roots are piled up in heaps, skins and dried almon are suspended from poles, and round the wicker cauldron crouch uman beings of the most repulsive aspect; their faces covered with rease and dirt, their hands and whole persons disgustingly dirty.

The houses of the Pawnees are circular, and generally about fifty yards n circumference. They are formed of young trees planted at regular dis-ances, whose summits bent inwards rest on an equal number of posts

driven circularly into the ground. This framework is covered with the bark of trees, earth, and green herbs, which give these cabins the appearance of natural hillocks of grass, or of gigantic bee-hives. Light and smoke pass through an opening in the centre of the roof of these rustic dwellings, which are warm in winter, and very cool aud comfortable in summer.

The Indian habitations, says the Abbé Dominech, who furnishes us with these particulars, are about as various as the tribes, each being distinguished from the others by its form, materials, and style of construction. Thus, the cabins of the Omahas, which are circular, like those of many other tribes, have this peculiarity: that they are decorated in bright colours of a beautiful effect, a fashion not adopted by the neighbouring tribes. The dwellings of the Hamaths have only an opening at the summit, which serves at once as door, window, and chimney. The Natchez used to build themselves solid houses, five yards square, of a kind of mortar, composed of wood, mud, sand, and moss, called by the Creoles *barbe-expagnole*. The roof made of reeds and grass often lasted twenty years without needing repair. A very low and narrow door, like that seen in the pueblos of New Mexico, was the only opening in the house.

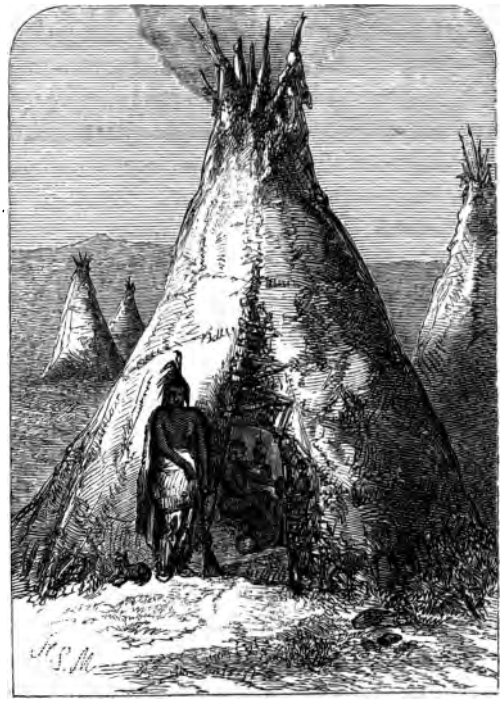
Most of the Comanches, like the Sioux of Missouri, have dwellings which are in no way comparable to those of the Mandans. Their hut is the traditional wigwam which can be set up easily at every halt, and then carried away a considerable distance; its shape is always that of a reversed funnel, and it is made of buffalo skins, or birch bark. It is never very large; provided there is sleeping room for every member of the family, nothing more is needed, the rest of their time being passed in the open air.

The Needle-hearts and several tribes of Columbia generally make tents with mattings of reeds, stuck into the ground, and raised in the middle on a slight timber work. In the south of Upper California, New Mexico, and Utah, and on the banks of the Gila, and the Colorado, some populations are met with, who inhabit great cylinders of birch bark, or of reed matting.

The Navajos live for the most part in cuneiform huts, not unlike those of the Pawnees; some are of bricks baked in the sun, others are made of the branches of trees, or of reeds covered with mud, but very pretty in appearance. They are generally scattered among fine fields of maize, or beautiful orchards of fruit trees.

The Indians remain very little within their wigwams. The principal

: of the women, the preparation of skins, is always done in the open. the men are generally out hunting or fighting, and when they return e villages, they smoke and talk in groups on the grass of the fields, ɔnly enter their dwellings to eat or sleep. Winter alone forces them ut themselves up in their frail habitations, which protect them but rfectly from the severity of the weather, and yet deprive them of the ıure of contemplating external nature, for which they have a real



Prairie Hut.

ɔn, even when the elements are convulsed and seem to threaten ·thing with destruction.

.e cabins of the Mandans are made of wood covered with clay, which ıre, by exposure to the sun, a solidity almost equal to that of stone. are of the shape of a flattened cone; the ground being hollowed out rve as floor and foundation, there are generally two or three steps to nd on entering. The roof, made of a solid framework of wood, ıingled with branches of trees and covered with clay, forms, not-

withstanding its inclination, an agreeable and convenient terrace, where the Mandans often resort to smoke and converse in the evening, and where in summer they often sleep. The interior of these round cabins is about fifty feet in diameter. The walls are constructed of enormous beams a foot thick, the first row of which is solidly fixed in the ground, and serves as a foundation, rising in a circle five or six feet above the surface of the soil; a second row rests at one end on the first, and at the other leans against a third which forms the roof, and which is supported by transverse beams and perpendicular pillars rising from the ground. This wood-work is covered externally with a layer eight or ten inches thick, of willow-branches to prevent the wood from becoming penetrated with damp and growing rotten. These half-subterraneous dwellings only receive light and air through an opening ten or twelve feet in circumference at the summit of the building. The hearth, which serves as a kitchen, is hollowed out in the ground immediately below the opening, and is sufficiently well constructed to resist the action of the fire. It is generally about a yard in width, but sometimes, when a family becomes numerous, it is increased in size, so that every one may find a place in the circle of which the hearth becomes the centre in winter. The beds are placed against the wall all round the cabin, as in our school dormitories. They are made of woven willow-branches, and placed about two feet from the ground on props; a buffalo skin freshly taken off the animal is laid over this matting, fur upwards, and as it dries adheres to the willow-branches, and forms a tolerably soft mattress.

Having little taste for the perpetual combats entailed by a wandering life, they have grouped themselves for mutual protection and defence in villages fortified in a very similar manner. These fortifications consist of a wall of trunks of trees, fifteen or twenty feet in height, and firmly fixed in the ground; a small space is left between the trees for observing the enemy, and for the passage of the arrows showered on the assailants. Within this wall, which completely surrounds the village, there is a very deep ditch, in which the defenders of the place conceal themselves in order to discharge their arrows with more security.

It is somewhat more than doubtful whether the Esquimaux should be classed with the savage. True they have no religion, no political organization, are filthy in their habits and persons, and have a natural appetite for raw flesh and fish: still it may be easily enough shown that so far as the exigencies of locality and climate will permit they have adopted civi-

lization; the best proof of this being that Europeans cast among them for but a single generation become thoroughly Esquimaux in their habits, not by preference, but by sheer compulsion. Indeed to live with the Esquimaux the very first essential is to do as the Esquimaux do.

Without, however, wishing to give offence to a single hide-clad inhabitant of distant and snowy Greenland, we unhesitatingly adopt the Esquimaux as savage enough for our purpose. His house is built of snow and its window sashes are glazed with ice. A second-hand description of an Esquimaux habitation and its contents is unnecessary; let Captain Lyon, one of the most celebrated of Arctic explorers, tell the reader what he saw at Repulse Bay.

"The entrance to the building was by a hole about a yard in diameter which led through a low arched passage of sufficient breadth for two to pass in a stooping posture, and about sixteen feet in length; another hole then presented itself, and led through a similarly-shaped, but shorter passage, having at its termination a round opening about two feet across. Up this hole we crept one step, and found ourselves in a dome about seven feet in height, and as many in diameter, from whence the three dwelling-places with arched roofs were entered. It must be observed that this is the description of a large hut; the smaller ones, containing one or two families, have the domes somewhat differently arranged.

"Each dwelling might be averaged at fourteen or sixteen feet in diameter by six or seven in height, but as snow alone was used in their construction, and was always at hand, it might be supposed that there was no particular size, that being of course at the option of the builder. The laying of the arch was performed in such a manner as would have satisfied the most regular artist, the key-piece on the top being a large square slab. The blocks of snow used in the buildings were from four to six inches in thickness, and about a couple of feet in length, carefully pared with a large knife. Where two families occupied a dome, a seat was raised on either side, two feet in height. These raised places were used as beds, and covered, in the first place with whalebone, sprigs of andromeda, of pieces of seals' skin; over these were spread deer-pelts and deer-skin clothes, which had a very warm appearance. The pelts were used as blankets, and many of them had ornamental fringes of leather sewed round their edges.

"Each dwelling-place was illumined by a broad piece of transparent fresh-water ice, of about two feet in diameter, which formed part of the

roof, and was placed over the door. These windows gave a most pleasing light free from glare, and something like that which is thrown through ground glass. We soon learned that the building of a house was but the work of an hour or two, and that a couple of men—one to cut the slabs and the other to lay them—were labourers sufficient.

"For the support of the lamps and cooking apparatus a mound of snow is erected for each family; and when the master has two wives or a mother, both have an independent place, one at each end of the bench."

Habitations of the Esquimaux.

STEPHEN AUSTIN, PRINTER, HERTFORD.

JAN 19 1938

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